

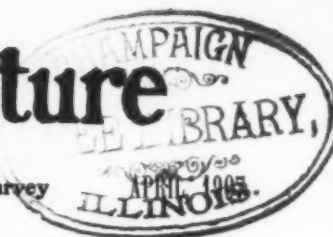
Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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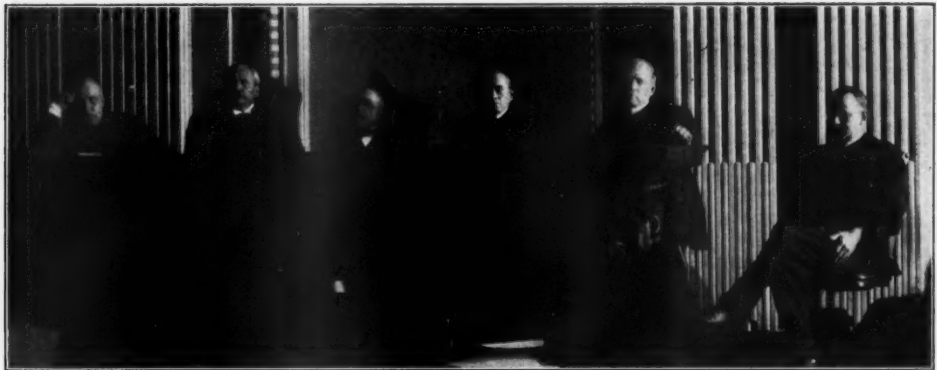


A Review of the World

A DRAMATIC encounter took place several weeks ago in the city of Washington. The persons of the drama were President Roosevelt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry H. Rogers and Senator Foraker. The scene of the encounter was the Gridiron Club, and no complete report has been published of the affair; but it is known that the President, in the course of a speech, addressed himself directly to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers, and in passionate tones warned them that if the efforts of the federal government to enforce the rights of the public against the railroads are blocked the railroad officials will find themselves face to face with an angry people, and may be forced to reckon with the mob instead of with the government. It was a case of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," and it was as effective as ever a case of such diplomacy has been. A few days later, in the city of New York, at the Metropolitan Club, another earnest meeting was held behind closed doors, attended, according to the *New York American*, by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Schiff, Mr. George Gould, Mr. Vanderlip, Mr. Kahn and others, and the alarming situation of the railroads was talked over. Paul Morton, ex-secretary of the treasury and now president of the Equitable Life, was induced, as the result of the conference, to make arrangements with President Roosevelt for an interview with Mr. Morgan. The latter, in turn, suggested that the President receive four of the principal railroad presidents of the country,—McCrea of the Pennsylvania, Newman of the New York Central, Mellen of the New York & New Haven, and Hughitt of the Northwestern. For some time prior to this, railway financiers had been trooping to the White House with unsatisfactory results. Among them had been, in addition to Mr. Morgan,

Mr. Rogers, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Archbold and others. Where the financiers had failed it was hoped that the executive heads of the roads might succeed. But the executive heads have developed a marked reluctance about making their visit.

A LREADY a taste of what the President had been predicting was being experienced by the railway officials. There were no mobs running around with halters and rope, but, what was almost as bad, there was a score of state legislatures in which two-cent-fare bills were waving ominously in the air. The visit of the four railway presidents to the White House was desired not to threaten the President, but to plead for his protection. At least such is the interpretation that finds general favor in the press. In the legislature of New York State, according to the *New York Herald*, there are 110 bills pending on the subject of railroads, and the most popular of them all seem to be bills compelling a two-cent fare. In the Texas legislature there are pending eighty-three anti-railroad bills. Five other states have already enacted two-cent-fare laws, and three others have enacted laws for two-and-a-half cent fare. In many other legislatures such laws were well on the way to enactment. In nearly every state of the Union, in fact, laws restrictive of railroads and other corporations, but especially railroads, have been introduced in the legislatures. There was evidently an epidemic raging. Wall Street became aware of it, and the sound of dull heavy thuds has been heard in the Stock Exchange as prices came crashing down. Great Northern, which sold last December as high as 320, sold a few days ago as low as 132; Northern Pacific tumbled in the same time from 225 to 115; Union Pacific, from 188 to 120; Chicago & Northwestern from 211 to



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

MR. HARRIMAN IN THE OPEN

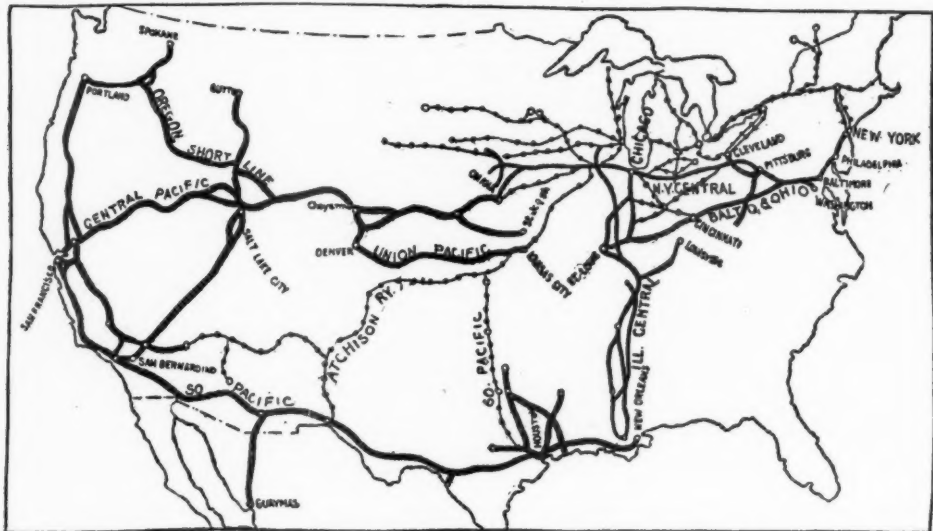
The testimony of Edward H. Harriman before the Interstate Commerce Commission last month in New York City was of sensational interest, and will, it is thought, have an important effect upon state and federal legislation. Mr. Harriman is on the extreme right of the picture. The members of the Commission are (from left to right): Messrs. Lane, Clements, Knapp, Prouty and Harlan.

148. A "rich man's panic" was clearly in sight, and then the words of Theodore the prophet came to mind. Says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"Washington realizes now that Mr. Harriman was the bearer of the first flag of truce from the railroads to the President, seeking to arrange terms of honorable capitulation. Mr. Morgan came last night with unconditional surrender. He had been preceded a few minutes by B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island, who had an argument to make for Federal legislation beyond the widest reach of anything that had ever been proposed by the President, a proposition that Con-

gress, in controlling interstate commerce, can also regulate every railroad in the country.

"It took the flood of restrictive bills in the legislatures of fifteen or twenty states to open the eyes of the railroad men to the real state of public opinion. Then for the first time they realized, and suddenly, that Mr. Roosevelt's schemes for Federal legislation were very far from being the worst thing they had to face. They began to see that, after all, there might be something in what he has been saying for several years, that Federal regulation of railroads was the only means of staying such a storm of restrictive measures by the states as would make the work of Congress nothing but a summer breeze beside it."

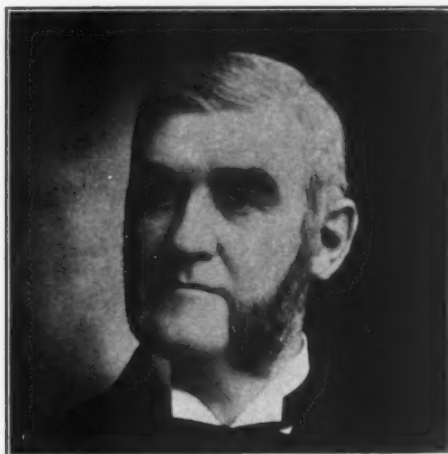


PRESENT EXTENT OF HARRIMAN'S RAILROAD DOMAIN

Over the roads indicated by the heaviest lines he is in supreme control; over those indicated by medium heavy lines his is the dominant influence; over the dotted lines he has a very considerable influence, but not (yet) a dominant influence.



James McCrea succeeded Mr. Cassatt a few months ago as president of the Pennsylvania.



Marvin Hughitt has been for twenty years the president of the Chicago & Northwestern.

TWO RELUCTANT RAILROAD PRESIDENTS WHO DON'T CARE TO GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE

And all this change of heart has taken place within the last two months!

THAT the railway men are thoroly alarmed over the situation is indicated by a hundred signs. The warnings which one after another of them has uttered in the last few weeks have the unmistakable note of anxiety, if not of repentance. George J. Gould states that the Missouri Pacific has had to suspend many large operations in the way of improvements because of the difficulty in raising money in the present market. He says:

"If this sort of thing is continued, a great business depression will result all over the country. . . . The policy of the administration in Washington and that of many states is effectually destroying the credit of the big transportation companies. The sale of bonds has already become almost impossible. Note issues are as difficult. In fact, the roads do not know where to turn to get money for necessary extensions and improvements, and unless some change is effected all development will be arrested."

Practically the same cry comes from president after president. Mr. Garrett of the Sea-



Charles S. Mellen, formerly president of the Northern Pacific, now of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

ONE RAILROAD PRESIDENT WHO DID

strong for a tremendous panic." He adds:

"I am in favor of all that President Roosevelt, by his public acts, stands for up to this time in respect to the regulation of railroads and their rates, but the legislatures of the different states have taken the matter up where the President left off, and seem to be vying with each other to reduce rates and make other regulations in regard to the methods of conducting railroad business which are entirely inconsistent with each other and the regulation of the federal government. This has brought about a condition of affairs which threatens disaster in the immediate future. The railways already are finding the greatest difficulty in obtaining sufficient capital to complete

board Air Line says: "It may mean that many of the railroads will pass into the hands of receivers unless these penalties are modified. For the seven months of the present fiscal year the Seaboard Air Line has not been able to make expenses and meet interest on its bonds." And President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western, who has been all along a defender of President Roosevelt's program, says of the course being pursued by state legislatures: "The people are now laying the foundation firm and

the improvements now under way and to pay for additional rolling stock which has already been contracted for."

Substantially the same view of the situation is advanced by Messrs. Harriman, Hill, Baer, Truesdale, Laree and others.

WHO is to blame for this serious situation? The railway men have been pretty nearly unanimous, until very recently, in laying the whole blame upon the President, the "muckrakers" and the state legislatures. The press is pretty nearly unanimous in laying the blame upon the railways themselves, and especially upon the railway financiers. Since the delivery of Mr. Harriman's testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission last month, in New York City, this view has been reiterated with new bitterness, and Mr. Harriman himself, as well as other railway officials, has been forced to admit that the railways are at least partly to blame for the popular hostility now being shown in all the states. The New York *Evening Post* quotes the president of a large Western system, whose name is not given, as saying that Mr. Harriman's testimony "has done more harm in the West than anything that has happened in many years," three-fourths of the hostile legislation being due to that cause. Congressman Hepburn, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, is quoted as saying:

"I believe that Mr. Harriman is the living justification of all the railroad legislation that we have enacted, and all that we have attempted to enact, and that, by his own admissions, we should have passed laws much more drastic than we did pass. If I understand the testimony of Mr. Harriman and his associates, it is possible, under our present financial system, for one man to increase the indebtedness of a railroad corporation by \$92,000,000 without adding to it one cent's worth of visible property. If it is not high time that such a condition of affairs should be ended, it seems to me that no evil under the sun should be corrected."

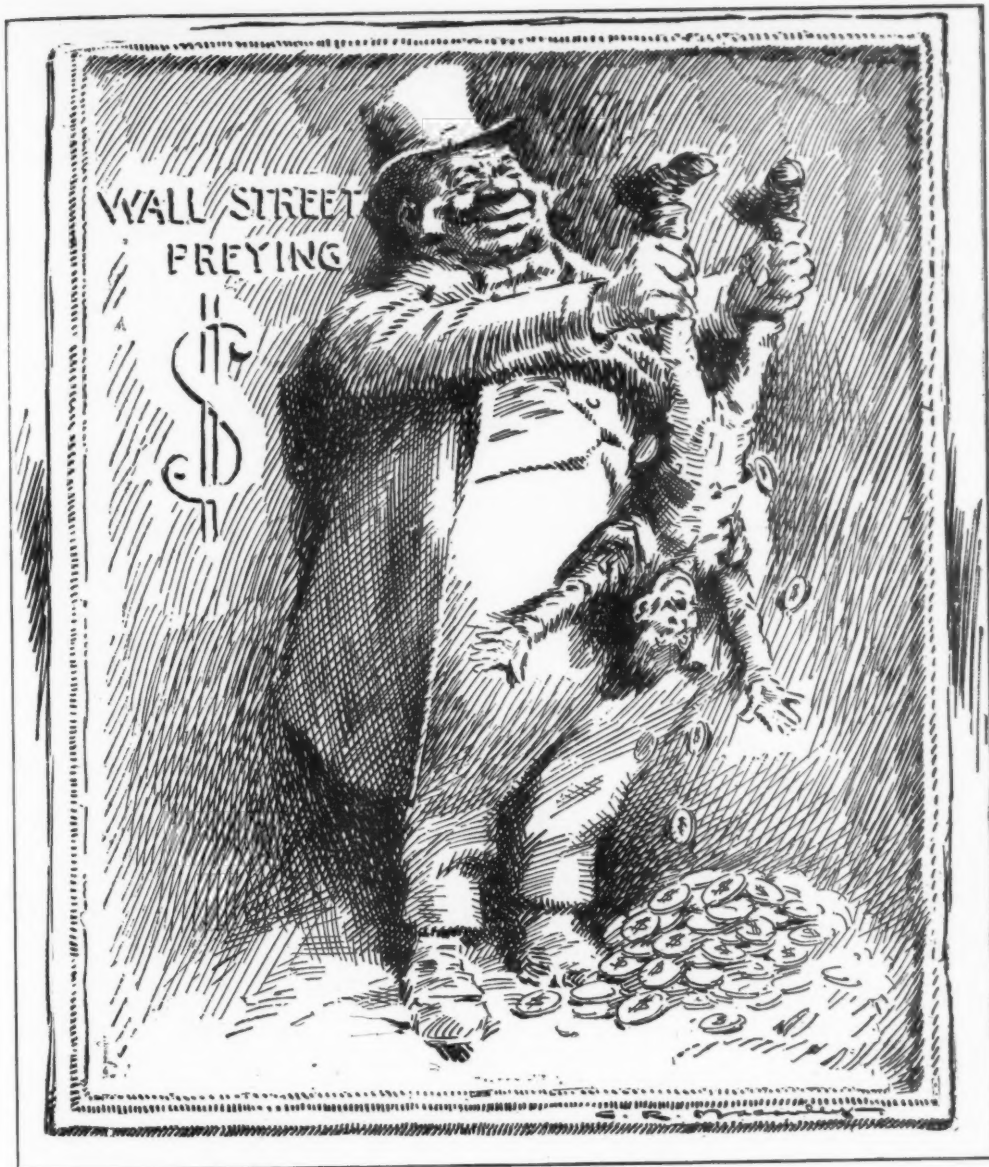
AT A meeting of stockholders of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, some months ago, Mr. Cromwell, one of Mr. Harriman's lawyers, impressively stated that Mr. Harriman, in his large financial schemes, moves "in a higher sphere, where we cannot follow him." Some of his movements in that "higher sphere" can now be followed, owing to his testimony, and perhaps the most interesting of them all was the manipulation of the Chicago & Alton by him and three associates, namely George Gould, Mortimer Schiff and James Stillman. In 1899 the Chicago &

Alton had a good reputation for conservative management, low capitalization and the payment of good dividends. In that year these four gentlemen secured 97 per cent. of the stock of the road by purchase, and proceeded to do things. They first placed a mortgage on the road for \$40,000,000, altho the entire capitalization of the road had been but \$22,000,000. This mortgage was to secure three per cent. bonds which they issued, selling \$32,000,000 of them to themselves at 65. Then they began to unload these bonds on the public. About \$10,000,000 of them, were sold to the New York Life at 96. About \$1,000,000 went to the Equitable Life at 92, Mr. Harriman being at that time a director of the Equitable. Many more were sold in the open market at from 88 to 96. Then the quartet proceeded to declare a 30 per cent. dividend on the stock, taking the money for it out of the proceeds of the bonds which they had sold to themselves. Then by various devices they increased the capital stock, so that at the end of six years the liabilities of the company had been increased by about \$90,000,000, at least two-thirds of this being nothing but water. One of the minor transactions was the purchase by them, as individuals, of a small road for \$1,000,000, and the sale of the same road to themselves as a holding company for \$3,000,000. The profits of the four men on these manipulations amounted to \$24,000,000, in addition to the salary of \$100,000 a year paid to Mr. Harriman as chief manipulator. Of course the whole success of the transactions depended upon inducing the public to purchase the stocks and bonds thus manufactured, and in that they were successful, partly because of the high credit the road had had and partly because of their own personal reputation.

THIS Chicago & Alton story is the part of Mr. Harriman's testimony that has had the most sensational effect upon the country at large. Says the Springfield *Republican*:

"Here we have 'high finance' with a vengeance. Here we have a pretty fair example of that 'constructive genius' in industry whose value to the country is so highly rated by tainted money educators and those generally who are proud of the privilege of being allowed to roll around under the tables of the swollen fortunes, that millions of dollars per individual are considered not too high a price to pay for it. To the common eye it would appear that this series of transactions had been conceived in iniquity and carried out in fraud all along the line."

The New York *Sun* speaks of the story as one "which has not only astounded this com-



SUGGESTED AS A COMPANION TO THE "WASHINGTON PRAYING" TABLET PUT IN PLACE ON THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING FEB. 22.

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

munity, but which must, in its extraordinary revelations, cause grave alarm and even consternation throughout the civilized world." And yet Mr. Harriman, in a notable interview given to the *New York Times*, a few days later, complains because this inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission had checked the flow of foreign capital into our railway

securities! Evidently if Mr. Harriman could capitalize his nerve he would not need to do anything more to reach the highest goal of his financial hopes!

YET there are not lacking voices in the way of apology for Mr. Harriman. The *Chicago Post* stands alone, however, so far



ALL TAKING A SHOT
—Williams in Phila. Ledger.

as we have noted, in making what seems to be a general defense of his career. It says:

"It should be remembered that the inquiry in progress is an ex-parte one. No opportunity is given the witnesses to state the why and the wherefore of their doings, or of bringing out in striking contrast the results that have followed the execution of the plans adopted for the carrying out of their purposes.

"In all other lines of business but that of railroad operation pre-eminent success is regarded as worthy of the highest praise and emulation, but let a man distinguish himself by his marked success in the railroad field, and public opinion is so aroused that he is forthwith set down as a highwayman or a bandit. While it is true that Mr. Harriman and the other members of the syndicates that have been working with him in his several railroad deals may have made millions out of their deals in railroad securities, it is equally true that every interest in the territory tributary to the roads in question has profited directly to a still greater extent by the development of the roads, the affairs of which are now undergoing investigation. As a matter of fact it has not yet been shown that a single individual or a single interest has suffered to the extent of a penny out of anything that has been done in connection with the manipulation of the affairs

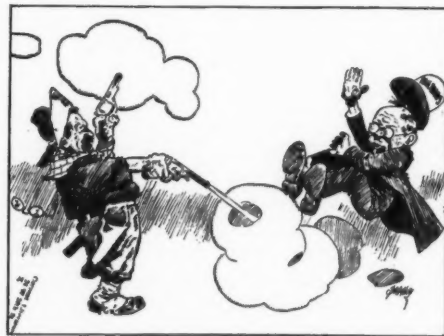
of the roads in question, and it is incontrovertibly true that all those roads in every respect are many times more prosperous than when Mr. Harriman took hold of them."

EVEN among the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission Mr. Harriman is not regarded, according to the *New York Times*, as a wrecker of railroads. His proceedings in the case of the Chicago & Alton did not wreck the road or impair its earning power. Whatever injury was done was not to the road itself, but to the public that purchased the cheapened securities. The *New York Commercial* has no doubt as to the moral obliquity of the proceedings, and it points out that Mr. Harriman was a member of the Frick committee appointed some time ago by the Equitable Life to investigate its affairs, and especially to probe into just such transactions as the purchase of \$1,000,000 of Chicago & Alton stock. That committee, while censuring severely the "moral obliqueness" of the society's management for many other similar transactions, entirely overlooked this sale by Mr. Harriman of stock

which he had sold to himself at 65, and then to the society of which he was a director at 92. A view of the case that finds wide utterance is thus expressed in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*: "The Harriman school of finance is breeding Socialists to an extent appreciated by nearly all Americans except its own heads. Their indifference to inevitable consequences can hardly be explained



ON HIS KNEES
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald.



HARRIMAN: "Hold on there, Theodore, let's talk this thing over!"—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

unless on the theory of 'after us the deluge.'" Of a similar tenor is the comment of the *Boston Herald*: "In the mind of every honest man and woman the conduct of these 'magnates' is no different morally from that of a crook who robs a house. And they are the men who cry out against government supervision of railroads, and accuse the President of 'corporation baiting.'" And *The Evening Post* (New York) remarks:

"One does well to be angry with such men as Harriman. They are the ones who are breaking down our system of individual initiative and free competition. By their greed, their cunning, their lawlessness, they are putting weapons into the hands, not merely of Socialists, not alone of advocates of government ownership, but actually of political firebrands. This is the most grievous aspect of the whole matter. These men in charge of great public corporations display a reckless disregard of consequences. They act like a captain of a ship who should think first, not of the safety of the passengers, but of the chances for picking and stealing which his official position gave him, and who should say that it did not matter what happened to either vessel or crew if only he got safely ashore with his plunder. Of course, railroad looters call it retiring at sixty with a fortune of \$200,000,000."

JUST what the railroad men wish the President to do for them is not entirely clear. He can not change the laws and he can not refuse to enforce them. He has no power to check legislation in the states except that arising from his personal influence. From the utterances of the railway men it now appears that so far from desiring to protest further against federal regulation they are rather disposed to rely upon it as a safeguard for the future. One of them, B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island, is urging not only federal regulation for all interstate roads, but for intrastate roads as well. He says:

"There is no doubt that the state can, under the police power, regulate the tariffs of railroads and other like corporations which are exclusively intrastate institutions. For instance, a railroad from Chicago to East St. Louis, having no connection with any other road, is subject to the control of Illinois alone. But when, by permission of the state, it connects with another road extending out of the state, it thereby becomes an interstate line, and its situation is entirely changed. It then has become subject to the federal law and removed itself from all state laws on the same subject. Thereafter the state may not reduce its interstate rates, for such power lies in the federal government alone."

Mr. Harriman is rather volubly pleading for closer "co-operation" between the government and the roads, and his notion of co-operation seems to be, first, that hostile legis-

lation by the states should cease and, second, that traffic agreements should be allowed between the railroads. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, has a more explicit form of co-operation in mind. In an article published in *The Independent* he advocates a national law for the federal incorporation of all interstate railroads, "subjecting their capitalization, their stock and bond issues, and their relations with their employees and the public to the approval and control of the Interstate Commerce Commission." Whatever comes out of this agitation, it appears more evident every day that the conditions that have admitted of the exploitation of the Chicago & Alton and many other similar deals can not be allowed to continue, and that some means of regulating stock and bond issues, as well as rates, will be forced upon the government in the near future.

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STANDING erect on the Speaker's desk, with eyes glowing and throat swelling, the little daughter of Champ Clark led the members of the "Roosevelt Congress" in singing the Star-Spangled Banner. A few minutes later the Congress had taken its place in the cemetery of history, and a thousand scribes were busy writing inscriptions for its tombstone. The one epitaph that seems likely to be accepted is embodied in the phrase "Roosevelt Congress." And the subject of most engrossing interest connected with the now deceased body is whether the work it did and the turn it has given to political development are likely to extend on broadening lines far into the future or to create a reaction that will swing us back into more conservative paths. That it was a Roosevelt Congress is generally conceded. It did not do all that he asked it to do in the thirty-seven messages which he addressed to it; but it did practically nothing against his known wishes, and all its more important legislation was enacted in response to his requests. The list of bills that became laws reads like a series of subheads of a Roosevelt message: railroad rate regulation, the pure food law, meat inspection law, the law making the Panama Canal a lock canal, the ratification of the (amended) Santo Domingo treaty, the law forbidding corporations to contribute to campaign funds, the denatured alcohol law, the federal appeals law, the law providing for two new states, regulation of the hours of railway employees, the provisions for an agricultural bank in the



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Philippines. Every one of these measures had the Roosevelt tag on it. The one bill of note that was enacted without that tag was the Aldrich currency bill, which, as currency bills



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go, was a mild and comparatively unimportant measure. It is to be assumed that the President did not oppose it or it would not have been passed.

THE late Congress was Rooseveltian also in its breaking of many records. It began with the largest Republican majority seen in the capital since the days of reconstruction. It appropriated more money than was ever appropriated by any preceding Congress. And the number of



KEEP

quarto pages in the *Congressional Record* (17,000) filled by its discussions is said to be unparalleled. There was but one heroic moment when Congress dared to stand up and shout defiance to the President. That was when it resolved to be through with thru and the other forms of simplified spelling. When next the solons of the nation assemble, the



DOWN

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

Republican majority in the lower house will be but about one-half what it was in the late Congress, but in the upper house it will be increased. The Democrats had in the recent session 33 Senators; in the next session they will have but 29, while the Republicans will number 61. The *New York World* felicitates itself upon the fact that the Senate loses six millionaires—Wetmore, Dryden, Clarke, Alger, Patterson and Millard, and gains but two—Guggenheim and Richardson. Other senators who pass out are Blackburn, Berry, Carmack, Dubois and Allee. The most interesting accessions will be, probably, Jefferson Davis of Nebraska, Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, Charles Curtis of Kansas, William Alden Smith of Michigan, and Simon Guggenheim of Colorado. The new men are all comparatively young, and will reduce the age average considerably. During the recent session three of the senators were over eighty, ten more were over seventy, and one-third were over sixty years of age. The greatest intellectual loss the senate sustains is in the resignation of Senator Spooner.

WITH the passing of the "Roosevelt Congress," the great aggregations of capital seem to be asking themselves whether they can now sit down and breathe easily or whether there will be more of the same sort of thing in the Congress that is to come; whether the President is at last satisfied or whether they are to look for more brain-storms in the White House in the immediate future. If the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* is not in error, the work of the late Congress is only a beginning, provided the President has his way:

"The amazed and discomfited corporation men have never got the clue to Roosevelt. They have never considered his acts as the product of a definite and consistent line of policy, aimed at the accomplishment of a particular result, but have regarded each attack on them as a separate and detached event, having no relation to the others and merely indicating a vagary of the moment. To oppose an adversary successfully it is well to understand him, and therefore the financial people should get a correct line on Roosevelt.

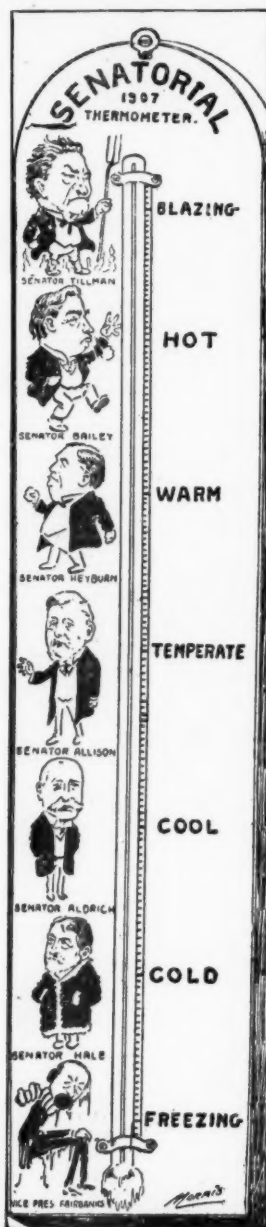
"His policy is that of one step at a time, but beginning the next step as soon as the first is taken. The men who opposed his Railroad Rate bill imagined that this was a mere whim of his, and that when he got it he would be satisfied. The fact was that all the time he was battling for the Hepburn bill he regarded it only as a preliminary step. The next thing he wins from Congress will be to him merely another step, and before he has won it he will be planning the step after that.



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"THE ROBIN GOODFELLOW OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE"

After sixteen years' service in the Senate, John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, resigns to practice law. By general consent, he is the ablest constitutional lawyer in Congress; but when the subject before the Senate is not too serious he has found relaxation for himself and delight for the galleries in stirring up Tillman and other irascible members, with whom, however, he has managed to preserve the best of personal terms.



—Morris in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

last a real movement of apparent importance in the direction of another term for Roosevelt. The signs seem to be unmistakable that even the President himself cannot head the movement off at the present time. The polls made in several states lately of the preferences of Re-

publican legislators develop surprising results. In Iowa the number voting for the renomination of Roosevelt was 75, while for Cummins, the next highest on the list, but seven votes were cast. Similar polls taken in the legislatures of Nebraska and South Dakota show a practically unanimous preference for the renomination of Roosevelt. In each of the legislatures a second poll taken, with Roosevelt's name eliminated, showed in each case that Secretary Taft is well in the lead as second choice. In South Dakota and Nebraska the vote for Taft, on the second poll, was larger than for all other candidates combined. Iowa has two "favorite sons," Shaw and Cummins; but neither received in the Iowa legislature as many votes for second choice as Taft received.

In other words, the great corporations may look for a period of easy breathing about the time the twentieth century draws to a close! Either that or a reaction will have to be created and the Roosevelt policy thus checked. The hope of accomplishing this does not seem, from the point of view of an impartial reader of the organs of public sentiment, a very roseate one.

IN ADDITION to other signs of the continued support of the President's policy, there is at

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OF COURSE this indicates Western sentiment, and President Roosevelt's strength in the West has been for some time almost as obvious as the law of gravitation. But the series of interviews which the *New York Herald* recently published indicates an unexpectedly prevalent view among men of prominence in all sections that the renomination and re-election of the President should be effected regardless of his positive statements that he would not consider another term. Thirty-one interviews are published in *The Herald* with men of various callings. The result is thus summarized:

"That the results of this inquiry were astonishing can easily be understood by a perusal of the opinions herewith presented. The politicians took their party lines, many Democrats, however, praising Mr. Roosevelt while they declared against another term. Men involved in gigantic industrial and commercial enterprises were unanimous in favor of another term for Mr. Roosevelt, with the exception of John Wanamaker.



—Dwig in *Success Magazine*.

who says: 'I agree with his good sense on the question.' Publicists and others who are in the front of public life for various reasons were disposed to have views along similar lines."

In a tabulation of the answers received, there appear thirteen positive noes in answer to the question whether Roosevelt should be given another term, sixteen answer yes, and two are in doubt; but of the thirteen noes, eight are from Democratic politicians, and the other five are from men of no national influence in politics, with the single exception of Mr. Wanamaker. Those replying yes include Senators Cullom and Elkins, Governor Hoch, ex-Governors Pardee and John S. Wise, Representatives Hull, Grosvenor, Keifer, President David Starr Jordan, D. N. Parry, the manufacturer, A. K. McClure, the editor, and Richard Mansfield and David Warfield, actors.

Another effort to ascertain sentiment on this question is made by the *New York Mail*, which finds that 75 per cent. of the enrolled Republicans in New York City are in favor of four years more for Roosevelt.

THE most significant thing about this third-term movement and the headway it has gathered, despite Mr. Roosevelt's own positive declarations that he will refuse to accept a renomination under any circumstances, is not so much the indication it gives of the attitude of individuals toward Roosevelt as the indication it gives of public sentiment in regard to his policies. Senators Cullom and Elkins, for instance, speak not of their personal preferences, but of public sentiment in



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"LIKE A MAN WITH THE NAME OF JOE"

The speaker of the "Roosevelt Congress," Mr. Cannon, the day after his task as presiding officer ended."



CAN HE RUN IN 1908?

"No; he ain't never got over that run of Theodoritis he had in 1904."

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.

their states. Says Senator Cullom: "Illinois has her heart set on Roosevelt, and I have no idea but that he will be compelled to play the part of the wise statesman and bend to his country's wishes." Senator Elkins says: "Political affiliations do not seem to enter into the minds of the people of West Virginia on the matter of the candidacy of President Roosevelt for another term. They are determined he shall be the candidate." A similar utterance has come still more recently from Senator Depew, who says:

"Only twice in my memory have I seen cases where the people's mind seemed to be made up a year in advance of the convention. The first case was that of Grant, the second that of McKinley. In both instances the country knew a year ahead who was to be nominated. Now, a year in advance of the campaign year, the country seems to have made up its mind that Roosevelt is the

man. I know he has said that he would not take it, and I believe him to be sincere in saying so. But I have also known instances where a man has had to take the nomination against his will. One such instance occurred at Philadelphia, when Mr. Roosevelt was forced to take the Vice-Presidential nomination."

IF THE views of the people are rightly interpreted by these men, it means, not that Mr. Roosevelt will be forced to accept another term (a popular uprising on a far greater scale than is yet apparent would be necessary to effect such a result), but that the corporations might as well make up their minds to accept four years more of Rooseveltism. Against the accomplishment of the first result still stands the formidable barrier of Mr. Roosevelt's own "unalterable" will. Against the accomplishment of the second result stands nothing that seems at the present time to be very formidable. Alfred Henry Lewis even declares that if the Republicans refrain from nominating Mr. Roosevelt the Democrats will make him their candidate. A paper in Charlottesville, Virginia, suggests the same course, and the suggestion is treated by the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Richmond Times* and other prominent Democratic papers as dangerous enough to be seriously combatted in long and earnest editorials. There was a grim and ironic editorial in the *New York World* not long ago

on the real "peerless leader" of the Democracy. It said:

"Whatever factional discord may exist in the Republican party, the Democratic members of the United States Senate have a great leader whom they can trust and follow. We refer, of course, to Theodore Roosevelt.

"There has been only one Democratic President since the Civil War, but when did Mr. Cleveland command that enthusiastic and ungrudging support from Democratic Senators which seems always at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt whenever there is a crisis in his relations with the Senators of his own party? . . .

"What Democratic Senator ever thinks of consulting Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Bryan or Judge Parker on questions before Congress? What one of them to-day would go to Princeton or Esopus or Lincoln for advice when the hospitable doors of the White House swing open at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue?

"Perhaps the discordant factions of the Democratic party can learn a lesson from the Democratic Senators. Have they not erred greatly in seeking a leader within their own ranks? It was the Corsican who could rule France, and in Theodore Roosevelt Democrats at last seem to have a leader that can lead."

IFTEEN little almond-eyed Japanese children in San Francisco wended their way the other day to the public school from which they were summarily ejected a few months ago. They were received with a welcome, and, after an examination to determine whether their knowledge of English was sufficient, were assigned seats and classes. They were the first of the children to take advantage of the action of the school board in rescinding the rule that closed all but one of the school doors to Japanese children, and that opened an international controversy in which many persons discerned the possibility of a war. Thus happily terminates, in all probability, an incident that aroused the attention even of the chancelleries of Europe and Asia. The agreement reached in the conferences between President Roosevelt and Mayor Schmitz and the members of the San Francisco school board has been carried out. The Japanese children are readmitted to the schools; the test suit that was instituted by the government has been withdrawn; the President has issued his order forbidding Japanese immigrants with passports to Hawaii, Central and South America or Canada to enter our ports, and all that now remains to be done is the adoption of a treaty between the two countries that will effect in an amicable way the restriction of Japanese emigration to this country, for which the Japanese government is said to be keen as ours is. The legislature of California seemed



JOYS OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE
—Williams in Phila. Ledger.

a few days ago to be in a fair way to queer the effort of the President to secure such a treaty. It had up for action several anti-Japanese bills well calculated to arouse the wrath of the Flowery Kingdom. But a sensible Governor wrote to the President asking him what effect these bills would have, and the telegraphic reply he got was forwarded to the assembly. Promptly, by a heavy *viva voce* vote, the three bills were killed. "The Big Stick," said a newspaper correspondent, "has broken its record for swift and determined action."

HERBERT SPENCER has contributed greatly to smooth President Roosevelt's way to the adoption of a satisfactory treaty with Japan. The letter which he wrote in 1892 to Baron Kaneko Kentaro, which was not published until after Mr. Spencer's death, has done much to convince the Japanese leaders of thought that there is more in race hostility than mere prejudice and individual selfishness. The Baron had written, it will be remembered, asking Mr. Spencer concerning the advisability of intermarriage between the Japanese and other peoples. Mr. Spencer's reply was: "It should be positively forbidden." The question, he declared, is a biological one. When there is interbreeding, either among animals or among human beings, of varieties that diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is "an incalculable mixture of traits," especially in the second generation, and "a chaotic constitution." The reason seems to be that each variety of creature, in the course of many generations acquires a con-

stitutional adaptation to its peculiar mode of life, and the mixture of too widely divergent varieties results in a constitution adapted to the mode of life of neither. Spencer went on to say:

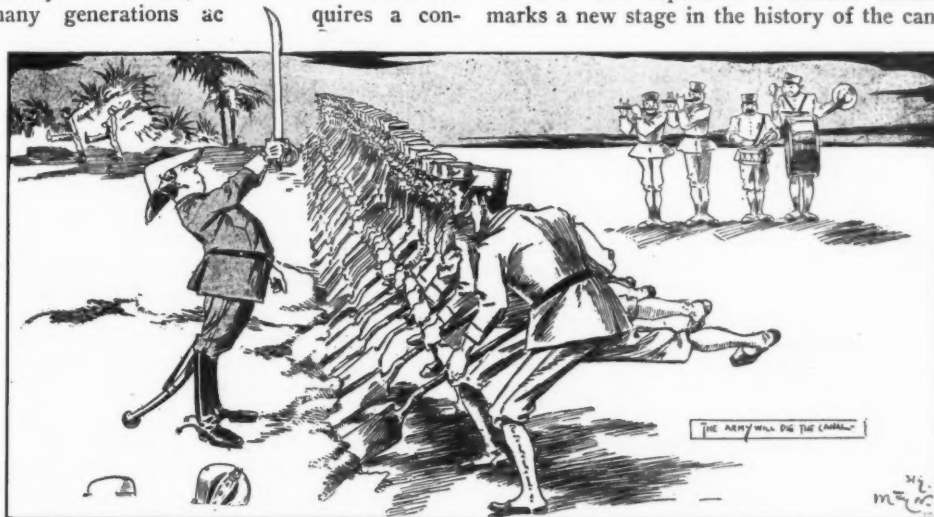
"I have for the reasons indicated entirely approved of the regulations which have been established in America for restraining the Chinese immigration, and had I the power I would restrict them to the smallest possible amount; my reasons for this decision being that one of two things must happen. If the Chinese are allowed to settle extensively in America, they must either, if they remain unmixed, form a subject race standing in the position, if not of slaves, yet of a class approaching to slaves; or if they mix they must form a bad hybrid. In either case, supposing the immigration to be large, immense social mischief must arise, and eventually social disorganization.

"The same thing will happen if there should be any considerable mixture of European or American races with the Japanese."

Needless to say, Mr. Spencer's letter has had wide publicity in Japan as well as in California and has done much to reconcile the Mikado's subjects to such a treaty as will now be negotiated.

* * *

FLANKED by forty Congressmen more or less, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. A., set sail March 6 for Panama to dig the canal. In accordance with a time-honored custom established by his numerous predecessors, he made a public statement before sailing; but his statement beats the record for brevity and good sense. He said: "I will know more about it when I get back." That was all. The departure of Colonel Goethals marks a new stage in the history of the canal,



THE MILITARY WAY

—Mayer in N. Y. Times.



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IT IS HIS TURN NOW TO DIG

Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals takes charge now of operations on the Panama Canal, succeeding John F. Stevens, who has unexpectedly resigned. Mr. Goethals is of the engineer corps of the U. S. Army. Joining the two seas is a job turned over to that corps.

and one which it is fondly hoped may be the last before that which shall be inaugurated when the first steamship goes plowing her way from ocean to ocean. Colonel Goethals is an army officer who goes where he is ordered and stays until relieved. The Panama Canal is in need of nothing so much as a man who has staying qualities. When John F. Stevens was appointed chief engineer of the canal less than two years ago he also made a public statement. He said: "Whatever human beings can do for the building of the canal shall be done. To the best of my lights I shall attack the task and stick to it. For the rest, God knows. When I leave the United States I expect to be away a long, long time." But on February 8, in a talk with Lindsay Denison, of *Collier's*, he admitted that the canal had lost interest for him. It had all become "an enormous, weary, tiresome job of brute labor, day in and day out, and with nothing but a hole in the ground to show

when it was all done." He remarked further: "You have too much imagination for me. I haven't got as far ahead as imagining ships passing from ocean to ocean. I am afraid that sometimes I wonder if there will be any traffic at all, if there is any good in digging a canal anyway, if it isn't all just a great big waste of health and money and energy. I guess I'm tired of it." That night he wrote his resignation.

THE strange part of Stevens's funk was that he had succeeded in organizing the work in splendid shape, and the dirt was flying as no one had ever seen it fly before. Twenty-five thousand men were at work and a thousand more Spaniards and Italians were arriving each month. In the Culebra Cut alone, 566,570 cubic yards of excavation had been accomplished in the preceding month. The average amount being excavated when he took charge was but 70,000 yards a month. Everything was going on beautifully. Denison had just been over the line of work and found "a wonderful display of flying dirt and whirring machinery" that swept him off his feet with enthusiasm. The black pall of smoke from the engines and shovels and locomotives in Culebra Cut made the place look like Pittsburg. But his enthusiasm did not seem to infect Stevens. He had "gone stale." For the resignation which he wrote that night Denison furnishes the only plausible explanation that has appeared. He writes:

"To any one who knows John F. Stevens well, the imputation that he could be a quitter is laughable. He seemed rather, on the night of February 8th, to be a man who was going through the reaction which follows a great achievement—a reaction which ought not to have come until after the Canal was finished, but which had come prematurely because of the tremendous physical strain of the last three years with all its fantastic complications of climate, politics, and diplomacy. In other words, he seemed like an overtrained football player who has broken down into nervousness and despondency after the first big game of the season. We all know the type: a great big bunch of nerves and muscle goes sulking off to his room after having brought about a tremendous victory; he sits there until midnight, with his head in his hands, worrying, and at last he writes a letter to the head coach, a half-petulant, half-angry letter in which he announces his intention to retire from the team and from the whole game of football."

NOW that the engineer corps of the army takes hold of the canal job, the press of the country is disposed to view the situation with more satisfaction than at any time heretofore. The *Boston Daily Advertiser* admits

that government construction work is not apt to be swift, but it is safe and honest. The *Baltimore American* thinks that the new way is the surest way to eliminate graft. The *New York Tribune* thinks the situation is reassuring, for the nation has well-founded confidence in the competence and integrity as well as in the perseverance of its army engineers. The *Boston Herald* thinks, however, that we have now adopted "the harder as well as the more expensive and more dangerous way" to dig the canal. Numerous comparisons are drawn between army engineers and civilian engineers, and usually in favor of the former. *The Scientific American* says on this subject:

"In professional ability, theoretical and executive, there is no finer body of engineers in the world than those of the army. Through all the many decades in which they have been planning and superintending the construction of great national works, there is scarcely an instance to be found of collusion between the engineer and the contractors, and these few cases have been visited with speedy and condign punishment. Under the army engineers the work will be executed with the highest professional intelligence, with the thoroughness which characterizes all the army engineer's work, and with the most scrupulous fidelity in the handling of the national finances.

"That it may take somewhat longer than if it were executed under contract and civilian professional oversight is probable; but the nation may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it has seen the last of these all too frequent resignations and the frequent and demoralizing changes of base and policy which have so delayed the progress of the canal."

APPROPRIATIONS for the canal have now reached the total of about \$128,000,000; but of this amount nearly \$25,000,000 has just been appropriated, \$40,000,000 was paid to the French for their work and \$10,000,000 to Panama. That leaves a sum of but \$53,000,000, and of this amount, according to Mr. Shonts' statement last January, about \$32,000,000 has been expended on what he calls "preliminary work," such as sanitation and government, which has required \$4,500,000; construction of quarters, docks, wharves, waterworks, sewers and railroad enlargement, \$7,000,000; for permanent plant, \$12,000,000; and for sewers, waterworks, streets and other improvements in Colon and Panama, \$4,500,000, which is to be repaid to this government ultimately. This leaves as the amount expended on actual construction of the canal about \$20,000,000. As a result of what has been done Mr. Shonts says:

"The Isthmus is to-day as safe a place to visit as most other parts of the world, and much safer than many parts of the United States, so far as danger from disease is concerned. Observance of



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NOW ON THE WAY TO PANAMA

Colonel David Du B. Gaillard, of the engineer corps of the U. S. A., is detailed to act as Colonel Goethals' first assistant and understudy. He is a South Carolinian, and entered the army twenty-seven years ago.

sanitary laws and regulations is compulsory and is rigidly enforced. We have a hospital system which is surpassed by none in the world, and the privileges of it are not only, like the blessings of salvation, free to all, but they are compulsory. Wherever an employee is discovered with too high temperature he is compelled to go to a hospital whether he wishes to or not."

That President Roosevelt is satisfied with the progress made is evident from his remark regarding the resignation of Mr. Stevens: "Wallace," he said, "left chaos on the isthmus; Stevens leaves it with a magnificent organization in fine running order." In view of the increased supply of labor now available, the decision has been reached not to take advantage of the offers made by contractors to furnish Chinese coolies. The amount of excavation in the Culebra Cut for the last three months runs as follows: January, 566,670 cubic yards; February, 650,000 cubic yards; March (estimated) 800,000 cubic yards. The total amount to be excavated at the cut is a little less than 40,000,000 cubic yards. Stevens says the present organization, working one



MRS. EDDY'S CHIEF PUBLICITY AGENT

Alfred Farlow is one of the defendants against whom the suit brought by Mrs. Eddy's son and nephew for an accounting of her financial affairs is directed. He was formerly president of the Mother Church corporation in Boston.

shift, can in the near future excavate one million cubic yards a month.



ANOTHER DEFENDANT IN THE MRS. EDDY SUIT

Rev. Irving G. Tomlinson, former First Reader of the Mother Church, is now a trustee of the Christian Science Church, and one of those charged with having undue control over Mrs. Eddy.



THE year 1907 seems destined to be a fateful one in the annals of Christian Science. It has never had what most religious systems require for their full development—persecution. Opposition and ridicule it has had in plenty, but for the first time it is beginning to experience a degree of interference from outside that probably seems to those in charge to savor of downright persecution. Yet, on the other hand, nothing has taken place that is not attributable to the simple demand of the public for all the facts in regard to Mrs. Eddy and her system. Those facts have never been supplied in any adequate degree by Mrs. Eddy or her followers. We have called attention before to the meager and unsatisfactory accounts of her life as set forth in her own reminiscences and in the biographical sketches by Mr. McCracken and others. The mantle of mystery in these days simply stimulates curiosity, and when it is thrown around a living person for whom such extraordinary claims are made as those advanced for Mrs. Eddy, it is inevitable that efforts would be taken to tear it aside even at the risk of discourtesy to a lady of venerable age ordinarily entitled to such privacy as she may wish.

IN THE suit instituted last month by her son and nephew, technically in Mrs. Eddy's behalf and against the Christian Science trustees, the claim is made that Mrs. Eddy is incapable of managing her own affairs, and that those who surround her shall be required to give an accounting of her estate. If Mrs. Eddy were a wholly unimportant personage, such a proceeding would excite no particular interest nor be regarded as an especially cruel proceeding. The suit may originate, as the Christian Science leaders charge, in the malignity of enemies or it may originate in the genuine suspicion of her son and nephew that she is being subjected to unfair treatment; but however it may originate, the suit can certainly not be at all serious if nothing is being concealed by those surrounding her. The supposition that the suit will have any important effect upon Mrs. Eddy's religious system does not receive much support from the press. The New York *Evening Post* thinks that "we may confidently look forward to a vast outpouring of sympathy for the persecuted Mother of Christian Science," and the New York *Times* expresses a hope that the suit may result in declarations of independence on the part of leaders who are now, as it thinks,

forced to pay unwilling homage to the founder. It says:

"Among the various 'First Readers,' of course, the progress of the Glover suit will be eagerly followed. Many of them are restive under the tyrannous rule exercised by Mrs. Eddy on her favored satellites, and they are waiting with impatience for a hopeful opportunity to declare their independence. Most of the bitter and savage wars that have been waged within this strange organization have been so quietly conducted that they escaped public notice, just as most of the scandals characteristic of 'perfectionism' in all its forms have been concealed, but if the reality—or the shadow—of Mrs. Eddy is deposed from the throne there may soon be a resounding explosion, and that will be the end of 'Christian Science,' the beginning of half a dozen successors of it."

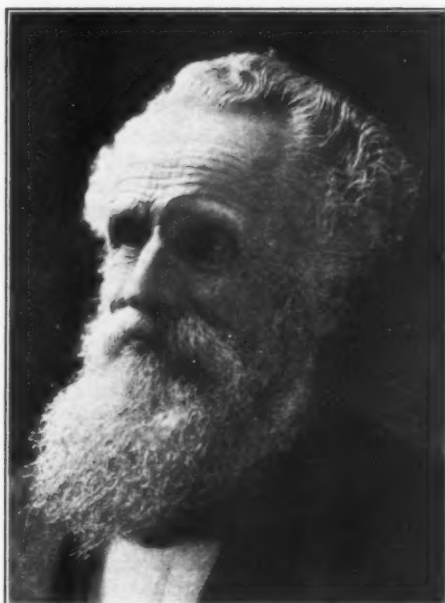
As for the Christian Scientists themselves, they profess to see nothing whatever in the suit that can seriously affect their religion. "In my eyes," said the treasurer of the Mother Church, Stephen A. Chase, "it is nothing more than a personal matter between our beloved leader and her son."

IF THE full-page interview with George W. Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, published in *The World* (New York) March 3, is not another *World* "fake," Mr. Glover has had experiences that may well lead an unsophisticated mind into labyrinths of doubt and suspicion. For Mr. Glover has run up against "black magic" and he predicts that as soon as legal proceedings are really started "every evil known to the black arts will be let loose upon us." He is represented as telling of his first meeting with his mother after his days of childhood, in the year 1879, thirty years after their separation. His mother was then having a desperate struggle against insurgents among her followers, and summoned her son to her aid. To quote from his alleged account:

"Within a week of my arrival in Boston I learned many strange things. The strangest of these was that the rebellious students were employing black arts to harass and destroy my mother."

"The longer I remained with mother, the clearer this became. Pursued by the evil influence of the students, we moved from house to house, never at rest and always apprehensive. It was a maddening puzzle to me. We would move to a new house and our fellow lodgers would be all smiles and friendliness. Then, in an hour, the inevitable change would come; all friendliness would vanish under the spell of black magic, and we would be ordered to go. But mother made it all clear to me."

Finally matters came to such a pass that he slipped a revolver in his pocket and sought the office of Richard Kennedy, the leader in



THE ANXIOUS SON OF MRS. EDDY

George W. Glover thinks his mother is unduly restrained by those surrounding her, and he is a plaintiff in the suit to secure a court investigation into the handling of her estate. He is a miner and prospector in the West.

the opposition, and, placing the revolver against his head, threatened to blow his brains out if the persecution of his mother was con-



MRS. EDDY'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Mary Glover has joined her father as plaintiff in the suit brought against Mrs. Eddy's advisers.

tinued. And it ceased at once. "We were not ordered out of another boarding-house that winter." Mr. Glover goes on to tell of a series of persecutions years later of himself by Calvin A. Frye, Mrs. Eddy's present secretary, in the course of which it became clear to him that his mother was entirely under Frye's control when in the latter's presence, and afraid to do or say anything in opposition to his wishes. The interview has the earmarks of a journalistic fraud. It is too finished a piece of melodrama to be credible.

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* *



ONLY it were always possible to make a subject as interesting as it is important, then child-labor and many other sociological questions might receive the popular attention they deserve. Anyone with half an eye can see at half a glance the intrinsic importance of the subject of child-labor. But the effort to arouse popular interest in it has not been markedly successful in the past. The literature of the question has a somber and forbidding aspect, and it is only within the last few weeks, when proposed legislation on the subject bade fair to produce another battle royal over the rights of the states and the powers of Congress, that a lively interest began to pervade the columns of magazines and dailies. Five bills on child-labor were introduced into Congress in the recent session, the purpose of all being to impose some sort of federal regulation. Senator Beveridge made a rather notable speech in the Senate on the subject, President Roosevelt wrote a letter expressing his sympathy with the efforts being made to secure reform legislation, a mass-meeting was held in New York under the auspices of a dozen sociological and charitable organizations, and the talented writers of several of our magazines of large circulation have expended their skill in illuminating the statistics of the question with forcible rhetoric and somber warnings and moving appeals. Whether or not the recourse to Washington for remedial legislation shall be justified in the future by any addition to the federal statutes, it is already justified by the excitement aroused. Dr. Felix Adler professes to be "one of those who by temperament, by prejudice and by predilection cling to local self-government and dread the expansion of the federal power." After several years' effort, however, to make satisfactory progress in regulating child-labor by appeals to state legislatures, he joined with others in turn-

ing to Washington for aid. And straightway the cry went up that the Constitution is again in peril and the indestructible union of indestructible states is about to receive a mortal thrust. Then and not until then the country began to sit up and take notice.

CONGRESS adjourned without enacting any legislation on child-labor; but a bill was passed providing for an investigation of the whole subject by the department of commerce and labor, and many bills are pending in state legislatures. The bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Beveridge is the one that has called forth most of the comment pro and con. It provides, briefly, that no carrier of interstate commerce shall transport the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years of age are employed or permitted to work, when the products are offered to said carrier by those owning and operating the factory or mine or by any agent of theirs. This bill will not affect products that come from jobbers, it will not reach local sweatshops and a large amount of the evil that exists in other forms. But the Senator is confident that it will "take the heart out of the evil" in the five states where it is most prevalent—namely, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Maine.

THE most damaging blow that has been given to the Beveridge bill and to all other projects for federal regulation came from the committee on judiciary of the House of Representatives. By a unanimous vote that committee, supposed to contain the best legal talent in the House, adopted a statement containing the following deliverance:

"Congress cannot exercise any jurisdiction or authority over women and children employed in the manufacture of products for interstate commerce shipment, and certainly it will not be claimed by the foremost advocates of a centralized government that Congress can exercise jurisdiction or authority over women and children engaged in the manufacture of products for intrastate shipment.

"The fact is, when the product is manufactured it is uncertain whether the same will be interstate commerce or intrastate commerce. It is not extreme or ridiculous to say that it would be just as logical and correct to argue that Congress can regulate the age, color, sex, manner of dress, height and size of employees, and fix their hours, as to contend that Congress can exercise jurisdiction over the subject of woman and child labor.

"The jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor certainly falls under the police power of the states, and not under the commercial power of Congress. . . .

The assertion of such power by Congress would destroy every vestige of state authority, obliterate state lines, nullify the great work of the framers of the Constitution and leave the state governments mere matter of form, devoid of power, and ought to more than satisfy the fondest dreams of those favoring centralization of power."

The argument made by Senator Beveridge on this phase of the question runs as follows: Congress has prohibited the importation of convict-made goods; its power over interstate commerce is the same as over foreign commerce; it can accordingly prohibit transportation from state to state of convict-made goods; and if it can prohibit the transportation of convict-made goods it can prohibit that of child-made goods. Mr. William J. Bryan accepts this line of reasoning and goes one step further. If Congress can prohibit the transportation of convict-made goods and child-made goods, it can and should prohibit that of trust-made goods.

WRITING two months ago, Senator Beveridge stated that the great volume of editorial comment has been decidedly in favor of the proposed measure. That may have been so two months ago, but, so far as our observation goes, it certainly has not been so since. Hardly any of the most influential dailies have come out unreservedly in favor of the bill. The *New York American* (Hearst's paper) has, also the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Georgian*, of Atlanta, and the *Buffalo Times*. The *Boston Transcript* has taken a sympathetic attitude, but has suspended judgment. The *Springfield Republican*, always quick to champion measures for social reform, speaks very indecisively. It says that "it is quite possible" that the bill would be sustained by the courts, tho "it draws larger inferences from the congressional right to regulate interstate commerce than have heretofore been acted upon." The *New York Evening Post* also seems to suspend judgment, but it evidently looks askance upon the measure, and has lately been publishing an important series of articles against it written by Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama. There is, on the other hand, a strong and emphatic chorus of disapproval from many leading journals North and South. The *New York Tribune* professes the "utmost sympathy" with those pushing the measure, but considers it their clear duty to "make the negligent states protect the children," for "if the powers of congress over interstate commerce were extended to cover articles made by child-labor that clause could gradually be stretched so as to take the vitality out of state government."

THE *New York Times* and the *New York Sun* more than intimate that the real influence behind the bill comes from New England cotton factories which find themselves restricted by state laws in the matter of child-labor, and are now seeking to have their competitors in Southern states similarly restricted by federal law. The *Times* argues the constitutional point as follows:

"The Supreme Court has held that lottery tickets may be excluded from the mails and from interstate commerce. That is a proper exercise of police power, because lottery tickets have no innocent use. Diseased meat and falsified canned products have so little innocent use, and are so manifestly harmful, that their exclusion from interstate commerce is proper. But when the federal government once begins to exclude staple manufactured goods, of which it may be said that they have no guilty use, from transportation across state lines, a step will have been taken so far in advance of any other threatened extension of power of federal control that the functions of state legislatures and state governments will, in a very large measure indeed, be abrogated."

The *New York World* makes the point that the meat-inspection and pure-food laws were enacted "for the protection of the consumer outside the state of production and not of the producer within the state," and the Beveridge bill stands on a very different basis.

NO PARTISAN lines are discernible in the opposition to the bill. The *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Detroit News*, all Republican in politics, make the same point, namely, that federal legislation on the subject will render adequate state legislation more difficult to obtain, and, as *The Tribune* remarks, "the local sentiment upon which every child-labor law must depend for its enforcement would not be stimulated by federal legislation." From leading Southern and Democratic journals the same general attitude of jealousy for the powers of the states is strongly expressed. "This bill," says the *Memphis Appeal*, "is dangerous to the liberties of the people." The *Richmond Times* thinks the bill "is aimed at the South." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks that "if Senator Beveridge's plan is legal and constitutional, then no state can retain any single function of government of which members of Congress from other states cannot deprive them." Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, "the ablest and hardest worker in the South" in the interest of child-labor, according to the *New York Evening Post*, withdrew recently from the National Child-Labor Association because of its endorsement of the Beveridge bill.

DISCLOSURES of strained personal relations between President Roosevelt and his inveterate eulogist, William II, came from Paris last month with a fulness of detail almost shocking to those English students of world politics who complain that the White House has too long echoed Potsdam and the Wilhelmstrasse. Not five months have passed since London organs were pleading for the appointment as British Ambassador in Washington of a diplomatist who could neutralize the effect of the sympathy between the ruler of the great republic and the ruler of the German Empire. The late Lord Pauncefoot was wont to attribute his success with our Department of State to the favorable impression made by Mr. Arthur Spring Rice upon the mind of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Spring Rice is a young British diplomatist who has profoundly studied the United States Senate on its personal side. But he is not less the friend of the President than he is the friend of Senators Aldrich and Allison, Senators Lodge and Cullom. He would build a bridge between the Capitol and the White House, connect both with the British Foreign Office and sever all intimacies with Potsdam. Thus the champions of Mr. Spring Rice, who were aghast at the selection for the Washington mission of James Bryce, a statesman accused of belonging to the so-called "Potsdam party" in the British ministry. Mr. Bryce, according to the London *National Review*, would not even attempt to break the spell cast by William II upon Rooseveltian diplomacy. The new British Ambassador in Washington, we are assured by the same authority, is always the slave of the irresistible attraction which any enemy of his own country exercises over a certain type of English politician. He would, more probably, strengthen the hold of Potsdam upon the White House.

A DIPLOMATIC sensation, therefore, has resulted from the revelation in the current *Revue des Deux Mondes* that President Roosevelt was restrained only by his regard for the Monroe Doctrine from openly taking the field against the application of William II's peculiar theory of world politics during the international discord over Morocco. It is no secret in Washington that President Roosevelt has long resented imputations which attribute to his personal regard for the German Ambassador in Washington an alleged loss of English diplomatic prestige in our Department of State. He only awaits, it is

said, a suitable opportunity to express publicly his regret for such persistent misrepresentation. The great Paris review would now seem to have undertaken for the President a task which he could find no occasion to achieve for himself. The drama opens at that tense moment of the Algeiras conference when Count Witte, instigated by France, appealed to Emperor William to display a spirit of conciliation. His Majesty flatly refused to meet the republic's wishes. He elaborated grievance after grievance against France. He conceded the possibility of a rupture that might bring Europe within measurable distance of war, but counsels of moderation should be directed towards Paris. William would not be swayed by Witte. The conference at Algeiras stood impotently on the brink of disruption.

INTO the clouds of this diplomatic storm President Roosevelt now discharged the lightnings of his own displeasure. Emperor William had promised to accept any solution regarded by the United States Government as equitable. The President refreshed the imperial memory by cable on this point. He added a scheme for the policing of Morocco. Not only did the Emperor reject the Roosevelt proposal point blank, but he made alternative proposals in no way resembling those he had communicated to Count Witte. The President rejected every one. The climax came with three categorical refusals by Mr. Roosevelt to accept three categorical suggestions that the United States exert pressure upon France. The disputants are lost to view in confused impressions of an incensed Roosevelt admonishing an obstinate Emperor that France had made every possible concession, that it behooved his Majesty to abandon an untenable and even inequitable attitude, and that if the Monroe Doctrine did not prescribe limitations upon American interference in Europe Algeiras would be made the central point of a severe disturbance. William II would seem to have been disconcerted by the activity of one whom he is so fond of styling the greatest American President that ever lived. His Majesty felt that France had no intention of becoming involved in a quarrel over Morocco with any of the great powers, least of all with Germany. France would be risking far more than her position at Fez, and in such a conflict Great Britain could afford her no substantial help. The French and British navies could no doubt have blockaded the German coasts, and for the time sup-

pressed Germany's seaborne trade; but the British army could have done little to assist France in the defense of her own frontier, while, in the half paralyzed condition of her Russian ally, France would have found it exceedingly difficult to guard that frontier effectually. It was upon the incapacity of Great Britain to take part in a European war as the ally of France, in view of the present balance of military power in Europe, that William II based his attitude at Algieras until he began to receive cablegrams from the greatest American President that ever lived. His Majesty's policy in Morocco was revised.

THUS is made known from a point so remote as Paris one of the well-kept secrets of Washington diplomacy. The revelation is characteristic, opines the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, of those local conditions which render the capitals of Europe better informed regarding the diplomacy of Washington than the American people are often permitted to become. The ambassadors in the capital of the United States, owing to the intimacy of their association with the highest officials there, gain a knowledge of events and tendencies to which a mere member of the House of Representatives can never attain. The ambassadors transmit to their governments, in the form of dispatches, particulars which, if published in an American newspaper, would make a sensation. If, as happens to be the case in Paris, the Foreign Office has a newspaper organ of its own—the *Temps*—there occur from time to time revelations more or less unpalatable to our Department of State. The revelation that President Roosevelt has been quarreling with Emperor William purports to come to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the foreign editor of the *Temps*. The authenticity of the narrative would seem, therefore, indisputable, altho it does not necessarily follow that the French Foreign Office was the source of the indiscretion. Neither, necessarily, was Count Witte. President Roosevelt is conjectured to have definite ideas on the subject, however, and to have expressed them unconventionally.

IT IS not at all surprising to such profound students of Emperor William's character as the London *Spectator* and the London *Outlook* that his Majesty, in dealing with the President, proved so like the nettle in the fable that had borrowed the perfume of the rose. Mr. Roosevelt was merely the latest to feel the sting. King Edward is represented

to have been the victim of the same peculiarities of procedure when, two or three years ago, he offered to visit his imperial nephew in Berlin. It was at the latter's suggestion and for his convenience that the British sovereign went to Kiel instead. But the German official press was permitted to affirm without contradiction that King Edward had been guilty of the "discourtesy" of refusing to travel to Berlin to honor the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty. "For two years," affirms the London *National Review*, "the German government has been exploiting this lie in the interests of its naval propaganda." It is common knowledge, according to the same authority, that the influence of the King of England in world politics is not on the side of the German Emperor. But all these innuendoes are disingenuous readjustments of recent diplomatic history, affirms the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, the foreign editor of which is known to advise William II on the subject of world politics. The German daily notes that the London *Outlook* and the London *National Review* are the organs of that clique of statesmen in England who regard the growth of the German navy as a menace to the mistress of the seas. The facts set forth in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* belong, we are further assured, to the class of perversions which make it appear that William II was on the side of Spain when Dewey won his renown at Manila.

IN ALL that has occurred between President Roosevelt and William II during the past few years, if we are to credit the London *Spectator*, there is evident, on the imperial side, what it styles a policy of bluff alternating with a system of "pin pricks." The interference of the German naval forces in the disturbances at Hayti, the attempt to precipitate an international complication over Venezuela, the menacing attitude of the Wilhelmstrasse in Santo Domingo, and the recurrence of what the late Secretary Hay termed "efforts to sneak into the Caribbean" by acquiring a coal- ing station for his Majesty's squadron there comprise the policy of "pin pricks." "It is always easy," comments the London *Spectator*, "to tell when William II wants something." He is far too astute to "make up to the power" from which he means to wring concessions. Veiled menaces and ingeniously contrived annoyances belong to the effective stage of the Bismarckian diplomacy in which William II has such faith. Then matters are carried forward a step. The pestered gov-

ernment is invited to arrive at an understanding or alliance with the government of the Hohenzollern. Overtures of this kind (after innumerable "pin pricks") have been made on behalf of William II to the government of this country, or so the London *Spectator* definitely affirms. But the Bismarckian diplomacy was not at all effective when applied to President Roosevelt. It collapsed altogether in its final stage—that of what the London *Spectator* terms "the diplomatic bogie." It was pointed out by means of obscure hints that the United States has "a terrible enemy"—we follow the account of our British authority—in a third power (unspecified), and that, if no agreement were duly reached, William II's government must make the best terms it could with this terrible enemy. This, we are told, is an accurate summary of the diplomatic history of the present administration so far as William II figures in it.

WERE it not for the Machiavellian subtlety of Emperor William's Ambassador in Washington, President Roosevelt, as the several British organs already quoted all agree, would long ere this have been as wise as they are in London. Baron von Sternberg succeeded to his post when the state of American feeling towards William II, in consequence of his attitude to Venezuela, was critical. The Ambassador's predecessor in office, Dr. von Holleben, recalled by his imperial master, had quitted Washington without taking leave of the President, a diplomatic incivility which William II is not supposed to have suggested. The alleged quarrel between Dr. von Holleben and Baron Speck von Sternberg; Dr. von Holleben's successful efforts to oust the Baron from the embassy in Washington, whence he was transferred to Calcutta as German consul-general; the efforts of Baron Speck von Sternberg's friends in Berlin against Dr. von Hollenben, ending in the latter's recall; and Baron Speck von Sternberg's appointment as Ambassador instead, inaugurated what may be deemed the personal era in the relations between the President of the United States and the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Of von Hollenben it was said that he excelled in doing the gracious thing ungraciously. Magnetic his personality never was. He kept himself remarkably well informed regarding American public opinion, and he never hesitated to put unpalatable facts into his dispatches home. That he tried to influence the German vote in Bryan's favor during the presidential campaign of 1900 in the hope that

Bryan, if elected, would give William II a coaling station in the Caribbean is among the fantastic legends of the period. Baron Speck von Sternberg knew his Washington too well to risk involving himself in such figments of the diplomatic fancy.

THE Baron belongs to the spacious days made memorable by European press references to the competition between President Roosevelt and William II for first place in the respect and admiration of mankind. When the Emperor's cruiser blew up a Haytian gunboat, to the annoyance of the Department of State at Washington, the German Ambassador repudiated all designs on Brazil. While Castro complained that Venezulean revolutions were financed from Berlin, Baron Speck von Sternberg made graceful allusions to the Germanic museum at Harvard, enriched by another contribution from his imperial Majesty. Watching these developments from afar, the London *Spectator* wonders what may happen should William II venture to treat the United States as he dealt with France in regard to Morocco. What if the Emperor protests "with a threat" that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be modified, "limited, say, to America north of the Panama Canal." This, says the British weekly, is at least possible. "If we understand American feeling at all, there would be war in a week and a war which, if Germany proved victorious at first, might last for years till the republic could bring her awful reserves of strength fully to bear upon the contest." Here, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, we have a display of that serpentine craft with which organs of opinion in London seek to familiarize the American mind with the idea of war upon the Teuton. Every coincidence is distorted out of all connection with reality. If imperial interests are asserted anywhere, we hear of "pin pricks." An exchange of international courtesies becomes a display of subtle and profound policy. The traditional principle of British diplomacy is to keep the nations of continental Europe at swords' points. The United States is now drawn within the radius of the same deadly aim. From a literary standpoint the great American republic has long been a province of England. It is next to be made a British province from the point of view of world politics. The truth to be kept in mind, as French newspapers sum up the rivalry between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Foreign Office for the favor of Washington, is that President Roosevelt has been



"The clerical bull," says the German Michael, "must be got rid of—"

deemed hitherto a partner of William II in the business of world politics. That delusion had its origin in London. Paris has now exploded it. No more, concludes the *Gaulois*, does William II confide to itinerant American journalists a desire to advertise the United States by paying it a visit.

* * *

IN VIEW of recent rumors of a reactionary revision of the German constitution and the explicit demands of newspapers like *The Hamburger Nachrichten* that the franchise be



"—and now we have dealt it a blow—"

restricted without delay, Emperor William's declaration to the new President of the Reichstag last month that universal suffrage had proved itself "thoroly trustworthy" delights the radical element. The impression was heightened by the assurance in the speech from the throne that his Majesty means to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the term. The Emperor took great pleasure, too, in assuring the newly elected officials of the Reichstag that "the battle shock" of Socialism had been "dashed to pieces." It has



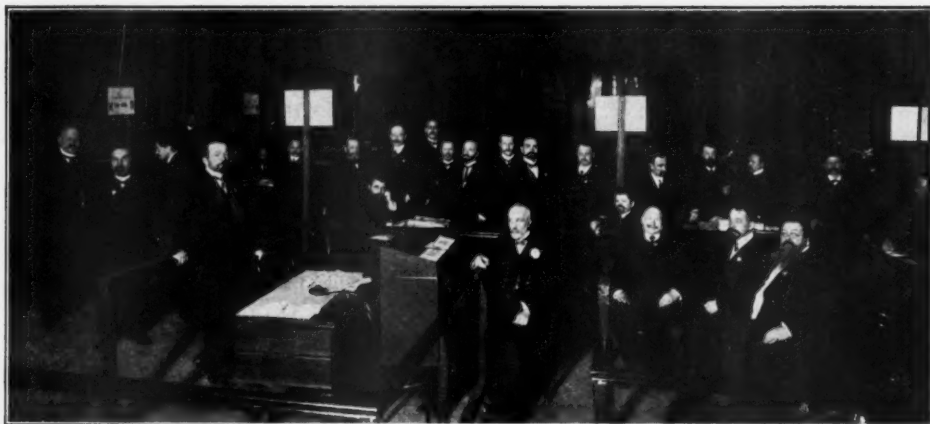
"—but it seems to be in as fine fettle as ever."
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

developed to the full extent of which it is capable in Germany, so his Majesty argues, basing this notion upon the decline in the rate of increase of the Socialist vote. Thus, while the increase in the national liberal vote was eleven per cent. above the average, the clerical increase fell two per cent. below its average increase, and the Socialist increase fell nearly nine per cent. below what it should have been. By way of contrast with the radiant William II, Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, pausing to arrange his papers as he stood up in the orator's tribune of the Reichstag, seemed almost a pathetic figure. There was some disposition to receive him with titters. It begins to look, however, as if the imperial chancellor will ultimately be obliged to conciliate the Roman Catholic Center, with which he quarreled before the recent election, or dissolve the Reichstag. Altho, as the radical Berlin *Tageblatt* points out, Prince von Bülow can get some kind of a majority in three different ways out of the Reichstag as it stands, the combinations are embarrassing. Meanwhile that internecine strife which the result of the elections rendered inevitable within the ranks of Bebel's followers has been intensified by the *Sozialistische Monatsheften*, which affirms that German Socialism has lost its "nimbus" and its intellectual prestige.

* * *



IN THE warmth of his congratulations to Feodor Golovin, whom the new Russian Duma selected last month to preside over its turbulent deliberations, Czar Nicholas II evinced, in the opinion of well informed European dailies, his own consciousness of having achieved a personal triumph. His Majesty is understood to have declared, as long ago as last January, that he would instantly dissolve a Duma so contumacious as to elect Maxime Kovalevsky for its president. Professor Kovalevsky would seem to have affronted his sovereign by defining the Czar's idea of a constitutional system as a parliament which confined itself to the discussion of measures selected by the autocrat himself. It was impossible, added Kovalevsky, to suffer any such infringement of the right to initiate legislation. He further predicted that one of the first acts of this new Duma would be the impeachment of Prime Minister Stolypin for illegally dissolving Russia's first national legislature. Kovalevsky could not, it is affirmed, have displayed greater ingenuity had it been his deliberate aim to render himself obnoxious to the Czar of all



THE COUNT OF VOTES IN ST. PETERSBURG

Here, in the office of the mayor of the city, are the officials of the election bureau affixing the seals to the urns in which are contained the ballots for the local members of the Duma. Charges of gross fraud in the count have not been made, but it is alleged that the intimidation of electors was carried to an extreme by the Prime Minister.

the Russias. Every mention of the professor as a probable president of the new Duma became an aggravation to Nicholas II and to Prime Minister Stolypin alike. But Koval-evsky's propaganda in his organ, *The Strana*, the brilliance of his record as a speaker in the

last Duma and the influence he gained over the peasant mind, made him the most conspicuous of all the candidates for the presidency of the parliament expelled from the Tauride Palace by the collapse of a ceiling. He was finally disqualified for election as one of



THE CZAR'S HOUSE OF LORDS

This assemblage is officially designated as the Council of the Empire. Theoretically, it revises the legislation sent up to it by the Duma. Some of the most distinguished men in the empire, including Goremykin, Kuropatkin and Witte, have been appointed to membership. Its latest acquisition is the popular tribune of the people, Maxim Kovalevsky, whom the Prime Minister excluded from the lower house on a technical point.



THE LAST PONIES UNEATEN IN THE VILLAGE

The famine has so desolated European Russia that in many villages all the huts have been burned for fuel, the cattle have been devoured and the inhabitants driven to subsist upon the carcasses of quadrupeds that have died of disease.

its members on a point so technical that no one is able to understand it.

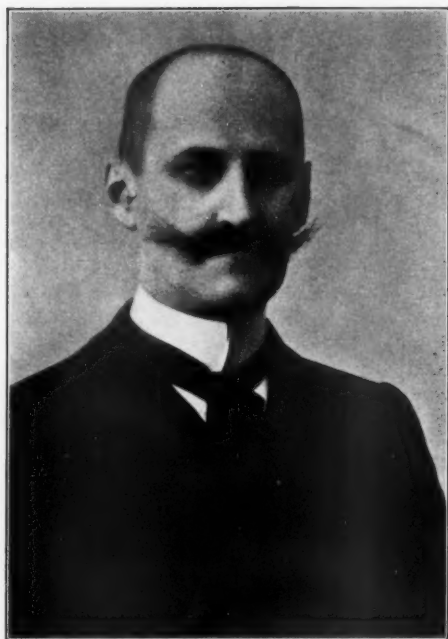
BY THE time the deputies had fought their way through the mobs that surged about the palace they found themselves not only short of their full complement of 524 members, but so decimated by the form of exclusion practiced in the case of Kovalevsky that, were it not for the presence of Rodicheff, the Duma would be without one orator of demonstrated

brilliance. The group of toil and the proletarian element generally had suffered the severe loss of Aladin, whose name had been stricken from the list of voters in his Simbirsk constituency and who was at that moment interpreting the crisis to audiences of New Yorkers. So watchfully had the Duma been shepherded at all stages of its slow evolution that no difficulty was experienced in effecting the election as its president of the satisfactory Feodor Golovin. Mr. Golovin is a Russian



CAPITULATING TO STARVATION

As the want of food and of warmth drives the inhabitants of Russian villages to the last expedients for the maintenance of existence, the roof is chopped from the home, the home itself is fed to the fire, and the family shelters itself with a neighbor. The process has gone on indefinitely in some cases, until of a whole village there will be left but one hut into which all the survivors of the calamity are packed like sardines.



THE URBANE COURTIER WHO PRESIDES
OVER THE DUMA

Feodor Golovin, an eminent citizen of Moscow, was chosen last month to preside over the sittings of the deputies in the Tauride Palace. He is both a courtier and an agitator, a friend of the Czar and a champion of popular rights. Within a fortnight of his election, the ceiling above his official seat in the Duma collapsed, but as he was absent he escaped injury.

liberal of a slightly antiquated Russian school. He has for years been prominent in the municipal affairs of Moscow. As a member of the zemstvo of that city he stoutly resisted the reactionary Plehve when that Minister of the Interior was bent upon reducing to impotence the only popularly representative institutions in the Russian empire. Plehve sent his spies to Moscow for the express purpose of intimidating Golovin, then president of the local zemstvo. Golovin appealed to Nicholas II over Plehve's head and won his point. When the late Grand Duke Sergius, who defined Russia as the holy and autocratic land of God, expelled all Jews from the ancient capital of the empire, Golovin alone had the courage to make anything in the nature of open protest. There were days in Moscow when, for a Jewess to remain there, she had to enter her name in a book of infamy kept by the police. If she did not prove the truth of the official description by her mode of life the military had power to enforce her. Golovin championed the cause of the unfortunate

women so openly that, had the Grand Duke not been assassinated in time, the earthly career of the present presiding officer of the Duma must have terminated prematurely.

GOLOVIN, who helped to organize the zemstvo congress of some two years ago, is described as a man of indefatigable industry and most zealous in the promotion of the theory of representative government throughout Russia. He is a great admirer of Buckle, whose history of civilization he is said to have studied with enthusiasm and whose principles he applies in an almost pedantic spirit. It is objected against Mr. Golovin that his nervous excitability is too great to permit him to keep in order so heterogeneous and turbulent a body as the Duma. However, he had the merit—rare among the deputies—of being acceptable to the Czar personally and satisfactory to the democratic element. Mr. Golovin has never committed himself to the radicalism professed by so many members of that constitutional democratic party to which he rather loosely adheres. The votes that elected him are said to have been won by the general dread of an early dissolution in the event of a choice unpalatable at court. There has never been a suspicion of Mr. Golovin's good faith in any well-informed mind, notwithstanding the numerous friends he possesses in the imperial palace itself.

THAT loveliest of sovereign ladies, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna, is said to have asked President Golovin, when he paid his first official visit to the autocrat, what the Duma will do for the innumerable Russian peasants whom the famine has driven to sell their clothes, their utensils, their last cattle, sometimes their cottages, and, too often, their future crops and their future labor. Her Majesty is represented as shocked by stories of soup kitchens set up in the biggest cottage of a village that the weaker members of the community—usually children, women and cripples—may get a plate of gruel or cabbage soup once a day. The most destitute can not come because they dare not face the frost without either clothes or shoes. In many cases a peasant carries one of his children, wrapped in the remnants of a cloak, to the soup kitchen, puts the child down naked on a bench and takes away the rag of a garment to bring his other child in. These are the details which, if her Majesty be correctly reported, should concern the Duma more than the freedom of the press and the reform of

administrative procedure. The deputies, on the other hand, gave preliminary consideration to the sufferings of Russians committed to prison or deported to Siberia for political offenses without any form of trial. That slightly sensational journalist, Professor Berezin, of Saratoff, who may yet attain Aladin's prominence as leader of the group of toil, excited the more radical elements by his accounts of conditions in the overflowing prisons. Allegations that in many places men and women are herded together like cattle in a shed, and that every crack of the benches they sleep upon teems with vermin imparted an excited tone to the discussions of amnesty. By refusing to rise at the mention of the Czar's name at the opening ceremonies, the radical deputies, it is explained, signified their protest against conditions of existence in cells which transform prisoners, after a few months, from stalwart men into confirmed invalids. Notwithstanding the stories told to the deputies of boys, girls and women now deliberately starving themselves to the point of death in preference to further endurance of their prison lot, the social revolutionists, the group of toil and the constitutional democrats united to shelve the amnesty resolution for the time being.



EXCLUDED FROM THE RUSSIAN DUMA

At the left of the spectator is seated Professor Mil-youkoff, an eminent Russian thinker, who was not permitted to take his seat in the last Duma, altho he had been duly elected. At the right of the spectator is seated Mr. Aladin, of Simbirsk, one of the leaders of the workingmen and peasants in the last Duma. He is now in this country, having been refused permission to live and agitate in his constituency.

AS THE booted peasants and bespectacled professors of this Duma strove to follow Vladimir Nicolaievitch Kokovtsoff, when that most bewildering of finance ministers appeared to expound the budget, the parallel between the St. Petersburg of last month and the Paris of 1789 was, to the way of thinking of the *London Post*, perfect. "What to do with the finances?" says Carlyle in his immortal history. "This indeed is the great question; a small but most black weather symptom which no radiance of universal hope can cover." Mr. Kokovtsoff revealed the radiance of universal hope to the Duma and revealed nothing else. He is an urbane bureaucrat of a somewhat unusual type, for he belongs to what in Russia is called the old nobility. He is now sixty. All he knows about money he learned from Witte, whose subordinate he was for many years. The affability for which he is somewhat noted enabled Mr. Kokovtsoff to meet the interruptions of the deputies with serenity, even as, years ago, it kept him on good terms with both Witte and Plehve when that pair were in hot dispute for control of the vacillating mind of their master, the Czar. Mr. Kokovtsoff is like every well educated Russian in his remarkable mastery of French,

but he is an anomaly for a bureaucrat, inasmuch as his education has been of the western European sort. There is a sense in which he may be deemed the greatest dealer in alcoholic drinks this world has ever seen, for he was long at the head of his country's national monopoly of the traffic in intoxicants. Witte, in the plenitude of his power, was wont to say that the problem of the finances could be solved only if the Russian peasant would use more iron. Mr. Kokovtsoff acted upon the theory that the peasant should drink more vodka. In his eagerness to swell the revenue he has made his country the most drunken nation in the world.

FIGURES would seem to have been invented for the concealment of Russia's insolvency, if the European press inference from what Mr. Kokovtsoff told the Duma be worth anything. Mr. Kokovtsoff is said to

possess great influence with the financiers and newspapers of Paris, and they certainly agree that the constructiveness of his imagination, so far as his budget reveals it, is overpowering. Dozens of the deputies, observes the *Temps*, have never owned a gold coin in the whole course of their lives. Yet the entire Duma must have listened to him with a lively recollection that Mr. Kokovtsoff has lately affirmed his country to be on the verge of bankruptcy. That statement was set forth in a secret report to Prime Minister Stolypin which found its way into the *Temps* and caused a fall in Russian securities which no quantity of official denials could neutralize. When in the spring of the year before last that high authority, Mr. Lucien Wolf, asked in the London *Times* "Is Russia solvent?" he was met with a storm of indignant protests from Mr. Kokovtsoff and his friends. After two years' experience of the anarchical system which prevails in the Russian ministry of finance, Mr. Kokovtsoff had been brought to make Mr. Wolf's question secretly his own. Yet he challenged the London *Times* to come to St. Petersburg, or, rather, to send its representative there, to count the gold piled high in the vaults of the ministry. The London daily refused the invitation as being beyond the scope of a newspaper's functions. Thereupon Mr. Kokovtsoff took a member of the House of Commons through his vaults heaped to the ceiling with white bags. They were filled, said Mr. Kokovtsoff, with gold coin. That is possible, commented the London daily; but it conjectured that they might have been filled with sawdust. Mr. Kokovtsoff's optimism as he faced the Duma last month would indicate that they were filled with diamonds. Having demonstrated to bedazzled deputies that Russia's riches far outshine the wealth of Ormus, the Minister of Finance urged the negotiation of loans on an appropriately vast scale.

OBeying that tendency to an almost monastic seclusion of life which has grown upon him in recent years, Nicholas II did not face his new Duma in person. He is said to feel just such a dread of crowds as made James I of England fly with fear from gatherings of his subjects. The Czar differentiates himself markedly from living rulers by spending his time within a very circumscribed area. He sees only members of the diplomatic corps, the exalted bureaucrats and the personages of his court. It would be comparatively easy to conceal his death from the world, notes the Paris *Aurore*, until such time as the palace

clique had made its arrangements for the succession. Authentic news of his views concerning the newly assembled Duma are, therefore, unobtainable from any source. For the present, moreover, it is impossible to affirm or to deny that there is any basis for rumors that the sovereign's confidence in Prime Minister Stolypin is impaired. Reactionary influences have been exerted against him. The Duma is certainly eager to be rid of the present instrument of the Czar's policy. The correspondents of western European dailies foretell all sorts of ministerial combinations in which the names of Count Witte and Mr. Kokovtsoff, among others, are conspicuous. "The good God," ejaculates the Paris *Débats*, "he knows everything!" Witte is reported pessimistic. He fears the worst is yet to come.

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INGENIOUS as were those parliamentary provocations wherewith Mr. Arthur Balfour, in the House of Commons last month, incited Mr. Augustine Birrell to disclose some outlines of the Home Rule bill to which the British are looking forward so eagerly, the only result was to whet a universal curiosity by refusing to satisfy it. "Nothing," retorted the new chief secretary for Ireland, as he bowed to the former Prime Minister, "adds so much to the charm of a landscape as a cloudy haze on the horizon." But the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Birrell did venture to say, is perfectly satisfied that ultimately the only measure that can give satisfaction to the great majority of the people of Ireland will be what is generally called a Home Rule parliament. "I," cried Mr. Birrell, amid the cheers of the Irish members, "am a Home Ruler." So, too, he confessed, is the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Both are sitting up evening after evening over the details of the scheme from which is to emerge that parliament in Dublin of which Parnell dreamed and which, it seems, Redmond is to realize. But Mr. Birrell begged Mr. Balfour not to feel too eager. The bill will be introduced and that speedily. In the meantime the right honorable gentleman will have a little time to go about the country "raising this Home Rule bogie." For the next few weeks, accordingly, England will perforce know only that the new Irish bill is to provide a definite form of self-government in the sister island, and that the supremacy of the imperial parliament at London is to be maintained. All this, retorts Mr. Balfour, is not only a contradiction in

terms, but a revelation of the downright dishonesty of Mr. Birrell, to say nothing of Sir Henry.

THIS man Birrell, as Mr. Balfour begged the Commons to believe, climbed into power by telling the English at the last election that Home Rule is a bogie. "I, like others," went on the sometime Prime Minister, with a lively recollection of the vegetables with which he was pelted at the time, "endeavored to unmask this imposture. Like others, I was unsuccessful." But time, added Mr. Balfour, is doing what he failed to do. "The whole fraud is now apparent." There is yet to be in Dublin a legislature to all intents and purposes independent of the imperial parliament unless the eyes of the English be opened in time to the true character of Augustine Birrell. "It is perfectly vain for this House," Mr. Balfour likewise said, "to try to find something which is both Home Rule and not Home Rule." Yet Mr. James Bryce—at that moment, by the way, presenting himself in the capacity of his Majesty's ambassador before Theodore Roosevelt in Washington—was involved, like Birrell and the rest, in the Liberal plot to call Home Rule by some other name. But on the eve of the crisis Mr. Bryce handed the Irish government over to his fellow-conspirator, Birrell, and ran away to Washington. "He retires to other duties from the fighting line," said Mr. Balfour of Mr. Bryce. "He shouts 'No surrender!' at the top of his voice, and he nails his flag to somebody else's mast—a most felicitous picture of courage and discretion." This, by the way, is out of harmony with the *London Outlook's* idea that Mr. Bryce had given offense to a certain section of Irish opinion, and was therefore exiled to America. But the *London Standard's* information is that Mr. Bryce is not sufficiently brisk in retort, not genial enough in debate, to be intrusted with so momentous a labor as the conduct of an Irish bill through the Commons. Mr. Birrell, with his capacity to raise a laugh at a moment's notice, was "indicated," as the physicians say.

IRELAND, as Mr. Birrell sympathetically interpreted her to the House, is "in a state of comparative peace, comparative crimelessness," but in a state of expectancy. But Mr. Long, who so recently gave up to Mr. Bryce the post that Mr. Bryce has now handed over to Mr. Birrell, told the House of Commons that "a cruel and tyrannical form of boycot-

ting" now rages all over Ireland. Mr. Birrell denied it. There is only unrest or disturbance in a few local areas. It is due to the presence, "in the midst of a sympathetic and perhaps inflammatory population," of numbers of evicted tenants whose grievances are perpetually before the eyes of their neighbors. Mr. Birrell subsequently admitted that when he thus spoke he had in mind that venerable miser and surviving specimen of the rackrenting Irish landlord, the Marquis of Clanricarde. Lord Clanricarde, as he is called in the vicinity of Portumna Castle, Galway, owns some 60,000 acres of Irish soil, but he never visits his vast estate. His lordship, who is kin to the famous Canning, is now aged and feeble, yet so fond of his money that, if we may credit all the gossip of the month in regard to him, he patches his own trousers to save the tailor's bill. His last purchase of clothes is averred to have been made in 1881. These are, however, but local traditions rescued from oblivion by witty Irish dailies in regions rendered turbulent through hundreds of evictions ordered by his Lordship. More than a hundred families, averred Mr. Dillon in the Commons a few weeks ago, are living on the open road bordering the Clanricarde estates. *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) complains that his Lordship spends in Ireland an infinitesimal fraction of the rents he derives from Galway. He does not, according to the *London News*, spend much more in England. He is the bearer of no less than four ancient patents of nobility, being a baron, an earl and a viscount as well as a marquis. His personal appearance is described as that of a superannuated clergyman run to seed from inadequacy of stipend.

SO GREAT is the discredit into which this "curse to the whole west of Ireland," as Lord Clanricarde was called in the great debate on what Mr. Redmond termed his "criminal and insane evictions," that Mr. Birrell himself promised to deprive the great landlord of the estates from which he is now drawing \$80,000 a year. The purpose will be effected by special legislation. Lord Clanricarde had the ill luck to evict by wholesale on the eve of a Home Rule crisis. That is the explanation of his dilemma offered by the Irish correspondent of the *London Telegraph*. His Lordship is admitted to have vast estates, but the land is for the most part poor. His rents are exceptionally low. He is no miser. Irish impressions of the man are caricatures. So run the accounts given by friends of the noble

lord. Mr. Birrell, at any rate, described the case of Lord Clanricarde to the Commons as "shocking." He is the type and may become the classical instance of the absentee landlord. His estate is said to have been the scene of more murders than all the rest of Ireland taken together. Boycotting in its active form does not seem to have been directed against Lord Clanricarde's bailiffs of late. Mr. Birrell and Mr. Long, as we have seen, can not agree as to whether there is or is not in Ireland at this time any such thing as boycotting.


"IS THERE boycotting in your diocese?" one Roman Catholic prelate was asked on the witness stand. "What do you mean by boycotting?" asked the cleric. "I mean," said the cross-examiner, "the practice that goes by that name in Ireland now." "A great many practices," was the reply, "go by that name in Ireland now." The *London Times* gives instances. The method is passive. It consists in not speaking to or buying from or having anything whatever to do with the victim or with anybody who deals with him. Open insult or taunt is never resorted to. One hears no drumming or blowing of horns. If the victim enters a shop he is allowed to buy. But if he wishes to sell land or crops or to dispose of cattle at a fair no one goes near him. His servants give him legal notice of their intention to go. They can not be replaced. He can get no ordinary service from his fellow creatures. The blacksmith, the carpenter and the grocer have no time to fill his orders. They take his instructions civilly, but put him off indefinitely. The word "boycott" is never pronounced. The legal penalties attached to the practice are evaded. Such are the results in the south of Ireland of the judicial decision in what is known as the Tallow conspiracy case, in which a boycotted plaintiff recovered \$25,000 damages against some nine defendants. In the north of Ireland, where the boycott is more flagrant, the victim, affirms the *London Times*, has to walk twenty-seven miles to get bread, tea and sugar. Mr. Birrell says such cases are exceptional. Mr. Long calls them typical. In all that concerns the crisis in Ireland the opposed parties have each a set of facts about which the other knows nothing. Mr. Balfour flatly contradicts Mr. Bryce, and both gentlemen claim to have first-hand information. For the moment, however, Ireland, to employ the *London Post's* word, is "quiet." She is waiting for Mr. Birrell. If Mr. Birrell should offer Ireland a substitute for the Home Rule she seeks, times may change.

TO a Prime Minister who, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is recovering from an illness, Ireland alone should seem crisis enough. The statesman's physicians have warned him away from all-night sessions of the House of Commons. Yet one of them stretched over nineteen hours with Sir Henry in the fiercest heat of debate. Such ordeals will be child's play, predicts the *London Standard*, when Home Rule comes up. But Home Rule plays second fiddle, in the opinion of the *London Telegraph*, to that war of extermination upon the House of Lords which Sir Henry means to make final. "At this present moment," to sum it all up in the words of the *London Times*, "the constitutional position of the House of Lords is rapidly becoming the one vital question under which all others are being gathered." The question is so vital to the Prime Minister, at any rate, that notwithstanding the violence of a cold, he arose from his bed of suffering to denounce the Lords to the Commons. Only recently, he explained, two great measures demanded by the country and elaborated with pains in the lower house had been destroyed by the peers. One of these bills had been so mutilated by their lordships as to fail altogether to accomplish a purpose of which the voters of the land approved. "The other was destroyed by the most summary process of contemptuous rejection." Having amplified these phrases by a comparison of the House of Lords to a watch dog rousing itself from somnolence "by a sudden access of bitter ferocity," Sir Henry retired to the private sitting-room of his official residence in Downing street and summoned the doctors. Opposition speakers complain that the Prime Minister absents himself too much from debate. Rarely does he accomplish any such quantity of talking as was extracted from him by last month's bill to bestow the parliamentary suffrage upon women. Sir Henry supported that measure in a personal and unofficial capacity, and it was voted down by the Commons, or rather it was talked out of the House amid general protestations of admiration for the female sex.

EYEBALLS never flashed with fire more lurid than that that kindled in the countenance of the President of the Board of Trade when he held up the House of Lords last month to the execration of Britons. Mr. Asquith charged the peers in the House of Commons only. Mr. Lloyd-George did the fighting on the platform to vast audiences of those


Nonconformists by whom he is beloved. "What I want to know," shouted he quite recently to his assembled constituents, with great energy of gesture, "is what good comes of Liberal victories if the work of the party is to be frustrated by a house chosen by nobody, representative of nobody and accountable to nobody?" He described the peers "as high born gentlemen whose interest in life has been and remains chiefly the pursuit of game." Must the destinies of Britain be forever in the hands of six hundred gamekeepers? Not a twentieth of them have ever earned the cost of their board and lodging. Thus the President of the Board of Trade. "Legalized greed and social selfishness," the great Welsh Nonconformist went on, "have their bulwark in the peers." He warned them all to study the history of the French Revolution. Mr. Balfour asked if the guillotine is to be set up in Parliament Square.

* * *

ITH General Botha as its first Prime Minister, the entry of the late South African Republic into the rank of the self-governing communities which compose the British Empire occurred last month. Thus, within less than five years of the surrender at Vereeniging, Louis Botha, commander-in-chief of the forces opposed to the British in the field, as is pointed out by the *London Times*, "the victor of Colenso, of Spion Kop and of Bakenlaagte," takes the oath as Edward VII's first minister in what has been made a British colony. The Botha ministry is made up for the most part of members of the race which England reduced to defeat. "It relies," admits the *London Times* somewhat dolefully, "on the votes of a solid phalanx of Boer members" for its lease of power in the freshly chosen legislature. It has been affirmed by the more discontented commentators upon this situation that the complexion of the new South African government is quite too much like the looks of the Boer staff in the late South African war. General Botha is now forty-four. He speaks English and Dutch with equal fluency—"or rather," says the *London Post*, "equally sparingly, for he is, as a rule, sententious." The general is a man of considerable wealth. He lives in a beautiful home near Pretoria, where he has been leading the existence of a country gentleman for some years. He is an inveterate reader. One may usually find upon his library table the latest success from London. The *London dailies* express a hope that as Prime

Minister of the Transvaal the general will be loyal to Britain, but there are doubting Thomases. There can be no doubt that General Botha will be the most conspicuous personality at the approaching colonial conference in London. He has been invited to a seat with the Prime Ministers of Australia, Canada and New Zealand in the council that is to unify the British Empire.

* * *

IUS X assured a French cardinal last month that he hopes for no concessions of any kind from the ministry in Paris headed by Premier Clémenceau. His Holiness has decided to refuse henceforth all contributions to Peter's pence from the faithful in France, owing to the urgent local necessities of the Church there. The papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, has let it become known that the situation at the Vatican, in regard to all that concerns the war between Church and State in France, is "almost ludicrously misrepresented" by Paris journals. They speak of Cardinal Rampolla, supported by one group in the sacred college, gaining the ear of the sovereign pontiff one day, while the irreconcilables, headed by Cardinal Vives y Tuto, are in the ascendant the next. These alternations of factional supremacy are declared to result from the inability of the princes of the Church to agree upon a decisive attitude to the eldest daughter of the Church. "As a matter of fact," runs the authorized announcement, "there has seldom, if ever, existed in Vatican circles a greater unanimity of opinion than that which surrounds and now supports the Pope in maintaining a policy with regard to the French Church." From that policy the sovereign pontiff has never wavered. It is his own. Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, never inspired it. Stories that Spanish and Austrian influences or German prelates instigated the Pope to disregard the material interests of the Roman Catholic religion in France are pronounced calumnies. Nor is papal policy swayed by the religious orders in anything pertaining to Church and State throughout the third republic. The Pope insists that he is waiting only to discuss all differences with France on their own merits, and to arrive at an open settlement. The Clémenceau ministry persists in its refusal to negotiate with an alien authority interfering, as it charges, with French domestic politics. Somebody, predicts the clerical *Gaulois*, must go to Canossa.

Persons in the Foreground

THE SEVEN RAILWAY KINGS OF AMERICA



OF RAILWAY presidents in the United States there are hundreds. Of railway kings there are but seven. The president is the executive chief of a single line. The king is the financial ruler of a system of affiliated lines. He may not be even an officer of any one line and yet be the king of the system. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, does not hold any important railroad office, yet he is the monarch over one-fifth of the mileage of the United States. Ex-Judge William H. Moore, the king of the Rock Island system, is only a director of the road. Ability to run a railroad is one thing. Ability to finance a railroad or a system of railroads is another thing.

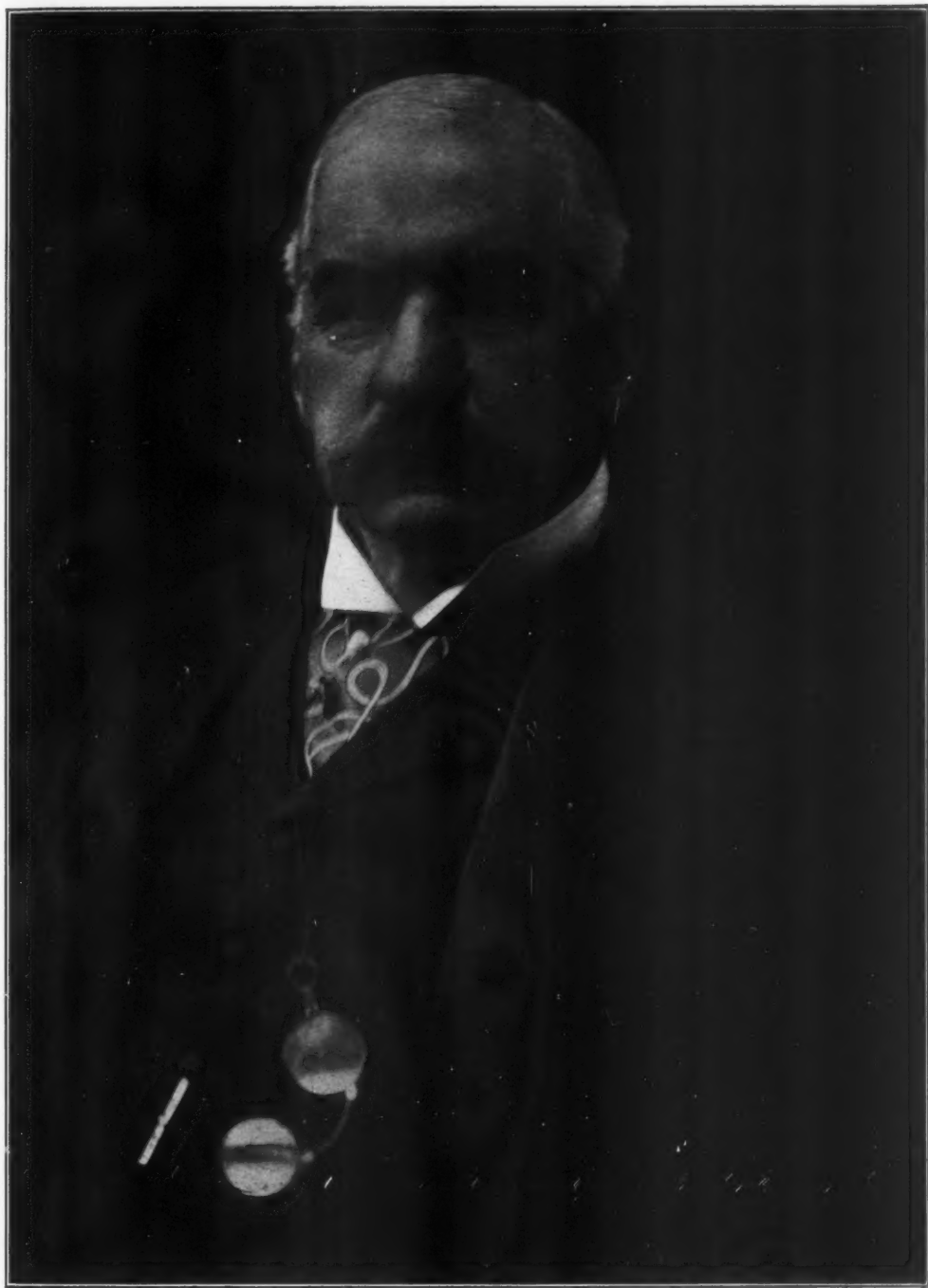
The seven kings in the order of their importance are: J. Pierpont Morgan, Edward H. Harriman, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, James J. Hill, George J. Gould and William H. Moore. Their domain comprises more than 161,000 miles of railroad track with earnings of \$1,776,000,000 a year. Outside of their seven dominions are to be found but 25 per cent. of the total mileage of the country, and but 15 per cent. of the railroad earnings. This nation of forty-five sovereign states seems to be entering into a struggle with these seven kings and their army of officers and employees. The contest is attracting the attention of all Europe and of the Orient as well, and the personal characters of the seven men become a subject of general interest.

Mr. Morgan has reached the age of three score years and ten, "the scarred victor of a hundred battles." He was born to the career he has pursued. His father was a prominent banker. On both sides Mr. Morgan inherits famous New England blood. John Pierpont the poet and James Pierpont the clergyman were his maternal ancestors. He was born in Hartford and schooled in Boston and Göttingen, Germany. He began his training as a banker before he was twenty-one. A few years ago it was estimated that his bank represented 1,100,000,000 dollars. No other man or number of men, according to Judge Gary, could have accomplished what Morgan did when he organized the United States Steel

Corporation. But he has been more than a financial magnate. His interest in art and his active work in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of New York City are widely known, and more than once his art purchases in Europe have disturbed governmental circles and excited parliamentary discussions. His interest in religious affairs has been equally constant, if not equally potent. He has participated in the national councils of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and one of the sights worth seeing in New York of a Sunday is Pierpont Morgan passing around the plate at Dr. Rainsford's church, or what was Dr. Rainsford's church up to a year ago. There is no doubt that this requires some self-denial on his part, for this great man has a peculiarity of personal appearance in regard to which he is excusably sensitive. None of his photographs is as veracious as that portrait that Cromwell sat for when he insisted on being painted just as he was, warts and all. Mr. Morgan's nasal organ is not only large enough to cast Cyrano de Bergerac's into the shade, but it is red and bulbous. Aside from it the whole appearance of the man speaks of power. Of impressive physical bulk, he has a firm tread, a splendid brain-box, large features, and his every gesture is masterful. His words are few and weighty. Writing of Morgan as he appeared in 1901, when he took up the task of organizing the steel "trust," Herbert N. Casson, in *Munsey's*, says:

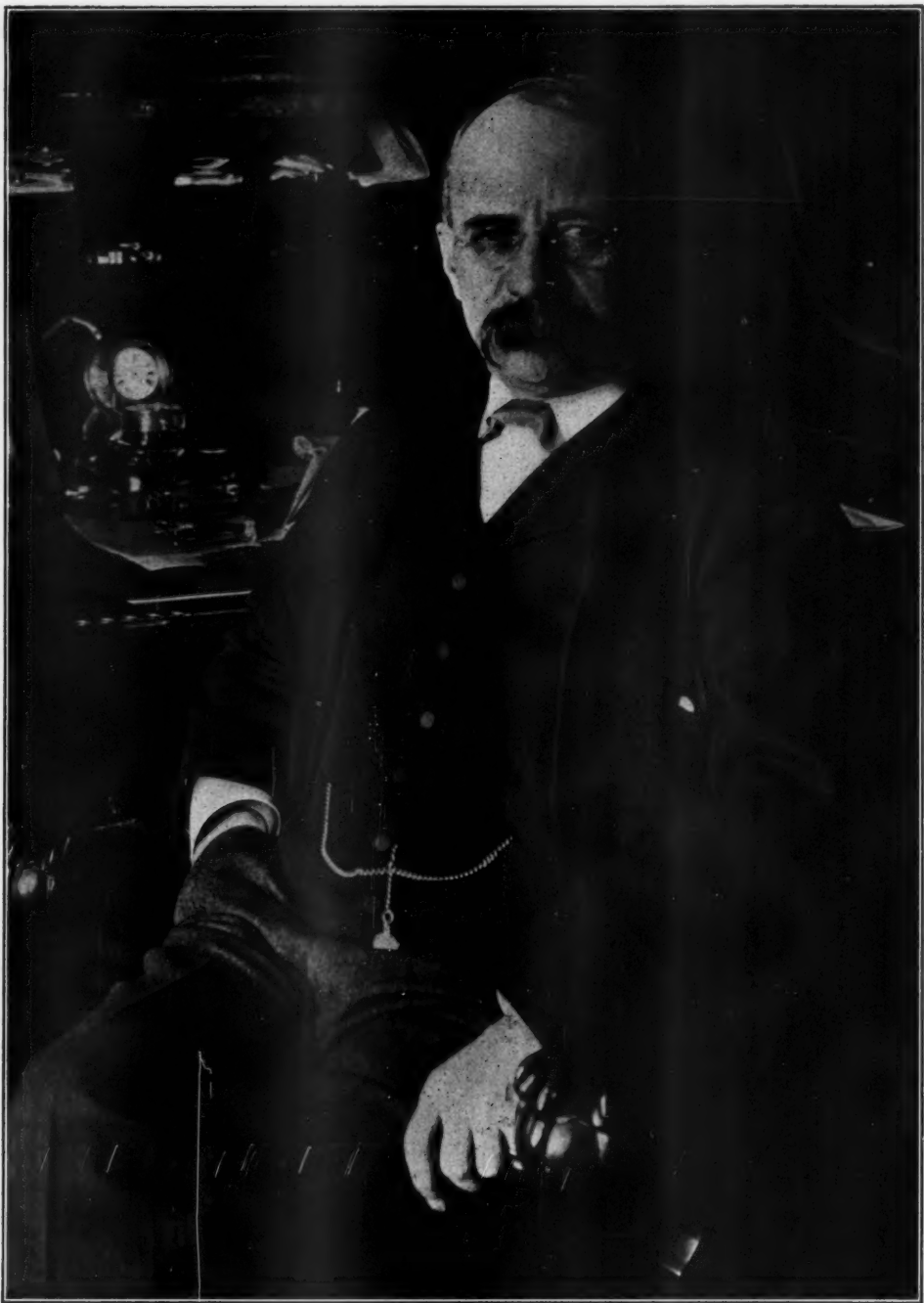
"No man aroused more fear or higher respect in Wall Street. No one was so terribly masterful as he. Like Luther, when he spoke his words were half battles." To anger him was to brave the rage of an incarnate Bessemer converter. In whatever group he sat, he dominated those around him as if he were the ruler of a constellation of worlds instead of a mere inhabitant of a single planet."

Next in importance to Morgan comes Mr. E. H. Harriman, now rapidly becoming one of the best-known of all the great financiers in his personal qualities, but up to a few weeks ago, before he came out of his shell, one of the least known. His career has been too recently sketched in these pages to do anything now but add a few touches from later sources. Frederick Palmer has a graphic



"ALMOST MORE THAN A MAN—A BRITISH-AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

That is the phrase with which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is described by an enthusiastic magazine writer. No other man in the realm of high finance has elicited such superlative praise from his associates. "Mr. Morgan," says one, "is the biggest man this age has seen, and will continue the biggest until he leaves the world of activity of his own accord." Another zealous financier declares that within twenty years a statue of Morgan will be placed in some public square to commemorate his wonderful organizing ability.



From stereograph, copyright 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

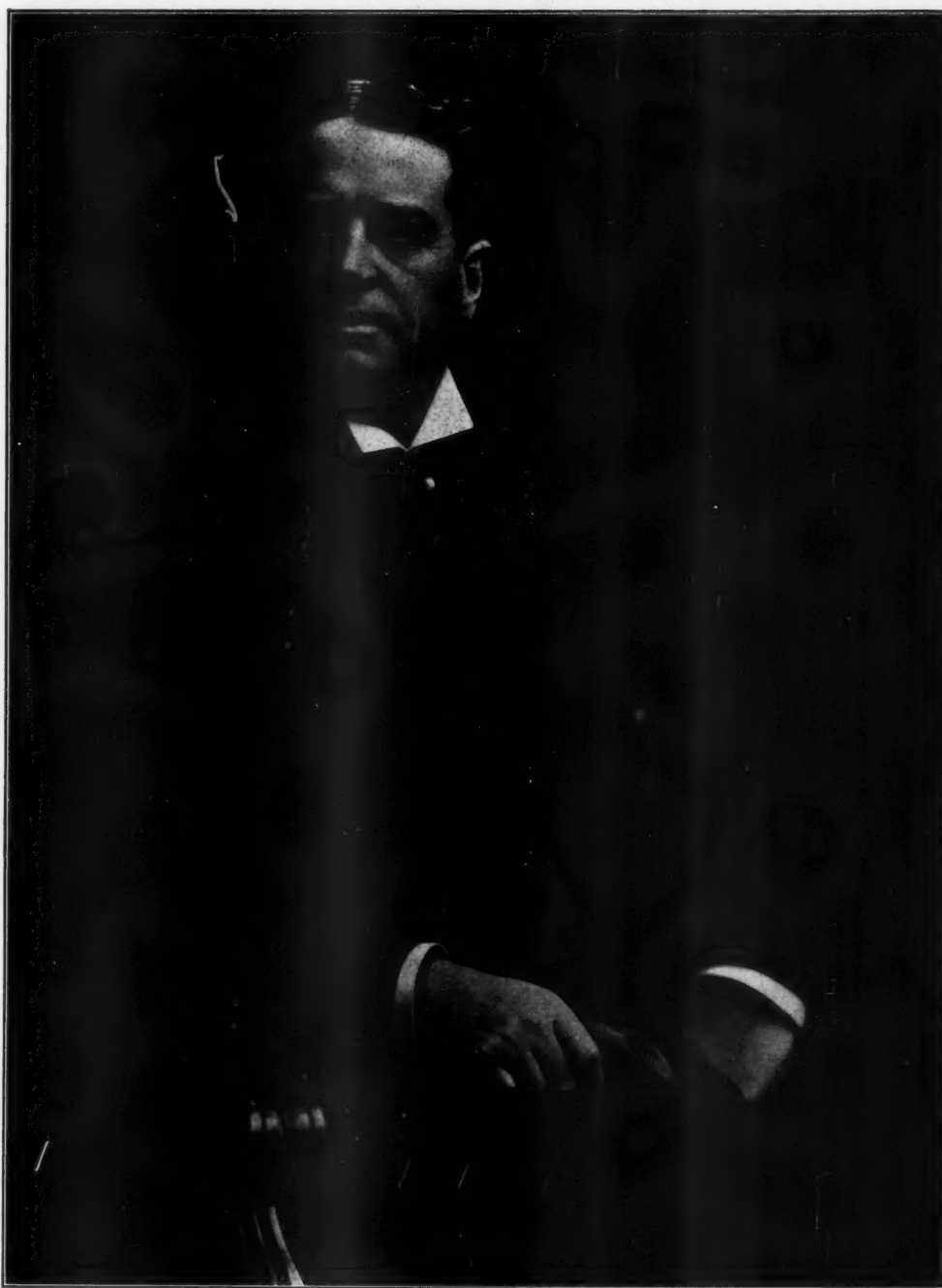
"I HAVE BEEN A PACK-HORSE ALL MY LIFE"

Mr. Edward H. Harriman is described by Frederick Palmer as "the least obtrusive of any great millionaire with whom I have ever come in contact." The same writer gives this pen-sketch: "His slight figure is wiry, enduring, sufficient to carry the great mentality, and his eyes are young, very young, for his years—eyes which can twinkle with a subtle humor and a kindly humor, but oftener on duty snap or say: 'You do that!' in a way that saves words. His big forehead and his eyes belong to a giant about twelve feet in height, and you soon cease to see anything else."



THE DREAMER WHO DOES THINGS

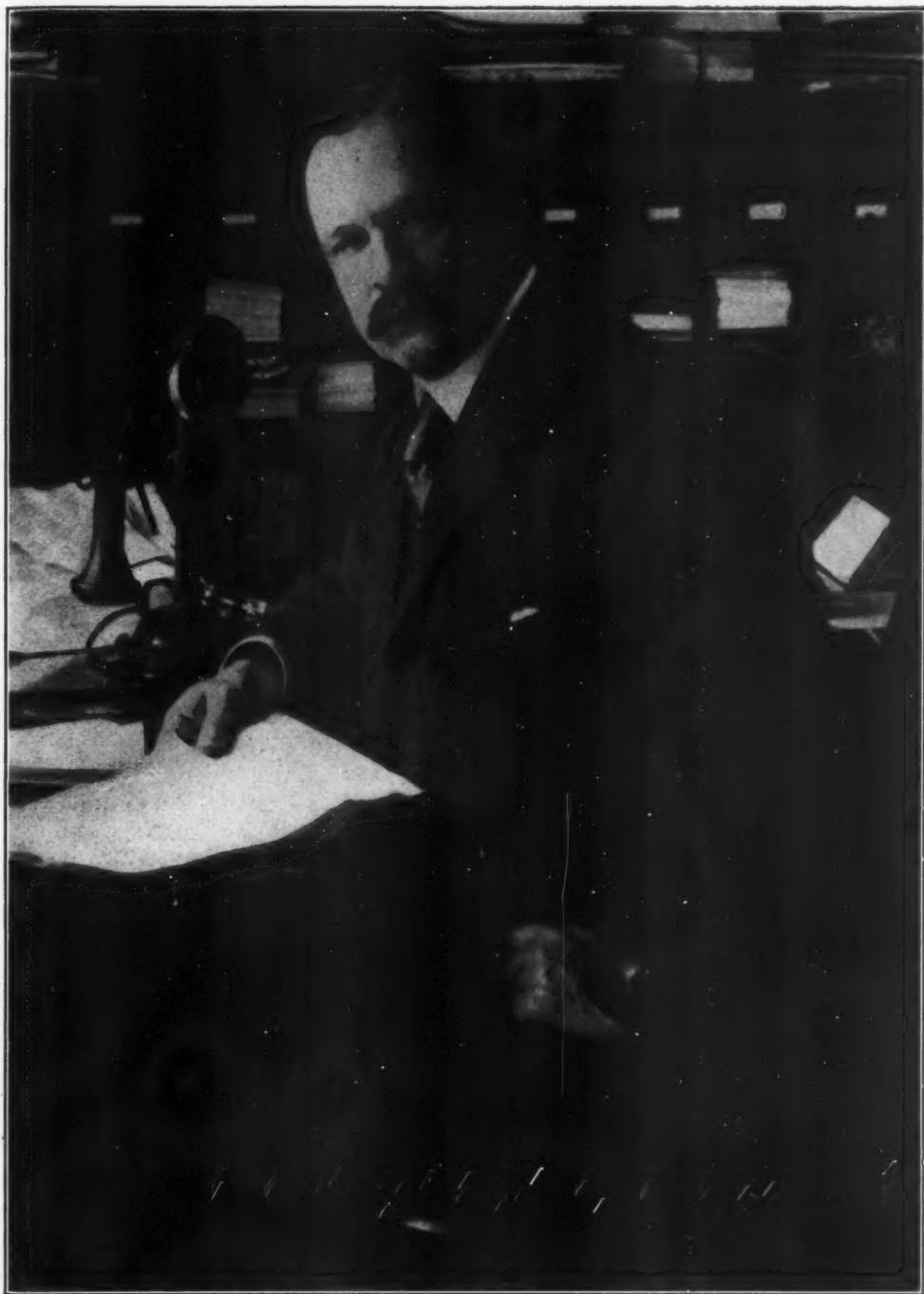
James J. Hill's first name should be Joseph, for, like the lad who was sold by his brothers into slavery, Hill has always been seeing visions, and then with great practical ability proceeding to realize them. Wall Street is said to have no charms for him. He would rather drink a bowl of buttermilk with one of the farmers along the line of his railroads and talk over the best way to improve the breed of hogs than to take luncheon with J. Pierpont Morgan and exchange views on what Harriman is going to do next. Hill and Harriman are at sword's point; but "anyhow," says Harriman proudly, "he calls me Ed."



Photograph by Alman & Co., N. Y.

"THE RAILROAD ARISTOCRAT"

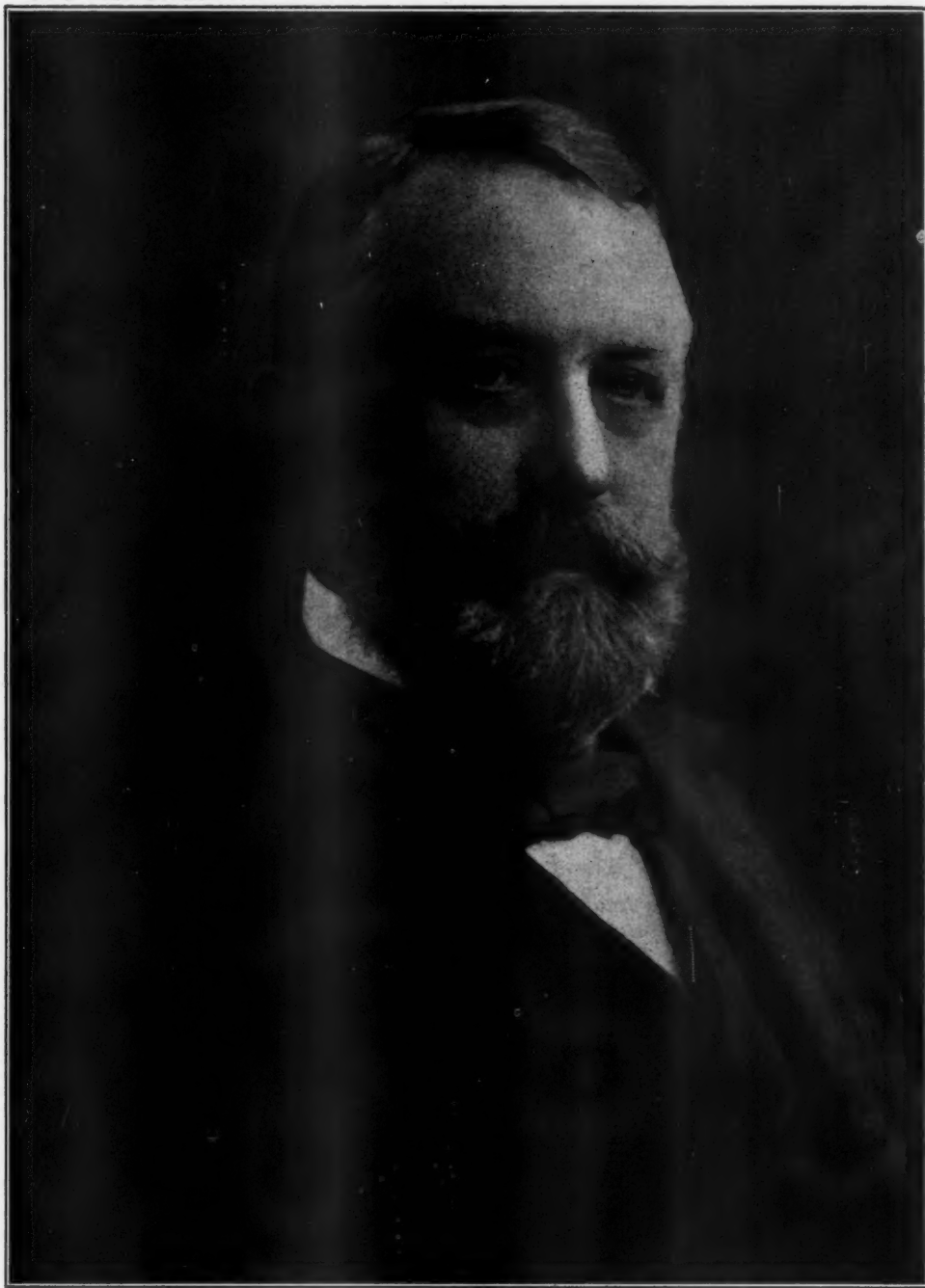
Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, instead of achieving financial greatness as most of the present kings of finance have had to do, was born financially great, and it is only within the last few years that he has wakened from a lethargy that placed his roads at a great disadvantage in competition with other systems. Half his time has been of late years spent in France. His friendship with Harriman has been one of the latter's strongest assets in reaching his present position.



From stereograph, copyright 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A RAILROAD KING BY RIGHT OF INHERITANCE

George J. Gould is described as "the sick man of the railroad powers." He has ambition and energy and courage, but not as much of either as is required in coping with the masters of men who have fought their way to the head of other railway systems. He is, however, the youngest man of the group by fourteen years.



ONCE A BOOKKEEPER IN A DISTILLERY, NOW A RAILROAD KING OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

Mr. Henry C. Frick has had a powerful hand in many big transactions, but he is described as being as unostentatious in his personal affairs as in his business dealings. "For him no hobnobbing with prince and potentates, no dazzling trail along the Great White Way, no architectural monstrosities, no amatory entanglements or quick-lunch divorces. Wealth has not turned his head nor altered the even tenor of his way."



Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

"THE SPHINX OF THE ROCK ISLAND"

Ex-Judge William H. Moore is perhaps the foremost representative in America of what has developed into a new profession—that of "promoter." Originally a corporation lawyer, he has played a leading part in organizing great industrial concerns loosely called trusts, and is now numbered among the biggest of the railroad financiers. He is regarded as Harriman's pet foe.

portrayal of Harriman at close range in a recent number of *Collier's*. He writes:

"My first glimpse of the real man was on a voyage. When the ocean is the Pacific, and there are few people aboard, you learn your fellow passengers pretty well; so you did on this occasion, including two United States Senators. Harriman spent more time with the engineer than with them.

"On the whole, he was the least obtrusive of any great millionaire with whom I have ever come in contact. Whether he is doing a kindness or doing business, he never uses words where thought or action will take their place. I noticed that when he told a steward to move a lady's chair to a better position it was in an undertone of brevity. The lady did not know of his thoughtfulness. She would if James J. Hill had been in Harriman's place. Pierpont Morgan's politeness would have had the aplomb of a Jove.

"We started from Yokohama with the idea of beating the record to San Francisco. A smooth sea all the way meant an even chance of success. This disappeared for everybody except Harriman when the first three days were entirely unpropitious. I think that he thought we must succeed because he himself was aboard. When some one offered him a bet of \$2,000 to \$1,000 that he would fail he took it. Then he started out to win the bet with all the zest that he has shown in obtaining control over a new railroad. Fair weather broke the next day and continued. We began to feel that the quiet little man was putting demoniacal energy into the stokers and into the very engines. By the dramatic space of a few minutes he won. Harriman never advertised the fact that he gave the \$2,000 to the engine-room crew. Winning was the point in mind."

Mr. Harriman is in the habit, according to Mr. Palmer, of working with characteristic intensity for but four days of the week, and of playing the other three. "When he plays, he is a boy, and the younger the people he plays with the better he likes it. People who know him at play wonder how he can ever hold his own in Wall Street." Even his Wall Street enemies, Mr. Palmer adds, would have to like Mr. Harriman a little if they saw how he likes children. Next to the President, however, the Street dislikes him more than any other living man, because he keeps his particular game dark. To quote again:

"It is characteristic of him to decide one minute about a matter of millions and the next to show a clerk how to perform his task more simply and definitely. If the Government owned the railroads, probably Harriman would be the best man to manage them. Love of power plays a greater part in his character than love of money. If he had commanded an army against the country's enemies as efficiently as he has commanded a railroad system, his laconic remarks would be historic and he would be a hero and poor instead of rich. When in nine years he has made such a powerful system, what may he not do in the next nine if unimpeded? He may satisfy his ambition to run a through sleeper from New York to San Fran-

cisco. Or, hard times and Government action may cut in two the mileage he now controls. He marks an epoch. The epoch is on trial and not his personality. The jury is the people of the communities not always on 'the main line of results' throughout the country, whose relations with the railroads are as intimate as that of a fishing village to the sea. And the discussion has only begun."

Among the seven kings of the railroads Harriman has but two allies—Frick and Vanderbilt. Morgan, Hill, Gould and Moore are all his financial enemies.

Mr. Henry C. Frick, who is on friendly relations with Harriman and the Standard Oil group, is also adroit enough to maintain close relations with Mr. Morgan and at the same time to maintain his independence. He is credited with being to-day, at the age of 57, the dominant man in the Pennsylvania system, the ruler in the political affairs of the Keystone state, and one of the organizers and prominent manipulators of the big steel corporation. He is said to be "probably the most unpopular man in Pittsburg among his fellow financiers," but his power is not denied. He more than any other one man was responsible for the Homestead riots years ago, being at that time the manager of the Carnegie mills; yet in spite of the bitter hatred aroused on the part of workmen—culminating in an anarchistic attack upon his life—he has, since the death of Quay, stepped into the position of political dictator of the state. He is adroit, unostentatious and a tireless worker. According to general belief, it was he who selected Knox for United States Senator and who selected McCrea for the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad when Cassatt died. Says a recent newspaper writer: "Frick, more than any of his compeers, is goaded by the Alexandrian thirst for conquest, and conquest alone, not simply the spoils of victory except as they may be useful in helping to other conquests."

As to his private life, a *World* writer has this to say:

"There is nothing Pecksniffian about Mr. Frick's rectitude. He preaches no homilies, conducts no Sunday-schools, endows no libraries, has never fathered any set of maxims on how to win success and is absolutely callous to the fear of dying disgraced through riches. . . . Neither has Mr. Frick advertised the folly of Pittsburg's sudden wealth. He is as unostentatious in his personal affairs as in his business dealings. For him no hobnobbing with prince and potentates, no dazzling trail along the Great White Way, no architectural monstrosities, no amatory entanglements or quick lunch divorces. Wealth has not turned his head nor altered the even tenor of his life. His one fad is wholly admirable—flowers,

and he shares it with the people of Pittsburg, who are welcomed annually to the great chrysanthemum display in the Frick conservatories. His new summer residence at Pride's Crossing is probably the most ambitious display of wealth he has ever permitted himself, and that is merely in keeping with the solid fortunes of neighboring estates."

One thing to their credit may be said of the railway kings of to-day: they are not railroad wreckers. Harriman has come dangerously near to being a wrecker at times in his stock manipulations, but he has, on the whole, been a builder, and when he has destroyed it was seen later than he was sacrificing lesser projects for something greater. But only one of the seven men has obtained his supremacy because of his practical knowledge of the railroad business as distinct from railroad financing. That one man is James J. Hill, now in his sixty-ninth year. The other men have taken roads already developed and by combinations and organization schemes increased their power and efficiency. Hill was a railroad pioneer before he became a railroad king. He has dreamed and dared and done things. He is more of an empire-builder than any other man in the business, and his real development work has been done in the northwest, instead of in Wall Street.

William K. Vanderbilt and George J. Gould are men of character and ability; but they have not had to fight their way up as the other railway kings have done, and they lack, in consequence, the masterfulness that comes of such conquest. They are railroad kings not because their personal qualities marked them out for such a career, but because it was forced upon them, so to speak, by inheritance. Gauged by any ordinary standards they have acquitted themselves very creditably; but they

have wholly failed to keep up the pace that has been set for them by their rivals, and railroad men are disposed to speak slightly of them these days. The truth probably is that neither man felt that the running of his father's or grandfather's railroads was the only thing the Creator had placed him here for, and each has been attracted by other joys than those in the arena of conflict. Mr. Vanderbilt especially has been an absentee king for a large part of the time, while big men were breaking their backs and reputations trying to run his roads. Gould has been more attentive to his kingdom and his industry is considerable. What he lacks is that supreme development of nerve that comes only as the result of long fighting and hard-won victories. He is in the prime of life, being but 43 years of age, and he may yet develop qualities that will place him among the real masters of men. He is the youngest of all the railway kings. Mr. Frick, the next youngest, is fourteen years his elder, being 57. Mr. Vanderbilt is 58, Mr. Harriman and Judge Moore are each 59, Mr. Hill is 69 and Mr. Morgan 70. George Gould has many years in which to "make good."

Ex-Judge Moore, "the sphinx of the Rock Island," as he is called, has kept himself out of the limelight successfully, so far as his personality is concerned. He is an Amherst man, but not an Amherst graduate, ill health cutting short his collegiate career. He went to Wisconsin to study law and to Chicago to practice it, making a specialty of corporation law. He and his younger brother, James H., developed a genius for promotion of corporate enterprises, including the Carnegie Steel Co., the Diamond Match Co., the National Biscuit Co., the American Tin Plate Co. and the American Steel Plate Co.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN ENGLISH POLITICS TO-DAY



FIFTY-SEVEN, short of stature, bespectacled, gray-haired, married, of melancholy mien, the father of five daughters, a lover of long walks, fond of fishing and given to the smoking of long clay pipes, Augustine Birrell, having got the education bill through the House of Commons, now faces a labor to which Gladstone was unequal—the establishment by law of a legislative body to sit in Dublin and deal with Irish as distinguished from British affairs. The most conspicuous figure in Eng-

lish politics to-day, therefore, is the thin-lipped, stockily built lover of books and children who has so recently succeeded James Bryce in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. For months past, in fact, all England has rung with the name of Augustine Birrell. Yet he was not a member of the last parliament, and he is still in a way a newcomer in his country's politics. It is quite true that previously to 1900 he spent eleven years "very happily," to quote his own words, in the House of Commons. He did so, however, in its

"corners and purlieus" as remote as possible from the benches upon which sit members of the minstry, those high and mighty ones at whom he was wont to gaze, he has said, "with feelings of amazement, amusement and admiration alternately striving for mastery" within his soul. He is now on those benches himself.

Augustine Birrell began life badly by being the wag and bright fellow at school, and he had the additional misfortune later to write a volume of "Obiter Dicta" in what he has described as a "misguided moment" and one which he is now anxious to forget. But he has still to live down his past, still to convince his country that he is no mere man of letters turned politician, but a hard-working barrister and professor of law who has done much to build up the Liberal party as England knows it now, and who incidentally wrote some essays upon his favorite authors—Doctor Johnson, Hazlitt, Lamb and so forth. Mr. Birrell was never even inside the reading room of the British Museum until years after the publication of his "Obiter Dicta," and he is one of the highest living authorities on the legal liabilities of trustees. The accusation that he is nothing but a man of letters was hurting him at North Bristol a year or more ago, when he stood for Parliament there. But Mr. Birrell satisfied his constituents that literature, like pedestrianism and golf, is simply one of his recreations. It was a time when any Tom, Dick and Harry could be elected on the Liberal ticket, and the author of "Obiter Dicta" returned to the House of Commons after a long exile from its benches.

Augustine Birrell has described himself as a Nonconformist born and bred, a man nurtured in Nonconformist history and Nonconformist traditions, one who might almost be described as having been born in a Nonconformist library. He was born, at any rate, in the home of that sometime prominent Nonconformist clergyman, Rev. Charles Birrell, who disliked the Church of England so much that he forbade his youngest son, our Augustine, to study the church catechism. Augustine, however, was attending the Church of England school in Liverpool, the foundation stone of which was laid by Mr. Gladstone. "I need scarcely say," he told a crowded House of Commons years later, "it was a thoroly sound Church of England establishment from top to bottom." When Augustine, barely in his teens, was asked to claim from his master exemption from the Church catechism he flatly refused to do anything of the kind. In consequence

he can, Nonconformist tho he be, repeat it to-day. He knew what it was in those days to be what was called "a minority child." Englishmen belonging always to a dominant sect never realize what it is to be a minority child. "If they had had that experience which has always been mine," says Augustine Birrell, "they would have known that uniformity is the very creed of childhood, and that any reasonable child would far sooner be wicked than singular." This bit of autobiography was imparted to a packed House in the loud roar, like a bassoon, for which the voice of Augustine Birrell is famous, and the right honorable gentleman was interrupted by the wildest laughter. His mother, herself the daughter of a Nonconformist clergyman, had, it seems, some notion of rearing Augustine in the traditional profession of the family. One of his earliest recollections is of walking down the main street of Wavertree—the village just outside Liverpool in which he was born—and seeing a "noisy crowd" parading to "a hideous blare on musical instruments." Augustine's nurse told him the mob was celebrating the battle of the Boyne. From that moment he dates a hatred of "the tradition of bigotry" which kept him out of the clerical profession. So he passed from Liverpool College—still studying the Church catechism—to Cambridge, became a barrister at twenty-five and found himself, after a year of married life, a widower at twenty-nine. Not until he was thirty-four did his first published book, "Obiter Dicta," see the light. He had entered his fortieth year before he got into parliament, where for nearly a dozen years he remained in obscurity, only to go out in defeat at last. It looked as if Augustine Birrell must be content with lecturing on the duties and liabilities of trustees—he did it learnedly—or with editing Boswell's Johnson, publishing collected essays and that sort of thing. He had, to be sure, married the widow of Lionel Tennyson and was bringing up an interesting family of children partly on the Church catechism and partly in the traditions of Nonconformity. He had likewise manifested adroitness of a rare kind in the compilation and circulation of political campaign literature for the Liberal organization in England. But nobody dreamed that as he approached sixty Augustine Birrell would become the most conspicuous figure in the public life of his country.

It is to the fact that he is of all humorists the most persuasive that the new chief secretary for Ireland owes his compelling position in the House of Commons. That most meta-

physical of humorists, Arthur Balfour, is scornfully facetious. Should a private member entreat Mr. Balfour to explain himself, the Conservative leader will ironically apologize for his own lack of perspicacity, the deficiency of his own intelligence which neutralizes all further effort to be lucid. The private member collapses amidst the general hilarity. The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is savagely facetious, never hesitating to compare some honorable friend to a gas meter or to a ferocious animal. It is only Augustine Birrell who can be lovably facetious. The point of his finest shaft, while always of burnished quality, is without the elongated barb that makes the thrust of Joseph Chamberlain so stabbing. Mr. Birrell always turns the laugh against himself. "I lay no flattering unction to my soul," he said in his great speech on the education bill when he apologized for being an absurd person. "I know full well what you have all come here expecting for to see—a reed shaken by the wind, quivering and trembling in these icy blasts of sectarian differences which more than anything else nip the buds of piety and reference." And a little later: "But I must not to be too gloomy too soon." Mr. Birrell's appearance is conceded to be gloomy, altho never too gloomy, in its delightful antithesis to his language. Grave in all his exterior, in look, gesture, tone and walk, he has a drollery of language that springs from the workings of his mind upon the circumstances in which he finds himself politically. He was characteristically lugubrious, for instance, when comparing the House of Commons during one of its great debates to a week's wash fluttering in the wind:

"On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying ground where all the clothes of a neighborhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are nightgowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants rather than of poor mortal men. Even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washer-woman unpegs the garments, sprinkles them with water and ruthlessly passes over them her flat irons—when lo and behold! these giants' robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic and insignificant proportions."

To this ought to be added Mr. Birrell's public acknowledgment that "there was a time when I really desired to be witty." That aspiration long since died within him.

It has been hinted that such Birrellism, as they call it in England, derives an adventitious



THE HUMORIST WHO IS WRESTLING WITH
THE PROBLEM OF IRISH HOME RULE

Augustine Birrell, the persuasive orator and wit of the English ministry, has been entrusted with a labor to which Gladstone proved unequal, the establishment by law of a system of self-government in Ireland.

luster from the sepulchral melancholy of the man, the grim compression of the wide, thin lips, the stern glare of eyes undimmed after lifelong study of all great books, the uncompromising squareness of the jaw. All these taken together are indescribably less mournful than Mr. Birrell's tone of voice when he is on his legs in the House of Commons or when, at the Johnson Club, taking a pipe from his mouth, he begins: "Brother dunces, lend me your ears—not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths." His perfect good faith on such occasions is substantiated in the opinion of his friends by his well-known dislike of actors and of actresses. Yet he is fond of the theater, or at any rate goes often to the play. It is recorded that he sits through a comedy with great solemnity, not that he appreciates no wit, but because he can never divest his countenance of that forlorn expression which makes him look like a murderer. A big, strong woman slapped him in the face in North Bristol and cried, "The murderer of Gordon!" when he came to the house to solicit

her husband's vote. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was only president of the Board of Education then, took to his heels, while the woman called "Death!" after him. Mr. Birrell has never canvassed his constituents since. "The slap," he explains, "was very effective."

Mr. Birrell rises early, eats a light breakfast, and goes for a stroll through one of the London parks. It is while in the open air that he puts together the fragments of those speeches in the Commons which the parliamentary reporter punctuates so frequently with "laughter," "loud laughter" or "loud and prolonged laughter." Mr. Birrell has complained that while pondering some oratorical effect in Battersea Park he is likely to be surrounded by a swarm of children all actuated by one longing—namely, to ascertain the time from him. Now that he is the pillar of a ministry, Mr. Birrell can give less personal attention than of yore to his practice as a barrister. But he retains his chambers in Lincoln's Inn as a member of one of the four societies of great antiquity which, like so many medieval gilds, prescribe conditions of fitness for barristers. Mr. Birrell has attained the exalted dignity of a bencher of the Inner Temple. His airy, cheerful chambers lure him daily as of yore. He still dons silk and a wig for his frequent hour or two in court. He possesses one of the best private law libraries in England. He is certainly the most learned jurist who ever held the Quain professorship of law. At the big writing-table near the window of his chambers Mr. Birrell spends many a morning, but the picture of Doctor Johnson over the mantelpiece is the only evident concession he makes to literature here. His professional income from a most successful practice at the bar is said to be expressible in nothing less than five figures.

Augustine Birrell, however, is not in that class of distinguished statesmen of whom it is complained that the personal element merges itself in the official. His character is not technical, but human. There is not the least suggestion in his deportment of debates, of measures of state, of crushing responsibilities. He sits unpretentiously on the corner of a table, swinging one leg back and forth, as he listens stolidly to some grievance of a deputation. One never sees him, or very rarely, in the long frock coat and black high hat to which the conventional type of English political leader is so wedded. His every-day attire is a plain black suit, lacking any crease in the trousers, the coat being of the kind we call sack, and the general effect suggesting that Mr. Birrell sel-

dom has his clothes pressed. He affects, too, that glaring anomaly in a London barrister—a colored shirt. With his billycock hat stuck far back upon his head and with his pipe in his mouth, he permits the natural man to predominate over the artificial character of office by running nimbly for a 'bus. His recreations are not of that expensive kind which make his right honorable friend, Arthur Balfour, one of the most enthusiastic motorists in England. But he shares with that gentleman a keen delight in golf. There is a first-class links near Mr. Birrell's country home at Sheringham, and there he will practice his shots time after time like a billiard player. Mr. Balfour keeps a separate golfing wardrobe, but Mr. Birrell is content to wear out his old clothes on the links. He has had the misfortune to have temporarily, at least, lost his "form" owing to the heavy parliamentary duty imposed upon him by the luckless education bill. His friends look forward to some more of his beautiful tee shots this summer.

For a man whose reputation is so literary he professes much disdain for great accumulations of books and remarkable contempt for Browning societies and Dante clubs. Any writer one likes to read, he insists, is more profitable than the choicest classic. "Far better really to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Jane Austen's." His most intimate friends are not literary. He boasts that he has no favorite author. Yet he does love book-collecting, and is something of an authority on the "finds" that sometimes reward a careful search in the humbler shops, notwithstanding the ubiquity of the expert dealer in London. It would be wrong, however, to deem Mr. Birrell a bibliophile in the conventional sense. He reads for the pleasure of it and writes only about those authors who interest him. "It is the first business of an author," says Mr. Birrell, "to arrest and then retain the attention of the reader. To do this requires great artifice." Mr. Birrell, pen in hand, has great artifice. Mr. Birrell on the platform or in the House has none. An incomparably vivid personality makes artifice superfluous unless it be artifice to pound a desk or table energetically and bellow one's convictions genially. Mr. Birrell has a voice to rattle windows with. But he is not always loud. He has no platform manner. He drops in on his audience for a chatty visit, tells a little of the story of his life and fills all listeners with wonder that so delightfully free and facetious a person can be a great minister of state.

Literature and Art

DOES PRESENT-DAY FICTION MAKE FOR IMMORALITY?



HE modern novel, according to a writer in the *London Bystander*, is directed mainly toward the abuse of the institution of matrimony. "Whereas the old-fashioned novelist," he remarks, "invariably rang down the curtain on a happy marriage, the writer of the day rings it up on an unhappy one, and the reader enters a world of incompatibility, infidelity, envy, hatred and malice. Love is only sweet when it is illicit; solemnized, it is sour."

This sensational charge reflects a sentiment that seems to be spreading nowadays, and the alleged "immorality" of contemporary fiction is being discussed both in England and this country. The problems involved in the discussion can hardly be discussed lightly. They may be said, without exaggeration, to touch the life of the whole English-speaking race. For no other form of literature is read so widely as the novel; no influence in modern life is more pervasive than that which comes from the printed page.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of *The British Weekly* (London), has lately devoted a leading article to "The Morality of Present-Day Fiction." He takes the position that "it was never more necessary than it is now to scrutinize the novels that are allowed to enter families," and he illustrates the "unhealthy" tendencies of latter-day fiction by citing four of the newest novels. The first, which he does not wish to advertise and therefore does not name, is described as "an argument against marriage, and in favor of free love." In this book one couple is portrayed living happily in a "free union," another couple is shown married, but "miserably unhappy, filled with disgust and loathing for each other." The second illustration is furnished by a novel, also unnamed, in which "the whole interest is that of sex, and the story is concerned with a country girl ruined by one man, marrying another, and forsaking her husband when her betrayer returned and claimed her." Here, too, "all is debased. The atmosphere is that of fatalism. Sin is inevitable and therefore excusable." The third novel cited is "The Whirlwind," by Eden Philpotts, a tale of primitive sex-passions and fierce jealousies. In this case, while the moral law is respected,

the total effect, says Dr. Nicoll, is "not uplifting or purifying." He turns, finally, to an American novel, Mary Wilkins Freeman's latest, "By the Light of the Soul," finding in it a lamentable evidence of warped literary powers. The Miss Wilkins of "A Humble Romance" and "A Far-Away Melody" has become the Mrs. Freeman of pessimistic novels, of "sickly and unwholesome" sentiment. In a paragraph summing up his conclusions Dr. Nicoll says:

"There has been during the last few years a steadily growing favor for the novel of passion. It was checked severely by the Vizetelly prosecution, but publishers and authors have apparently lost their timidity. . . . I do not wish to take up any impossible attitude on the subject, but I do think that it is the duty of those responsible to protect the young so far as it is possible from the evils not only of corrupting literature, but of books the tendency of which is at best dubious."

Dr. Nicoll would doubtless regard the tone of an article on "Insular Fiction" in the current *Edinburgh Review* as a vindication of his alarmist attitude. The *Review* writer expresses himself indirectly, rather than directly, but makes it clear that, in his opinion, the fiction of the day is suffering from the domination of conventional ideas, that is, of "sentimentality, domesticity and propriety." He instances such novels as "The Guarded Flame," "Prisoners" and "The Call of the Blood" as examples of the work of authors who have handled the sex question too gingerly, who have failed because they were afraid to "let themselves go." He concludes:

"The convention prevails; prevails, be it understood, not over the men whose work will endure, who are indifferent to all national impulsion and restriction, but over those who occupy the more important place, in popular esteem, in the appreciation of the omnivorous consumers of fiction whose conclusions are qualified rather by appetite than by taste. The risk art runs from the second-rate arises not from the public fondness for it, but from a misapprehension of its importance; and the mischief wrought by the British convention, both to readers and writers, is assisted in this country by the paucity of a disinterested and determinate assessment of literary values."

In this country discussion of the supposed immoralities of the novel has run along somewhat different lines. One writer, a New York journalist, finds Dr. Nicoll's arguments

superficial and misleading. It is absurd, he thinks, to regard a novel as immoral simply because immorality is depicted in it; for the novelist necessarily employs "the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as the help of the knowledge of good." Moral standards are changing in our day. Our attitude toward morality in general, toward marriage in particular, has undergone a vast transformation. The novel has naturally mirrored these changed standards. But no novels could be more sternly ethical than some of the latest and most widely read, such as Margaret DeLand's "Awakening of Helena Richie" and Lucas Malet's "Far Horizon."

The fact is, says Prof. Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, two main tendencies are clearly discernible in current novels. There is, first of all, the tendency to portray life strictly within the bounds of the moral code as at present defined. There is, secondly, the tendency to write irrespective of the present moral code; and this kind of fiction may be either non-ethical, in the sense that it aims at an artistic impression rather than an ethical truth, or it may be intensely moral in the sense that, under the guise of an apparent immorality, it seeks to inculcate higher ethical ideals. Under this latter head Professor


Schinz classifies such novels and plays as those of Bernard Shaw. He goes on to say (in *The International Journal of Ethics*):

"The question cannot be settled once for all from a merely theoretical point of view and *sub specie aeternatis*; the truth is that a work of art—novel, drama, painting, etc.—may be considered excellent in one country and bad in another, and may be judged in like manner with reference to two different publics in the same country. The famous words of Pascal: 'Vérité en deça des Pyrénées, erreur au delà' (What is truth on this side of the Pyrenees may be falsehood on the other) cannot yet be used in a purely ironical sense; they express actual condition.

"We are not then surprised at the attitude taken in regard to French literature or to the writings of Bernard Shaw by the majority of moralists in America; they read French authors and judge them bad because their books are not suited for the general American public, especially for the masses. But in France the educated portion of society form a separate circle which allows not only the treatment of topics that would be objectionable for the masses, but a treatment of them from another than the conventional point of view.

"When one remembers that nearly all the orthodox views of today were once heterodox, it may easily follow that the moral standards held at present will in time give place to others. New conceptions work slowly; but ideas advanced by the educated strata of society gradually filter down to the uneducated. Therefore, in the writer's opinion, an 'aristocratic intellectuelle' is necessary, and in the long run will contribute to the general welfare."

GEORGE MOORE'S ONSLAUGHT ON PURITANISM IN LITERATURE AND LIFE

 HE pagans are all dead with the exception of George Moore and d'Annunzio." Such is the dictum of *The Evening Post*. The paganism of George Moore, it goes on to say, lifts its head and roars aloud in his latest book, the "Memoirs of My Dead Life,"* and in the preface, which assumes the form of an Apologia, Mr. George Moore, according to the same authority, "destroys Christianity and the family, and substitutes for the Bible Gautier's 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.'" Undoubtedly Mr. Moore, whose "Confessions of a Young Man" and later novels, "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes" and "The Lake," have made him one of the most potent forces in contemporary English letters, regards his literary message as "messianic," and reveres in Gautier's erotic production "the golden book of spirit and sense."

The provocation for Mr. Moore's preface

was the refusal of his American publishers to be, in Schopenhauer's immortal phrase, "flattened against the sublime wisdom of the East, like bullets fired against a cliff." They proposed to "simply take out parts" of the author's accounts of his amatory experience, or, as he expresses it, to make of his book "a sort of unfortunate animal whose destiny it was to be thrown on the American vivisection table and pieces taken out of it." He consoles himself with the knowledge that only the best is deemed dangerous, and that no one ever took liberties with Miss Braddon's texts. "The day of the Bowdlerizer is a brief one," he says; "sooner or later the original text is published." Meanwhile Mr. Moore prefixes to his book a vigorous onslaught on Puritanism, and by his stylistic qualities upholds the publisher's contention that "the ermine of English literature" has fallen on his shoulders. He restates, for the benefit of the American public, and with diverting vagaries of his own, the tenets laid down in Gautier's romantic

*MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD LIFE. By George Moore. D. Appleton & Company.

novel,—that gospel of the sensualist and the esthete.

The text of Mr. Moore's erotic sermon is found in a letter from the secretary of a charitable institution whose mind had been disturbed by a reading of the unexpurgated edition of the "Memoirs." The secretary assumes in his communication the existence of an "immutable standard of conduct for all men and women." It is here that, in Mr. Moore's opinion, the fallacy of the young man's argument lies. He thereupon proceeds to interpret in his paradoxical manner the chapter in Genesis where God is angry with our parents because they had eaten of the fruit of good and of evil. He asks:

"Why was God angry? For no other reason except that they had set up a moral standard and could be happy no longer, even in Paradise. According to this chapter the moral standard is the cause of all our woe. God himself summoned our first parents before him, and in what plight did they appear? We know how ridiculous the diminutive fig leaf makes a statue seem in our museums; think of the poor man and woman attired in fig leaves just plucked from the trees. I experienced a thrill of satisfaction that I should have been the first to understand a text that men have been studying for thousands of years, turning each word over and over, worrying over it, all in vain, yet through no fault of the scribe who certainly underlined his intention. Could he have done it better than by exhibiting our first parents covering themselves with fig leaves, and telling how, after getting a severe talking to from the Almighty, they escaped from Paradise pursued by an angel? The story can have no other meaning, and that I am the first to expound it is due to no superiority of intelligence, but because my mind is free."

The moral world, in Moore's opinion, will only become beautiful when we relinquish our ridiculous standards of what is right and wrong, just as the firmament became a thousand times more wonderful and beautiful when Galileo discovered that the earth moved. Kant said: "Two things fill the soul with undying and ever-increasing admiration, the night with its heaven of stars above us and in our hearts the moral law." Mr. Moore for "law" substitutes the word "idea." For the word law seems to imply a standard, and Kant, he says, knew there is none.

What we now call vice, we are told, was once respected and honored; and in many ways the world was more moral before Christian ideas began to prevail. Mr. Moore thereupon recounts an imaginary discussion with an average Christian:

"I am filled with pride when I think of the noble and exalted world that must have existed before Christian doctrine caused men to look upon women with suspicion and bade them

to think of angels instead. Pointing to some poor drab lurking in a shadowy corner, he asks, 'See! is she not a vile thing?' On this we must part; he is too old to change, and his mind has withered in prejudice and conventions; 'a meager mind,' I mutter to myself, 'one incapable of the effort necessary to understand me if I were to tell him, for instance, that the desire is in itself a morality.' It was, perhaps, the only morality the Greeks knew, and upon the memory of Greece we have been living ever since. In becoming *hetairae*, Aspasia, Lais, Phryne, and Sappho have become the distributors of that desire of beauty necessary in a state which had already begun to dream of the temples of Minerva and Zeus."

Many books which the majority of the world regard as licentious possess an almost religious significance for the author of "The Lake." Upon "Mademoiselle de Maupin" he has looked as upon a "sacred book" from the very beginning of his life. It cleared him of the "belief that man has a lower nature," and he learned from it that "the spirit and the flesh are equal, that earth is as beautiful as heaven, and that the perfection of form is virtue." "Mademoiselle de Maupin," he says, "was a great purifying influence, a lustral water dashed by a sacred hand, and the words are forever ringing in my ear, 'by the exaltation of the spirit and the flesh thou shalt live.'" The book, it may be added, is interdicted in England. Mr. Moore ascribes this to the fact that it seems to be the aim of practical morality to render illicit love as unattractive as possible. "The Christian moralist," he says, "would regard Gautier as the most pernicious of writers, for his theme is always the praise of the visible world, of all that we can touch and see; and in this book art and sex are not estranged." He goes on to say:

"I have often wondered if the estrangement of the twain so noticeable in English literature is not the origin of this strange belief that bodily love is a part of our lower nature. . . . The poet and the lover are creators, they participate and carry on the great work begun billions of years ago when the great Breath breathing out of chaos summoned the stars into being. But why do I address myself like this to the average moralist? How little will he understand me!"

All men, Mr. Moore insists, are not the same. "There are men who would die if forced to live chaste lives, and there are men who would choose death rather than live unchaste, and many a woman if she were forced to live with one husband would make him very unhappy, whereas if she lived with two men she would make them both supremely happy." The two great enemies of the clerics and the standard of morality upheld by them are, we are told, the desire to know and the desire to live. The latter is infinitely more potent, and

therefore the popes were "infallible fools" to have persecuted men like Bruno and Galileo. "Boccaccio and the Troubadours should have been burned instead;" for they too have taught us that "the world is not all sackcloth and ashes." Gautier's glorification of the beauty of earth and the perfection of form is to Mr. Moore and kindred spirits "a complete and perfect expression of doctrine." "To some," he exclaims, "it will always seem absurd to look to Gautier rather than to a Bedouin for light. Nature produces certain attitudes of mind, and among these is an attitude which regards archbishops as more serious than pretty women. These will never be among my disciples. So leaving them in full possession of the sacraments, I pass on."

Having thus rejected the moral standards of Christianity, Mr. Moore turns with a twinkle in his eye to those who would suppress the erotic element in art:

"What concerns us now to understand is how the strange idea could have come into men's minds that literature is a more potent influence than life itself. The solving of this problem has beguiled many an hour, but the solution seems as far away from solution as ever, and I have never got nearer than the supposition that perhaps this fear of literature is a survival of the very legitimate fear that prevailed in the Middle Ages against writing. In my childhood, I remember hearing an old woman say that writing was an invention of the devil, and what an old woman believed forty years ago in outlying districts was almost the universal opinion of the Middle Ages. Denunciations and burnings of books were frequent, and ideas die slowly, finding a slow extinction many generations after the reason for their existence has ceased. In the famous trial of Gille de Rais we have it on record that the Breton baron was asked by his ecclesiastical judges if pagan literature had inspired the strange crimes of which he was accused, if he had read of them in—I have forgotten the names of the Latin authors mentioned—but I remember Gille de Rais' quite simple answer that his own heart had inspired the crimes. Whereupon the judges not unnaturally were shocked, for the conclusion was forced upon them that if Gille's confession were true they were not trying a man who had been perverted by outward influence, but one who had been born perverted."

The Vigilance Association, a British equivalent for the society presided over by Anthony Comstock, attacked and harried even unto death Mr. Vizetelly, the venerable translator of Emile Zola. Their secretary, Mr. Coote, was thereupon asked if Shakespeare had not written many reprehensible passages. Mr. Coote was obliged to admit that he had, and when asked why the association he represented did not proceed against Shakespeare, he answered, "Because Shakespeare

wrote beautifully"—"a strangely immoral doctrine," exclaims Mr. Moore. For if license of expression is in itself harmful, Shakespeare should be prosecuted; that he wrote beautifully is no defense whatever. Life comes before literature, and the Vigilance Society lays itself open to a charge of neglect of duty by not proceeding at once against all those who have indulged in the same license of expression. Mr. Moore next maps out the course which the society should consistently follow.

"The members and their secretary have indeed set themselves a stiff job, but they must not shrink from it if they would avoid shocking other people's moral sense by exhibiting themselves in the light of mere busybodies with a taste for what boys and old men speak of as 'spicy bits.' Proceedings will have to be taken against all the literature that Mr. Coote believes to be harmful (I accept him as the representative of the ideas of his Association), and the plea must not be raised again because a reprehensible passage is well written it should be acquitted. We must consider the question impartially. It is true that a magistrate may be found presiding at Bow street who will refuse to issue a warrant against the publishers, let us say of Byron, Sterne, the Restoration, and the Elizabethan dramatist. The Association will have to risk refusal, but I would not discourage the Association from the adventure.

"Of one thing only would I warn the society which I seem to be taking under my wing, and that is, even if it should succeed in interdicting two-thirds of English literature, its task will still be only half accomplished. The newspaper question will still have to be faced. Books are relatively expensive, but the newspaper can be bought for a halfpenny, and it will be admitted that no author is as indecent as the common reporter."

But let us suppose the association had succeeded in reforming not only literature, but society as well. What would it have profited thereby? Here is Mr. Moore's description of what would happen in such a case:

"The months go by, October, November, December, January, February, March . . . but one night the wind changes, and coming out of our houses in the morning we are taken with a sense of delight, a soft south wind is blowing and the lilacs are coming into bloom. My correspondent says that my book rouses sensuality. Perhaps it does, but not nearly so much as a spring day, and no one has yet thought of suppressing or curtailing spring days. Yet how infinitely more pernicious is their influence than any book! What thoughts they put into the hearts of lads and lasses! and perforce even the moralist has to accept the irrepressible feeling of union and growth, and the loosening of the earth about the hyacinth shoots and the birds going about their amorous business, and the white clouds floating up gladly through the blue air. Why, then, should he look askance at my book, which is no more than memories of spring days? If the thing itself cannot be suppressed, why is it worth while to interfere with the recollection? What strange twist in his mind leads him to decry in art what he accepts in nature?"

MAURICE BARRÈS: THE NEW FRENCH IMMORTAL

MAURICE BARRÈS and Anatole France, it has been said, are "the first two men of letters in France with no second approaching them."

The characterization is arresting, and suggests the advantage, on the part of our American public, of a fuller acquaintance with the literary achievement of Barrès. For while the work of Anatole France has found a number of American interpreters, that of Barrès is almost unknown among us.

The significance of Maurice Barrès lies in the representative character of his work. He has become the most eminent exponent of the so-called regionalist movement in Lorraine, as Anatole Le Braz (who has been lecturing in America during the past winter) is in Brittany, René Bazin in the Vendée, and Frédéric Mistral in Provence. Barrès believes that the unrest of the France of the period is due to ill-advised efforts to transform the French temperament and discredit French traditions. He deprecates everything that savors of foreign influence in French politics, music, art, literature, philosophy or life. His dominant desires are to arouse his country to a complete self-consciousness, and to confer on patriotism, which has a tendency to become artificial and verbose, reality and beauty; and he holds that to leave each city, each region, mistress of its political, economic and intellectual organization is the surest way of bringing these things about—a point of view which should possess a timely interest for Americans in view of the centralization movement in this country.

It is a far call from Barrès, apostle of the cult of the *ego*, the "sentimental Anarchist with a rebel's brain and a voluptuary's nerves," who proclaimed himself in the eighties "an enemy of the laws," to Barrès, prophet and high-priest of ancestor-worship—the cult of "the soil and the dead" (*la terre et les morts*), who was received into the French Academy a few weeks ago. There is a world of difference between the spirit of his iconoclastic romance, "Les Deracinés" (The Uprooted Ones), and that of his patriotic "Amitiés Françaises" (French Friendships). Needless to say, it was the later and constructive note that found expression in his eulogy of his predecessor, the Cuban poet Heredia, on the day of his reception into the Academy. It was "to be the brother after their death of

those who have gone before—*le confrère après leur mort*—of the poets, savants, philosophers, statesmen, prelates and nobles who have wrought the community of France," that he aspired. And M. Melchior de Vogüé, in welcoming Barrès into the august company of the "Immortals," chose to emphasize the same note. He said:

"You do not come to us (like Heredia) from the Indies of the Occident; you are of the soil, obstinately of the soil. Your paternal stock was long rooted in the mountains of Auvergne, rugged conservator and sure rampart of the force of Gaul. It is not, however, by your paternal ancestry that you set the most store; of the two sources of your life, you have preferred the exquisite and sorrowful Lorraine. You trace the development of your personality to this maternal soil. You were still a little child when you heard in the fields the beat of horses' hoofs trampling the glebe and human hearts. Around you dismay, the tears of women, the wrath of men: the tragic stupor of a catastrophe, of which the child sees the shadow on the brows of his parents, without comprehending. Later in life he will realize the meaning of it all; the mature man will see again in his sleepless hours the confused apparitions of his first nightmare; they will shroud for him, at times, the most beautiful spectacles in the world; while listening to the music of the Venetian lagoons and of Sevillian dances, he will hear, ringing in his ears, the odious sound of the beat of horses' hoofs which caused his mother tears."

After a slighting reference to Barrès' earlier works as "a savory mixture of ingredients *à la mode* (Stendhalism, Renanism, symbolism, a touch of mystification and especially a great deal of talent, the prodigality of an original mind trying to find its route)," M. de Vogüé continued:

"Gradually, you attained a form of which the favor accorded to it by the public would seem to counsel a general employ: the novel of ideas and of social research. Insensibly, you passed from the analysis of your *ego* to an analysis of your neighbor, from the curiosity which has no other object than its own pleasure to that which seeks knowledge for the sake of serving the general welfare. You unearthed a phrase of Louis Veuillot, and this phrase, thanks to your pen, has had a brilliant career. 'City of the uprooted multitudes' (*Ville des multitudes déracinées*), said the masterful author of 'Les Odeurs de Paris,' in an apostrophe to the 'mobile mass of human dust' which is crowded into this great encampment of nomads. You delved deeper into the problem, you considered it under its diverse aspects. Your *déracinés* make us see to what anarchy a society which breaks all the natural and traditional attachments of its sons is exposed and to what a dissipation of force it is condemned. You think



A GREAT FRENCH NATIONALIST

Maurice Barrès, the passionate defender and artistic exponent of the traditions of Lorraine, has become a leader in the movement which aims at preserving the native French spirit against foreign influences.

that the best rooted—individuals or peoples—are also the strongest. Beautiful and profound truth!

"Your pastimes led you into suggestive landscapes where it is a pleasure to follow you. Venice has always attracted you; Spain called to you and, finally, Greece. . . . Athens only half pleases you; you miss there the Tower of the Franks. The shadow of a dear absent one is always thrown upon the celebrated or charming spots you visit and alienates your soul from them. You seem to be at Daphne, at Mycaene; you tell us of them; and suddenly you see them no more, you have nothing more to say about them. An association of ideas has carried you away into your Lorraine. Nothing stirs you deeply which is not related to her. It would seem as if the scruple of a faithful lover restrains you from admiring this exotic beauty which you feel so well: beauty of cities and of horizons, beauty of the works of the mind. In your books, in your opening words to-day, appears the constant apprehension of a peril, of the peril of too intimate relations with the hostile sirens; *hostis*, for-gigner! . . .

"I have reserved for the end a prayer. I address it to all my auditors. I implore them to read and reread 'Les Amitiés Françaises.' You have written more vaunted books: permit me to call this the masterpiece—in my judgment. You bend over your child; more obsessing than ever, the sound which dismayed you at his age, the sound of the beat of horses' hoofs, resounds in your ears and in your heart. You accustom this child to learn the lessons of the dead who rule as sovereigns all our deeds. 'The dead! They poison us!' you cried as a young man 'enemy of the laws.' . . . But now you make amends nobly in a magnificent phrase: *Nos Seigneurs les Morts* (Our Lords and Masters the Dead)!"

THE MOST POTENT FORCE IN THE NEW INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF ITALY

IN THE death of Giosuè Carducci Italy loses not only a great poet, but also a great prose-writer and critic, a great educator and orator. Long before he passed away, the Italian people had come to feel that his modest dwelling in the ancient city of Bologna sheltered their most eminent man, and when Swedish envoys arrived at his house last year to bestow upon him the Nobel prize for literature, they found him surrounded by the notables of his town, a prophet not without honor in his own country.

By common consensus of critical opinion Carducci is one of the great poets of modern times, and if the majority of his poems have not penetrated far beyond the Italian borders it is because of their intense nationalism and the practical impossibility of conveying their peculiar metaphors in a foreign tongue. The *Chicago Dial*, a literary journal whose characterizations always carry weight, goes so far as to say that, with the single exception of

Swinburne, Carducci was "the greatest poet living in the world when the nineteenth century gave place to its successor." As in Swinburne's case, his poetry was bound up with his humanitarian ideals. The English and the Italian poet alike found their inspiration in the Italian struggle for liberty—that "last great struggle," as Frederic Myers has said, "where all chivalrous sympathies could range themselves undoubtingly on one side."

In his early youth Carducci became a leader in the republican movement which, under Mazzini and Garibaldi, was destined to shape the whole future of Italy. It was while under the spell of this youthful enthusiasm that he wrote the famous—or, as some would say, infamous—"Hymn to Satan," a poem that carried his name around the world. The daring title scandalized many people, who found in the Satan of Carducci's "Hymn" a leader of atheism and immorality, instead of the Prometheus, the victorious God of Light, the re-

bellious vindicator of Reason, that he obviously intended.

The "Hymn to Satan," published in 1863, was but the first lyric outburst of a creative activity that has been incessant. It was followed by the "Levia Gravia" of 1867, the "Decennalia," "Nuove Poesie" and "Giambi ed Epodi" of the next decade, and the three volumes of "Odi Barbare," published from 1877 to 1889. Upon his "Barbaric Odes," if upon any single series of poems, Carducci's fame is likely to rest. At the time of their publication they elicited a storm of protests from the conservative classicists of Italy, horrified at his substitution of grammatical accent in blank-verse for that according to quantity. In the beautiful "Prelude" to these singing strophes we find the key to Carducci's gospel: his scorn of modern mawkish sentimentality and "morbid Byronism," his delight in palpitating nature and the clash of intellectual combat. To these belligerent qualities the poet adds an unrivaled gift of expression. He is an impressionist first of all, and with a line of delicious cantilene can evoke at will a broad landscape or a bosky nook. It is his sensuous style that makes his works the despair of translators, as even Paul Heyse, his most successful interpreter, confesses.

Carducci's prose works are, in some respects, as remarkable as his poetry. "Since Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Cellini and Leopardi," says a correspondent of the *London Times*, "Italian literature has never possessed more luminous pages with phrases at once so sonorous, nervous and various." The same writer says further:

"His style is sometimes magniloquent, but is adaptable to all the exigencies of thought with a new and unexpected plasticity. His discourses on Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Muratori are pages full of eloquence, unsurpassed in historical criticism. I know of no pages, save perhaps those of Carlyle, which can worthily equal his discourse on Dante. From his school at Bologna in the last twenty years have issued critics and poets now famous. The best-known poets of modern Italy have grown up under his influence, from Gabriele d'Annunzio and Giovanni Pascoli to the *minores* of yesterday and the *maiores* of to-morrow. Also Italian oratory has in him its ablest exponent. The oration spoken by him on the death of Giuseppe Garibaldi is a page so full of repressed emotion, of musical phrases, and of vast human sympathy as to obscure, in comparison, the most brilliant pages of modern as well as ancient oratory."

But it is as an intellectual force—the most potent in the life of his people—rather than as a poet or prose-writer only, that Carducci, in the last resort, must be judged. He was re-



GIOSUE CARDUCCI

Whose recent funeral in Bologna was attended by forty thousand people. "With the single exception of Swinburne," says the *Chicago Dial*, "Carducci was the greatest poet living in the world when the nineteenth century gave place to its successor."

sponsive to every changing phase of Italian development and aspiration. He began his career as an agitator, and he ended it as a senator under a constitutional monarchy. His eulogists will not concede that he abandoned his youthful ideals. They say that he rather grew into fuller ideals, and that the spirit which inspired his ringing battle-cry, "To Giuseppe Garibaldi!" animates its companion-piece, that thrilling call to rally around "The Cross of Savoy." Carducci's conversion from republicanism to monarchy is said to have been due to a romantic and Platonic love for Queen Marguerite, to whom he has dedicated one of his finest odes. The story runs that when the royal couple visited Bologna in 1878 the Queen, who was full of enthusiasm for Carducci's work, expressed a desire to meet him. He was ushered into the royal presence, and the meeting, we are told, was not that of Queen and subject, but of poet and woman of letters. From that time on Carducci maintained a chivalrous attitude of devotion to her family. On her side, Queen Marguerite showed an intelligent sympathy rivaling that of Vittoria Colonna for Michael Angelo. In the hour of the poet's need she

bought his library on the sole condition that he should use it until the end of his life. With a similar proviso she purchased his house in Bologna. She now proposes to present it to the city as a Carducci museum.

Carducci always had a horror of being lionized. His temper was irascible. He was silent, blunt, rough, at times almost repellent in his harshness. When at the Garibaldi memorial ceremonies his entrance was made the signal for a burst of applause, he savagely bade the audience be still. "Your cheers," he exclaimed, "so shock me that I regret my promise to speak from this stage. Only this morning I received a third telegram begging me to compose some verses in commemoration of Garibaldi's death. I do not believe I have ever given evidence of possessing so contemptible and hard a heart as to warrant anyone in deeming me capable of stringing together rimes while so great a sorrow is overwhelming my country and myself, while evermore I behold here, with the fleshly as well as the spiritual eye, the body of that man whom of all living beings I have honored most." In the same spirit this gruff old Coriolanus of our times refused the orders, decorations, jubilee celebrations and the like proffered him by his devoted admirers. The highest honor any one could show him, he always said, was in living out whatsoever was immortal in the principles he had taught, not in exalting what was personal and ephemeral in their teacher

Something of the fierce idealism of Swinburne, something of the lyric beauty of Shelley, were in this poet. But perhaps, as an Italian writer, Prof. Ernesto Caffi, suggests, a comparison with Friedrich Nietzsche, rather than with Swinburne or Shelley, brings out the truest nature of the man. As Professor Caffi sums up the case (in the *Revista d'Italia*):

"Carducci, tho not exactly a eulogist of the Overman, may still be said to stand with one foot over the Nietzschean frontier. Do not misunderstand me! Carducci is no disciple of Nietzsche, nor is the latter one of his. But the two men are not far apart, and their common ground is neopaganism. In Nietzsche, of course, this implies negation, the destruction of existing things; in Carducci, on the other hand, we have a rebel, it is true, but a warm-hearted and constructive rebel; there is nothing negative or skeptical about him; bitterly strong as he is in his reproaches, he is never bitten with the mania of denial. Accordingly, while Nietzsche chants the praises of his Superman, Carducci sings of the essence of all things, the Idea, which conquers savage realms, which shall emerge alone above the flood-tide of time, a beacon light to the incoming fleets of the ages; and while Zarathustra's gaze is riveted upon the face of his ideal, far up on high, Carducci likewise worships his fetish, which envelops the cloud-hung peaks of being—

"e sotto il candido raggio devolvere
mira il fuime dell' anima."

[and beneath the white ray turns to contemplate the flowing current of the soul.]

"Two poets, two visionaries, superhumanistic dreamers, whose dwelling is on the snowcapped heights of life!"

THE "FROZEN STRIDE" AS A SYMBOL OF BOSTON'S CULTURE

GEORGE GISSING, out of a dismal experience, once said that to be born in Boston was to be born in exile, and Oliver Herford has dared to speak of its sacred soil as "an abandoned literary farm;" but of all the hard sayings flung at our "modern Athens" by writers and artists, Mr. H. G. Wells, with his smiling symbol of the "Nike of Samothrace," has alone seemed able to ruffle the placidity of the intellectually elect. It was not, of course, until *The Evening Transcript* reprinted from *Harper's Weekly* a certain chapter on "The Boston Enchantment" that your true Bostonian became aware of the disturbing fact that Mr. Wells was talking about him—and incidentally about "The Future in America;" and now it is quite generally known that this

very questionable chapter forms a part of his new book.*

Mr. Wells was in Boston last spring for a few days only, yet he bore away with him a remarkably distinct impression of her art, literature and music, and of that peculiar culture which he chooses to call "the Boston enchantment." "I mean," he explains, "not only Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, but that Boston of the mind and heart that pervades American refinement and goes about the world. In Boston one finds the human mind not base, nor brutal, nor stupid, nor ignorant, but mysteriously enchanting and ineffectual, so that having eyes it yet does not see, having powers it achieves nothing."

*THE FUTURE IN AMERICA: A SEARCH AFTER REALITIES. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers.

And once back at his desk in Spade House on the Kentish coast, our English visitor cruelly wrote:

"At the mention of Boston I think of autotypes, and then of plaster casts. I do not think I shall ever see an autotype again without thinking of Boston. I think of autotypes of the supreme masterpieces of sculpture and painting, and particularly of the fluttering garments of the Nike of Samothrace. That also I saw in little casts and big, and photographed from every conceivable point of view. It is incredible how many people in Boston have selected her for their esthetic symbol and expression. Always that lady was in evidence about me, unobtrusively persistent, until at last her frozen stride pursued me into my dreams. That frozen stride became the visible spirit of Boston in my imagination, a sort of blind, headless and unprogressive fine resolution that took no heed of any contemporary thing."

Next to the autotypes and plaster casts, Mr. Wells recalls "as inseparably Bostonian the dreaming grace of Botticelli's *Primavera*;" and he concludes that all Bostonians admire the tubercular art of Botticelli, and "have a feeling for the roof of the Sistine Chapel." "To so casual and adventurous a person as myself," he continues, "Boston presents a terrible, a terrifying unanimity of esthetic discriminations. I was nearly brought back to my childhood's persuasion that, after all, there is a right and wrong in these things." And now, whenever Mr. Wells grinds out Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the pianola beside his desk ("Boston clearly thought the less of Mr. Bernard Shaw when I told her he had induced me to buy a pianola. Not that Boston ever did set much store by so contemporary a person as Mr. Bernard Shaw"), he will hear its "magnificent aggressive thumpings" transfigured into the perfect music of the Symphony Orchestra, and he will "sit again among that audience of pleased and pleasant ladies in chaste, high-necked, expensive dresses, and refined, attentive, appreciative, bald or iron-gray men." Irreverently, Mr. Wells proceeds:

"If there is one note of incongruity in Boston, it is in the gilt dome of the Massachusetts Statehouse at night. They illuminate it with electric light. That shocked me as an anachronism. It shocked me—much as it would have shocked me to see one of the colonial portraits or even one of the endless autotypes of the Belvedere Apollo replaced, let us say, by one of Mr. Alvin Coburn's wonderfully beautiful photographs of modern New York. That electric glitter breaks the spell; it is the admission of the present, of the twentieth century. . . . Save for that one discord there broods over the real Boston an immense effect of finality. One feels in Boston, as one feels in no other part of the States, that the intellectual movement has ceased. Boston is now producing no literature except a little criticism. The publishers

have long since left her, save for one firm (which busies itself chiefly with beautiful reprints of the minor classics). Contemporary Boston art is imitative art, its writers are correct and imitative writers, the central figure of its literary world is that charming old lady of eighty-seven, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. One meets her and Colonel Higginson in the midst of an author's society that is not so much composed of minor stars as a chorus of indistinguishable culture."

"It is as if the capacity of Boston," continues Mr. Wells, "was just sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to comprehend the whole achievement of the human intellect up, let us say, to the year 1875 A. D. Then an equilibrium was established. At or about that year Boston filled up." And she cannot unload again. Longfellow, for instance! She treasures him "in quantity." "She treasures his work, she treasures associations, she treasures his Cambridge home. Now, really, to be perfectly frank about him, Longfellow is not good enough for that amount of intellectual houseroom. He cumburs Boston." . . .

Not for long did the wings of Mr. Wells's airy criticism hover over Boston in his hasty "search after realities," but long enough to stir the chilly atmosphere and provoke considerable journalistic comment.

Mr. E. H. Clement, literary editor of the venerable *Transcript*, is quite indignant. "What troubled Mr. Wells in Boston undoubtedly was that he found little or no comfort for his Fabianistic Socialism," he retorts; and "it was only ignorance," he continues, "that made him class Longfellow even in his mind among the reactionaries or stationaries."

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, in a Boston letter to the New York *Evening Post*, crushingly reminds Mr. Wells that there is a contemporary Boston writer whose single book has probably exceeded by ten times the sale of all his books put together. It is "The Song of Our Syrian Guest"—a slim, pretty little booklet containing an interpretation of the twenty-third psalm by Mr. William Allen Knight, and very popular with the people who frequent the theological bookshops on Beacon Hill.

Only Mr. Philip Hale, of the Boston *Herald*, is critically delighted. "What especially struck me under the fifth rib," he confides to his readers, "was his remark that all really truly Bostonians had, hanging in their front parlor, a fine autotype of the Winged Victory of Samothrace. If Mr. Wells had never written one of his brilliant books, that single sentence would have stamped him as a genius, a monster of acute observation, of malicious insight. He has summed up in that one

phrase everything that is timid, futile and slow—conservative, safe and sane in our good old Boston." And furthermore he reflects:

"When one comes to think of it, it is not so difficult to see where this worship of victory began. Imagine a lot of wholly worthy men and women who wish to achieve culture. They have good watertight houses, good cooks, good wine-cellars. Shall they not also achieve the minor graces of literature, music, art? They shall, they do—after a fashion. . . . Shall they not also 'listen to lectures on art?' They shall, they do, and more, and most of all, they read books about it. And there they learn about the Winged Victory. She is the Image of Perfection. Like Pater's Lady Liza, she has dived in strange seas. Twenty years ago she used to be the Sistine Madonna, later the Venus de Milo, and then, no wonder after so much adulation, she lost her head and became flighty. But you may be sure Boston quieted her down."

Mr. Hale is willing to admit that in literature Boston is producing nothing save a little criticism, but he speaks up sympathetically for that group of artists which is really doing vital work "without the slightest encouragement from the worshipers of success and of the Winged Victory." Then, too, he cites the excellent music of two resident composers—Loeffler and Converse. And after all he adds, "no doubt, somewhere, someone is writing some good literature which doesn't appear."

The "frozen stride" is not peculiar to Boston alone, Mr. Wells is careful to reiterate. "Frankly," he says, "I grieve over Boston—Boston throughout the world—as a great waste of leisure and energy, as a frittering away of moral and intellectual possibilities."

A NEW POET-PAINTER OF THE COMMONPLACE



O transfigure the ordinary, to reveal the beauty that lies hidden beneath our very eyes, if we will but see it—such is the avowed ambition of Ernest Lawson, the New York artist who has won the "Sesnon" medal for

the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy this year. That he has already in large measure fulfilled this ambition is conceded by men whose words carry weight in the artistic world. After looking over a recent exhibition of his work, the painter, Robert Henri, ex-



ERNEST LAWSON'S PRIZE PAINTING—"THE RIVER IN WINTER"
The picture that was awarded the medal for the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy.

claimed: "This man is the biggest we have had since Winslow Homer." William M. Chase is another of Lawson's admirers. Among the critics who have blazed the way for a recognition of his peculiar talents have been James Huneker, of the *New York Sun*, J. N. Laurvik, of the *New York Evening Post*, and Sadakichi Hartman, of *The International Studio*.

The story of Ernest Lawson's climb to fame is not materially different from that of scores of other artists who have been at first neglected and humiliated, but have finally come into their own. His art is that of the "impressionist," and he has been handicapped, perhaps, by his affiliation with the school of Monet, Manet and Twachtman. A dozen years ago "impressionism" was a word to conjure with; but lately it has fallen into disrepute. At the present time its star seems to be rising again. As Mr. Laurvik, of *The Post*, observes:

"Impressionism, that poor, despised term of reproach, reviled and misunderstood, bandied about by the purlblindly ignorant as an awful indictment of some unpardonable offense, employed as a convenient cloak by masquerading incompetents, foisting their smudgy daubs on a bewildered public, this much-abused word seems at last in a fair way to assume its proper significance—to become synonymous with light, air, and atmosphere, with the transmutation of the dead paint on one's palette into vital, vibrant matter that gives the illusion of living form, enveloped in ether and made visible by the glory of real, shimmering sunlight. And poor fellows who have borne in silence the scornful indifference of the public are now having their innings.

"Of them all, none is more deserving of appreciation than Ernest Lawson, who has dwelt in obscurity too long. 'Tis a pity that a man so gifted, so imbued with poetry, and exhibiting such a mastery of his medium, should have to wait so many weary years—he is past forty—for the recognition that is truly his. What timorous souls dwell in the mortal frame called Man, that youth must need spend its best years acquiring the gray hairs of authority before its handiwork is accepted! So Truth plays juggler in the tanbark ring and fools are the only wise men, as many a vexed soul in this town to-day will attest if perchance one mentions Mr. Moore of a certain café. He bought Lawson's canvases when they would not bring the price of a meal, hung them conspicuously on his walls, talked about them, and bided his time. He must already have reaped a rich harvest of satisfaction out of his venture, to say nothing of financial returns."

For some years Mr. Lawson's pictures have been appreciated by a small circle of connoisseurs, but as often refused as accepted by the official art bodies. He lives and works in the upper part of New York City, around Highbridge and Spuyten Duyvil, and contends that no artist could ask for better "material"



"THE BIGGEST MAN WE HAVE HAD SINCE WINSLOW HOMER"

Such is Robert Henri's characterization of Ernest Lawson, the New York artist who has won the "Session" medal at the Pennsylvania Academy this year.

than that afforded by this region. He is essentially a painter of the moods of nature, and has succeeded, to a marked degree, in combining elements of poetry and strength. One of Mr. Lawson's theories is that an artist may find beauty anywhere if his instinct is true. This idea is strikingly exemplified in his own work, for he will take the most unpromising subjects—excavations, for instance, or the Pennsylvania Tunnel—and invest them with romance. As the art critic of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* puts it:

"Ernest Lawson finds delight in expressing the stern beauty of rigorous winter, and his sturdy art aims at the poetic expression of the picturesqueness inherent in our ragged American landscape. He has learned, like St. Peter, to call nothing common or unclean; the unutterable hideousness of the American factory, or the gaunt unloveliness of men excavating in a stone quarry find in him an interpreter who, by the magic of his own keener mental vision, casts an aspect of poetic semblance upon them. Realism in art is here shown with two-fold mission. On one hand the artist is found expressing stern facts in the loveliness which these may on occasion assume, as in his painting of a spring freshet, curving, at its own wild will, through a meadow and leaving broken fences in its way, as well as his painting



"NEAR HIGH BRIDGE"

(By Ernest Lawson)

An example of the way in which Lawson can transfigure a comparatively commonplace subject. His pictures "bid one stop and take note of the gleam of sunlight in one's backyard."

of the early summer time, a delicious landscape, a dreamy river and two boys stripping off their clothes that they may plunge into the water. Here the flesh tones are a bit thin in shadow and pale in the high lights. The atmospheric values are more convincing. But both are admirable expositions of that innate beauty which underlies experiences that may be verified by any who will trouble to look around them. Again Mr. Lawson presents scenes whose value is an uncompromising loyalty to features of American countrysides less amenable to artistic treatment."

Lawson "saturates his work," says Mr. Hunecker, "with a kind of pantheistic magic. Wherever he plants his easel there is a picture before him. By preference he haunts the Harlem River. . . . His work is at times a happy improvisation, without the shallowness and evasions often characteristic of the impressionist school." Mr. Hunecker writes further (in the *New York Sun*):

"Lawson's paint is now his own. He has felt the impact of the impressionists; he can handle all the tricks of that method with ease. But he sticks to no formula. If he sees a tree as black as charcoal it comes out black; if he sees men

as red tufts of color in an excavation he notes the fact. He believes in the Harlem River; Italy and soft skies do not interest him. His canvases are tonic; cold breezes sweep across them; the snow is prismatic; tree trunks gleam in the setting sunshine; across the hill is a patch of blue sky; the river is greenish—the whole effect is magical. Direct, virile vision—Lawson, like Dougherty, has the 'innocence' of the eyes. He loves ice-bound rivers, chunks of ice float down stream. You hear them crackle. It is on the stringpiece of the pier at Twenty-eighth street and the North River. Or across marvelously toned green ice cakes the gulls fly. A ball of marked red is a dying sun. The scene is poetic, yet without one false note, without the 'slow music' of so many sentimental brush dabsters. His Harlem Flats shock you by their ugliness; very well, don't look at them; nor at the Pennsylvania Tunnel. These pictures are for people with nerves and strong stomachs who can see real, not fictitious, life."

Sadakichi Hartman describes Mr. Lawson as "an impressionist who can give Twachtman and Childe Hassam points and a beating at their own game." He continues the characterization:

"Ernest Lawson is what I would call, if I were a French critic, *un homme de facture*, i.e., the man with the hand of the painter, with the motion of swing and swish and thrust, the man with the color instinct, the man who can invent bravura passages as easily as other painters clean their brushes."

"He is a singularly strong and attractive personality. He has a fresh and personal sense of nature. The trees are his boon companions, and the secrets of winter snows and young floods his knowledge. He knows the poetry of lonesome highways and sleeping suburbs, and is intimate with winds and vagrom clouds."

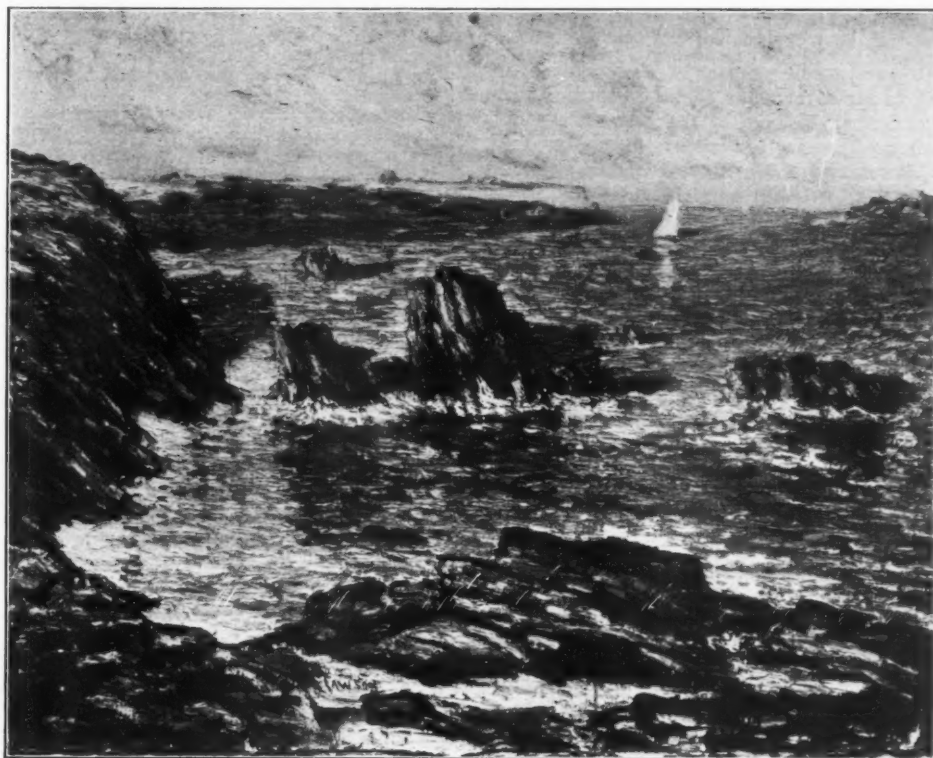
In Mr. Laurvik's opinion, the canvases of Ernest Lawson "open one's eyes to the beauty of everyday scenes and the innate charm of familiar places as the work of few American painters has ever done." He adds:

"How well he has expressed 'the virgin rapture that is June' in his 'Early Summer,' which is filled with the all-pervasive exuberance of this fairy-haunted season of the year! The naked boys pause a moment with shirt overhead, as what boy has not, to listen, entranced by the alluring voices of whispering leaves and the soft gurgle of the placid brook, before breaking its surface

into jewels of refracted light. The whole scene is suffused with a golden aureole of light that gives a note of lyrical joyousness to an almost literal rendering of nature. This canvas may well stand beside the best done by the now-famous pioneers of Impressionism."

"Here are several views of the Harlem River, which he has discovered to the heedless; of the North River, ice bound, with seagulls circling over the murky, snow-laden ice floes. Here, too, are many places, familiar to New Yorkers and suburbanites, passed by in the day's journey; in short, quite ordinary places seen through extraordinary eyes that bid one stop and take note of the gleam of sunlight in one's back yard."

In brief, says Mr. Laurvik, we feel that "another name has been added to that precious, short roster of men who look out upon the world with open eyes, and a mind open to its beauties, joys, and sorrows, noting all with the utmost frankness and sincerity, and making no compromise with their conscience. Such a man is Lawson; supremely gifted with the rare power of investing the commonplace actualities of life with a hitherto unsuspected glamor, a poetry and a charm quite personal."



"A BREEZY DAY"

(By Ernest Lawson)

Lawson "saturates his work," says James Huneker, "with a kind of pantheistic magic. His work is at times a happy improvisation, without the shallowness and evasions often characteristic of the impressionist school."

LOWELL'S GREAT DEFICIENCY



EARS ago Mr. Henry James took occasion to register his conviction that James Russell Lowell "had no speculative side." In a brilliant and closely reasoned essay on Lowell, appearing in *Scribner's*, from the pen of the eminent critic, William Crary Brownell, this phrase acquires new significance. Mr. Brownell intimates that it was the lack of the large philosophic note in Lowell's temperament that hampered him most in his literary work. More specifically he says:

"For the great movements, migrations, vicissitudes of the march of mankind—its transformations, enterprises, and achievements—the grandiose drama of war and peace, the rise and fall of tyranny and freedom, faith, and philosophy, the birth, development, and decay of institutions—social, political, and religious—the spectacle foreshortened in time, in a word, of general human activity caught and fixed in the multifariously embroidered web of history, he cared less, to judge from its reflection and echo in his works, than any other writer of his indisputably high rank that one could readily name."

It was Lowell's deficiency as a philosopher that, in Mr. Brownell's opinion, kept him from becoming an essayist of the first rank. "His criticism," we are reminded, "clearly grew out of his reading habit, not out of his reflective tendencies." The result was that his essays are full of brilliant writing, but lack organic composition. "One receives impressions from them, but not central or complete impressions." Now, the very breath of life in an essay, according to Mr. Brownell's view, is a central idea. "If it is an essay," he says, "on Rousseau or Keats or Dante—a full-length portrait, a half-length or a head—any feature or phase of his productions, his place in literature, his influence on mankind, or whatever, or all these together—a necessary preliminary will be the establishment of some general idea of the subject. The essay will be the expression in detail of this conception—in proportion to its complexity the elaborate unfolding of it." Mr. Brownell continues:

"To say that Lowell's criticism lacks this initial central conception would be to say that it is written at random. But, indeed, it often has precisely the appearance of being written at random, and precisely because his central conception is vague. Erasmus's witty and apt complaint that 'every definition is a misfortune' related to the abstractions of doctrine and dogma. In art the concrete reigns supreme and nothing can be too definite—even if, or perhaps especially if, it is to express the abstract. The essay on Dante, Lowell says, is the result of twenty years of study. One

may easily believe it—taking the statement somewhat loosely, as of course he intended it. It is packed with interesting and illuminating detail, and has been called his ablest performance in criticism. In Dante's case, more than in most others, to admire is to comprehend. Lowell's admiration is limitless, and one feels that he understood his subject. But his expression of it is only less inartistic than it is uncritical. His twenty years of study have resulted in his comprehension of his theme, but not in reducing it to any definite proportions or giving it any sharpness of outline. There is nothing about it he does not know, and perhaps one may say nothing in it that he does not appreciate. But he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition."

Lowell's style is open to much the same criticism as his essays. It "lacks continuity," says Mr. Brownell, "which is to say that it lacks style. . . . One feels the lack of continuity of presentation consequent upon the lack of sustained thought." To quote further:

"His good things are curiously *sui generis*. They are not rarely the good things of the poet, who is touched as well as enlightened by the truths he discovers or rather feels with personal stress and states, accordingly, in figurative fashion; for example, 'Style, the handmaid of talent, the helpmeet of genius.' They are curiously devoid of epigrammatic quality, as that quality is displayed in the most eminent examples of epigram; a fact which proceeds, I suppose, from his constitutional neglect of the field of 'general ideas.' Often extremely witty, their wit is not pure wit, any more than it is pure humor, but a kind of combination of the two—wit, let us say, with the inspiration of humor. It is, like his mind, sensible and sound and unspeculative. It neither flashes nor glows, but sparkles. It does not illumine a subject with a chance light, a sudden turn, a wilful refraction, a half truth, but plays about it sportively—leaving it, besides, pretty much as it found it."

The very qualities that weakened Lowell's prose writings, says Mr. Brownell, in concluding, were the qualities that gave him his greatest power as a poet. For poetry needs emotion, rather than imagination; felicitous phrasing, rather than design; a representative, rather than an original, inspiration. When it comes to nature poetry, Lowell's position is unique. "Lowell's constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable contribution to the nature poetry of English literature," in Mr. Brownell's judgment, "far beyond that of Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow, and only occasionally excelled here and there by the magic touch of Emerson, who had a 'speculative side.'"

Religion and Ethics

A THEOLOGICAL THUNDERSTORM IN ENGLAND



WHEN one man's utterance sets a thousand ministers to preaching sermons and as many editors and journalists to discussing what he has said, it behooves us all to learn the nature of this utterance. When the man in question happens to be the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the most influential Congregationalist church in England, and the questions he is discussing affect the fundamental verities of religion, we are bound to recognize that the issues involved in this utterance and controversy are of a quite extraordinary character. And, indeed, almost all the features connected with what has aptly been termed the "theological thunderstorm" provoked by Mr. Campbell's remarks have been extraordinary. The very intensity of interest shown by the public is unusual—for England; and this interest has expressed itself, in several instances, in applause and hand-clapping in the churches. Mr. W. T. Stead, of *The Review of Reviews*, compares the present theological ardor in London to that which marked the Alexandria of Athanasius, "when fishmongers at their stalls discussed the doctrine of the Trinity;" and a clergyman who stands close to Mr. Campbell has exclaimed: "The times are ripe for a new Reformation!" The strife of tongues has reached even to Germany, where Professor Harnack, the eminent theologian, interprets it as a proof that "the formal theology of the creeds is being gradually displaced by the vital theology of experience." In this country, where Mr. Campbell, by reason of his recent visit, is well known, the controversy has evoked widespread comment.

Mr. Campbell's views, which are substantially those of the so-called "New Theology," are stated with the utmost frankness in an article contributed by him to the London *Daily Mail*. They go to the very root of Christianity, and they express, he says, "an attitude and a spirit, rather than a creed." To quote:

"The starting-point of the new theology is belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. This is where it differs from Unitarianism. Unitarianism made a great gulf and put man on one side and God on the other. We believe man to be a revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifes-

tation of God. The word 'god' stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed. Every one, even the most uncompromising materialist, believes in this reality. The new theology, in common with the whole scientific world, believes that the finite universe is one aspect or expression of that reality, but it thinks of it or him as consciousness rather than a blind force, thereby differing from some scientists. Believing this, we believe that there is thus no real distinction between humanity and the Deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited. We see the revelation of God in everything around us."

The next position laid down is this: "The new theology holds that human nature should be interpreted in terms of its own highest; therefore it reverences Jesus Christ." Jesus Christ was divine, "but so are we." "Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the eternal Christ."

The third paragraph of Mr. Campbell's statement deals with the problem of evil:

"The new theology looks upon evil as a negative rather than as a positive term. It is the shadow where light ought to be; it is the perceived privation of good; it belongs only to finiteness. Pain is the effort of the spirit to break through the limitations which it feels to be evil. The new theology believes that the only way in which the true nature of good can be manifested either by God or by man is by a struggle against the limitation; and therefore it is not appalled by the long story of cosmic suffering. Everybody knows this after a fashion. The things we most admire and reverence in one another are things involving struggle and self-sacrifice."

Then follows a declaration that the new theology is in sympathy with the scientific methods of the day, and with the higher criticism of the Bible. "While recognizing the value of the Bible as a unique record of religious experience, it handles it as freely and as critically as it would any other book." Moreover, "it believes that the seat of religious authority is within (not without) the human soul." We are bound to believe in the immortality of the soul, "but only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness and cannot be destroyed." "We make our destiny in the next world by our behavior in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected." To quote again:

"From all this it will surely be clear that the new theology brushes aside many of the most familiar dogmas still taught from the pulpit. We

believe that the story of the fall in the literal sense is untrue. It is literature, not dogma, the romance of an early age used for the ethical instruction of man. We believe that the very imperfection of the world to-day is due to God's will and is a working out of Himself with its purpose, a purpose not wholly hidden from us.

"The doctrine of sin which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds that we cannot help we believe to be a false view. Sin is simply selfishness. It is an offense against the God within, a violation of the law of love. We reject wholly the common interpretation of atonement, that another is beaten for our fault. We believe not in a final judgment, but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering, suffering which cannot be remitted by any work of another. When a deed is done its consequences are eternal."

In view of the fact that a man is often most clearly revealed in his most extreme utterances, it may be appropriate to quote at this point two of Mr. Campbell's expressions of opinion bearing on the moral problem, and on Socialism. The first, taken from a City Temple sermon, preached last year and printed in several of the religious papers, is startling indeed:

"Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that; he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies to-day, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The *roué* you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God."

The second extreme expression of opinion appears in a recent article in *The Labour Leader*, the London Socialist paper of which Keir Hardie was for many years the editor. Mr. Campbell here makes it clear that Socialism is the "practical expression" of his ideal. He says further:

"Religion is nothing else than man's response to the call of the universe. It does not need dogmas; it does not even need churches, except in the sense that it needs organized expression. In the primitive sense of the word the Labor Party is itself a Church, because it is bent upon the realization of a moral ideal, and has become the instrument of the cosmic purpose towards that end."

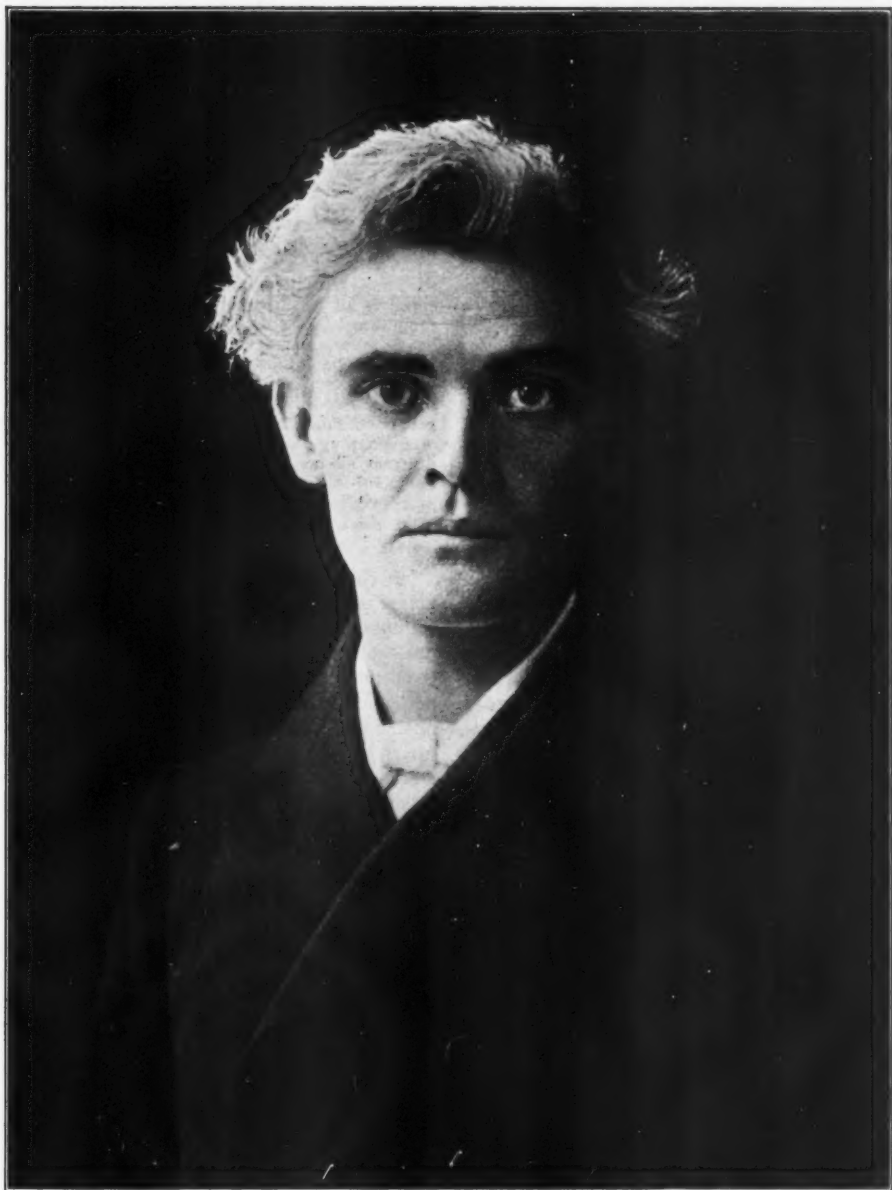
"The New Theology, as the newspapers call it, is simply Mr. Hardie's social gospel articulated from a definitely religious standpoint. It is the oldest of all. It is the gospel of the humanity of God and the divinity of man."

Such is the set of beliefs that has cleft the London theological world in twain. In giving it utterance Mr. Campbell has rallied to his side passionate defenders. Many of the clergy, especially the younger clergy, are with him; his congregation, to which alone he is officially answerable for his views, is said to be practically a unit in supporting him; the influential *Christian Commonwealth* of London has thrown itself wholeheartedly into his cause; and a "Society for the Encouragement of Progressive Religious Thought" has been organized to champion his creed. On the other hand, his arguments have aroused among conservative religious people a degree of bitterness and hostility that is rare even in theological controversy, and that led him recently to say from his pulpit that he had become "the most unpopular man in England."

In the present instance even the traditional reserve of the Anglican Church has been broken down. At least three bishops have publicly rebuked Mr. Campbell, and *The Church Times* dismisses his views as "Pinchbeck Pantheism." In his own denomination he has found little comfort. The Secretary of the London Congregational Union calls him "superficial." Dr. Guinness Rogers asks whether he has forgotten the purpose for which the City Temple was built. Principal Forsyth, of Hackney College, refuses to regard Mr. Campbell as in any real sense a representative of Congregationalism. Dr. Campbell Morgan cannot see how those who hold Mr. Campbell's views can remain in the Congregational ministry. "If the Congregational Union should ever approximate its declaration to the opinions of the New Theology," he says, "I should leave it."

By far the most scathing criticism has come from W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly*, who devotes three lengthy articles to "City Temple Theology." Dr. Nicoll lays stress on the fact that Mr. Campbell took his position in the ministry without passing through a theological seminary. "There is no substitute," says Dr. Nicoll, "for the thoro practical teaching which ought to be imparted in youth." He continues:

"Mr. Campbell constantly attempts to grapple with problems for the solution of which the utmost precision of expression is absolutely necessary. Not knowing well the language of these problems, and having no time to choose it, he sinks as it seems to us, and especially of late, into complete intellectual chaos. The preacher is at sea on all points. He can spin his fabric by the square mile of whatever texture it may be. That power is a very striking one, but many of us may think that the texture is gossamer twaddle



PROPHET OR HERETIC?

The recent utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, have set a thousand ministers to preaching sermons, and as many journalists to discussing what he has said. He has rallied to his side passionate defenders who hail him as the leader of a new Reformation. He has aroused a bitterness of theological animosity that led him recently to say from his pulpit that he had become the "most unpopular man in England."

and no more. There is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that Mr. Campbell's printed sermons have made no impression on the public. Deprived of the preacher's winsomeness of address they are nothing. They are improvisations on themes which require prolonged and patient study. We have read several of his recent sermons, and have been amazed and disconcerted by paragraph after paragraph of ignorant dogmatism, inconsequent thinking, and misty generalization."

"Infinitely the gravest and most dangerous of Mr. Campbell's leanings," Dr. Nicoll goes on to say, "is his obvious inclination to Pantheism . . . his minimizing of sin." As Dr. Nicoll sees the issue:

"The Scripture teaches us that God cared so much that He sent His only begotten Son to die for us, and redeem us from our iniquity. So much did God care for our sin that the Heart of hearts was broken for us on Calvary. The divine suffering met the human suffering in the struggle to recover a humanity purified of sin and triumphing over sorrow. Mr. Campbell sweeps away the doctrine of divine love. His apparently is the Pantheism which finds in God nothing more or less than the sum total of cosmo-circumstances, including human life, and of which man would form an insignificant fragment. Thus the shadow of death in its most fearful form overwhelms every glimpse of hope."

Among Mr. Campbell's champions and allies, the two most powerful thus far have been Dr. John Clifford, the leading figure in the English Baptist Church, and Dr. R. F. Horton, chairman of the London Congregational Union. Dr. Clifford, who filled the City Temple pulpit during the most intense period of the present controversy, has stated on several occasions that while he does not agree with some of Mr. Campbell's philosophical and theological statements, he loves him for his sincerity and purity, his high and holy aims, and for the consecration of his great gifts and wide learning to the service of Jesus Christ. Dr. Horton expresses himself as follows, in a letter to the *London Daily News*:

"One thing is clear to me: Mr. Campbell gets the ear of that large class of thoughtful and educated English people who do not go to church or hear preaching. These unsatisfied souls recognize in him an original teacher, who is making the Christian gospel credible to this age. If I were able to help these men and women—if I could honestly say that I meet their needs and draw them to my church—I should feel justified in criticizing my friend. But when I see that he is doing what I cannot do, reaching those whom I cannot reach, and bringing to Christ hundreds who will not listen to me, I can only pray God to bless him, and suspend my judgment in all humility upon the novel statement of the old truths until I have had time to examine and test it."

The editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*, who has been devoting columns of his paper

every week to the discussion of the "New Theology," sums up the controversy in these words:

"What we are now experiencing is of course merely one of numerous similar episodes in the history of the Christian Church and indeed in that of the quest of truth the world over since the dawn of independent thought. What the official guardians of accepted religious doctrines never seem to realize is that theology is a progressive science or revelation, that thought-forms and modes of expression necessarily change from age to age, that the heterodoxy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow."

"Where, I venture to think, open-minded, studious preachers with few exceptions, have erred is in not attempting to prepare their congregations for inevitable changes. Many of them have gone on developing their own thought, studying the Higher Criticism, even reading German theology, noting the discoveries of natural science, and talking frankly to one another in the seclusion of their own studies. But on these matters they have for the most part maintained discreet silence in the pulpit. Hence the present upheaval is distressing to the older folks who have been in blissful ignorance of the inroads that have been made upon the traditional view of Christianity."

In the United States religious sympathy seems to be about equally divided between Mr. Campbell and his critics. Conservative journals, such as the *New York Examiner* (Baptist) and the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, condemn Mr. Campbell's views as dangerous and misleading. *The Christian Register* (Unitarian) thinks that "he has not yet reached clarity of thought;" and *The Universalist Leader* (Boston) says: "It must be conceded that Mr. Campbell glides over the greatest and gravest problems with an airy ease which does not so much suggest mastery of them as unconsciousness of their gravity." On the other hand, the *New York Independent* and *Outlook* welcome his frank expressions of views; and *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) frankly regrets "the acrimony, the savagery, in which the distinguished editor of *The British Weekly* visits his wrath upon one of the most popular preachers of the day."

The primal and most beneficial function of a thunderstorm is to clear the air, and this, it is generally conceded, the present "theological thunderstorm" in England has done most effectually. As the *New York Outlook* puts it:

"Whether Mr. Campbell is an assailant or a defender of faith, he has done good. For the world should gladly welcome anything, whatever it may be, that turns laymen aside from a discussion of state politics, commercial speculations, and social fashions, to a discussion of the spiritual problems of sin, forgiveness, and practical righteousness."

THE ALLEGED "PIOUS FRAUDS" OF THE BIBLE



IN THE interest of that "scrupulous conscientiousness" which ought to prevail in the field of religion, if anywhere, the Rev. A. Kampmeier, a writer in *The Open Court* (Chicago), pleads for a frank recognition and condemnation of what he terms the "pious frauds" practiced by Biblical writers and commentators. "We must admit," he thinks, "that the ancient Jewish mind, deeply religious, lacked an essential of the true religious spirit. . . . It does not seem to have had the least scruple about manufacturing fictitious prophecies and history. And it was equally so with the early Christian writers. Fiction in the cause of religion, pretending to be true history and fact, seemed to them perfectly justifiable." In illustration of this general tendency, Mr. Kampmeier cites the common rabbinical custom of detaching Old Testament sentences from their context, and giving them prophetic or other values entirely foreign to their original significance. He also finds an exemplification of his theory in each of four well-known Biblical books. Turning, first of all, to the second epistle of Peter, he says:

"The second epistle of Peter in the New Testament pretends not only to have been written by Peter, the intimate disciple of Jesus, but it even says, referring to the story of the transfiguration of Jesus on the mount: 'The voice: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, we ourselves heard come out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount.' (Chap. i. 18.)

"It has long been known that this epistle is entirely spurious. Even in the fourth century it was believed by some to be spurious, and these doubts have again and again turned up, till now no unprejudiced Biblical scholar accepts it as authentic.

"The general belief in its authenticity, and for which it was taken up into the canon, was very probably due, besides the mention of the name of Simon Peter in the address to the readers, to the before cited words in that epistle, by which the writer fully asserts himself to have been an eye-witness of that miraculous event of the transfiguration related in the Gospels.

"Sincere believers in Christianity thus argued: 'Would a man have been such a liar as to call himself an eye-witness of that event if he had not been,—a man who wrote an epistle of such religious earnestness and spirituality?' Sincere believers in the truth of Christianity instinctively felt that the writer of the epistle, if he had not been an eye-witness, would have been a liar. Rather than accept such an immoral act on the part of the author of the epistle, the writing was accepted as authentic in spite of its many contradictions.

"It is a well-known fact now that the first centuries were full of such literary productions as-

cribed to immediate disciples of Jesus and others of his contemporaries, which have deceived people even to our own time, and the so-called second epistle of Peter is one of them."

Mr. Kampmeier proceeds to a discussion of the authenticity of the book of Daniel:

"The book of Daniel in the Old Testament expressly claims to have been written by a certain Daniel living in the time of the Babylonian Exile. It is well known now that this book was written almost four hundred years later during the time of the Maccabees. This was even proved to be so by the neo-Platonist Porphyry as early as the third century, for which reason his books were later burned by order of the Emperor Theodosius, in order that his criticism of the book of Daniel should not become generally known. Since the beginning of the last century, however, the authenticity of the book has been given up more and more, and no unprejudiced Bible scholars accept it any longer. And yet that book has misled the most eminent men since it was written, because it exerted such an enormous influence in the formation of Christianity by being the first of the books of the Old Testament to give prominence to the idea of a kingdom coming from heaven through the appearance of the 'Son of Man' in the clouds."

Next, the origins of the book of Deuteronomy are subjected to relentless analysis. Says Mr. Kampmeier:

"We all know that Deuteronomy came out about 650 B. C. in the reign of the Jewish king Josiah (that is, the essential part of it), in order to influence King Josiah to begin that radical reform which made the temple in Jerusalem the only place of worship and abolished all other places of worship throughout the limits of the kingdom of Judah and those of the former kingdom of Israel. That book was given to King Josiah as a writing which had come down from Moses himself, who had forbidden any other place of worship but the one which Jehovah had chosen, and declared that all the evils had come upon the Hebrews because they had transgressed that command—Deuteronomy being filled with curses predicting in detail what ills would come as a consequence of disobeying this command of Jehovah through his servant Moses.

"Until the time of the appearance of Deuteronomy even the most pious Hebrews and prophets had worshiped Jehovah without any scruples in other places outside Jerusalem. They never knew of any such command given by Moses, as to worship only in one place and no other. Now with one stroke a matter was introduced which had never been known before. A book purporting to have been written by Moses was suddenly discovered and brought to light. If this wasn't pious fraud, what was it?"

Even the Gospel of John is charged with harboring a certain measure of "pious fraud." Of this book Mr. Kampmeier writes:

"The Fourth Gospel of the New Testament purports to be a writing of John, a disciple of

Jesus, and his most intimate one. Altho it does not say this expressly, it is written in such an ingenious way that any reader receives the impression that that Gospel has come from the most intimate personal connections with Jesus. This book, on account of its seemingly greater spirituality than the other Gospels and on account of the very mysterious and mystical air surrounding it, has played its part so well that it has charmed all but the most cool and impartial critics. Only these have seen through its unhistorical garb, and the so-called Gospel of John is more and more accepted as a most ingenious fiction on the person of Jesus, with perhaps very little historical fact underlying it."

In the light of modern knowledge and standards, what are we to think of all this? Can we say that the pretensions of Deuteronomy and the Book of Daniel, of the Gospel of John and the Second Epistle of Peter, were only innocent devices—that unknown writers had to use some external machinery or frame by means of which to set forth their ideas? Are we to believe that the authors of these writings thought that the garb of their books was of no importance, but only the religious and moral ideas expressed in them? "Surely not," answers Mr. Kampmeier. He adds:

"It is not for this reason alone, *i. e.*, to have a suitable frame in which to set their ideas as poets and novelists do, that they chose their special garb, but they knew very well that just the pretense of being genuine prophecies relating events from eye-witnesses would have a most convincing influence upon the reader; that in fact this seeming genuineness, so ingeniously worked out, would be the most important thing to the reader.

"And if this is so, what else can we call this proceeding but pious fraud? I at least do not know of any other term which would describe it more correctly and strikingly.

"To the times of Jesus and the first Christian centuries such things seemed perfectly natural and right. The modern mind has evolved to the point of a greater scrupulousness in regard to straightforward methods of teaching religious truth, and this without doubt is due to the influence of science upon religion, for science seeks nothing but pure and naked truth and permits not the least prevarication."

Mr. Kampmeier's article has provoked two rejoinders, which appear in the March issue of *The Open Court*. The first, by C. B. Wilmer, takes the form of a "protest against the dogmatism of this way of dismissing the whole subject of the fulfilment of prophecy." Mr. Wilmer's point of view is summed up in the following paragraph:

"There is a way of regarding this subject which may or may not be the true one, but which at least ought not to be left out of consideration entirely. As I read the New Testament, the idea of fulfilment may be illustrated by the bud's becoming the full-blown rose. Certain ideas and principles are imbedded in the religion and his-

tory of Israel as the bud is inclosed in the green leaves of the calyx. These principles, expanded and given their fullest, deepest spiritual application, make the Kingdom of God *par excellence*, otherwise known as Christianity. Take the one idea of redemption. As deliverance from trouble, it manifestly admits of degrees of meaning, according to the trouble from which there is deliverance. It means one thing when the children of Israel are brought out of Egypt; it means a wider and greater thing when they are brought back from exile; it means still another when Jesus Himself is delivered from sin and death, and when mankind, through Him, are set free to live the sinless and eternal life."

The second rejoinder is from Joseph C. Allen, a clergyman who feels that Mr. Kampmeier has "overstated the case." He says:

"The practice of one man's writing a book in another's name was quite common in Israel, and probably rose in part from the fact that authorship was not so distinct and definable usually as it generally is with us. A writer would borrow very freely and extensively from previous writers, without giving them credit, or making any distinction between their words and his own. Sometimes he would add something of his own to what some one else had written previously, and incorporate this new portion in his own copy of the work. The followers of a sage or prophet would write down his words—sometimes after his death, and put forth the book in the name of him whose sayings it records. Sometimes such a work would contain some passages that were really original with the man that wrote the book, but which he deemed true to the thought of the sage or prophet with whose sayings they were incorporated.

"It was in these circumstances natural that men should be careless in the matter of ascribing a book to an author. And as a disciple often incorporated his own words with those of his teacher, so he might at times write in the name of his teacher, without intending to deceive. This was no more dishonest than it is for a factory to run on and turn out goods in its founder's name after he passed away."

Mr. Allen admits that there were elements of "pious fraud" in the books of Deuteronomy and Daniel. But he says of the Second Epistle of Peter: "The writer felt that he was writing Peter's thoughts and repeating Peter's testimony; and so he believed he had a right to use Peter's name." And of the Fourth Gospel he writes: "Before we denounce the author of this Gospel as a trickster, let us observe how honest he is in admitting facts that presented difficulties against the faith of the early Christians, or handles for the attacks of their foes." Mr. Allen concludes:

"On the whole, I believe that the Hebrew writers were truthful men. But we should not judge them by modern standards, when literary authorship is a more definite fact, when literary criticism demands greater care to interpret a writer in his own exact sense, and when science has caused us to be more precise in our statements than was considered necessary in the past."

HOW TO SUPPLANT THE MILITARY IDEAL



NE of the great problems of our time, as Prof. William James has said, is to discover a "moral equivalent for war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war has done, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual natures as war has proved itself to be incompatible." In her latest book* Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, applies herself to the solution of this problem. The "older dovelike ideal of peace," she observes, has been superseded. What we need now are "newer ideals, active and dynamic," affecting the whole realm of social life. She continues:

"The older ideals have required fostering and recruiting, and have been held and promulgated on the basis of a creed. Their propaganda has been carried forward during the last century in nearly all civilized countries by a small body of men who have never ceased to cry out against war and its iniquities, and who have preached the doctrines of peace along two great lines. The first has been the appeal to the higher imaginative pity, as it is found in the modern, moralized man. This line has been most effectively followed by two Russians, Count Tolstoy in his earlier writings and Verestchagin in his paintings.

"With his relentless power of reducing all life to personal experience, Count Tolstoy drags us through the campaign of the common soldier in its sordidness and meanness and constant sense of perplexity. We see nothing of the glories we have associated with warfare, but learn of it as it appears to the untutored peasant who goes forth at the mandate of his superior to suffer hunger, cold, and death for issues which he does not understand, which, indeed, can have no moral significance to him. Verestchagin covers his canvas with thousands of wretched wounded and neglected dead, with the waste, cruelty, and squalor of war, until he forces us to question whether a moral issue can ever be subserved by such brutal methods.

"The second line followed by the advocates of peace in all countries has been the appeal to the sense of prudence, and this again has found its ablest exponent in a Russian subject, the economist and banker, Jean de Bloch. He sets forth the cost of warfare with pitiless accuracy, and demonstrates that even the present armed peace is so costly that the burdens of it threaten social revolution in almost every country in Europe."

Thus far the appeals for the abolition of war, whether made in the name of humanity or of prudence, have failed. But Miss Addams aims to make them effective by setting behind them "forces so dynamic and vigorous that the impulses to war seem by com-

parison cumbersome and mechanical." To follow her argument:

"It is not merely the desire for a conscience at rest, for a sense of justice no longer outraged, that would pull us into new paths where there would be no more war nor preparations for war. There are still more strenuous forces at work reaching down to impulses and experiences as primitive and profound as are those of struggle itself.

"Moralists agree that it is not so much by the teaching of moral theorems that virtue is to be promoted as by the direct expression of social sentiments and by the cultivation of practical habits; that in the progress of society sentiments and opinions have come first, then habits of action and lastly moral codes and institutions. Little is gained by creating the latter prematurely, but much may be accomplished to the utilization of human interests and affections. The Advocates of Peace would find the appeal both to Pity and Prudence totally unnecessary could they utilize the cosmopolitan interest in human affairs with the resultant social sympathy that at the present moment is developing among all the nations of the earth."

Miss Addams goes on to suggest that we are even now discovering moral substitutes for the war virtues in our struggle toward a higher social order. "The newer heroism," she says, "manifests itself at the present moment in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease, a manifestation so widespread that it may justly be called international." She adds:

"In illustration of this new determination one immediately thinks of the international effort to rid the face of the earth of tuberculosis, in which Germany, Italy, France, England and America are engaged with such enthusiasm. This movement has its international congresses, its discoverers and veterans, also its decorations and rewards for bravery. Its discipline is severe; it requires self-control, endurance, self-sacrifice and constant watchfulness. Its leaders devote hours to careful teaching and demonstration, they reclaim acres of bad houses, and make over the food supply of huge cities. One could instance the determination to do away with neglected old age, which finds expression in the Old Age Pension Acts of Germany and Australia, in the State Savings Banks of Belgium and France, in the enormous number of Mutual Benefit Societies in England and America. In such undertakings as these, with their spontaneous and universal manifestations, are we beginning to see the first timid forward reach of one of those instinctive movements which carry onward the progressive goodness of the race."

It will be seen that the newer humanitarianism offers emotional stimuli, as well as moral codes; and Miss Addams thinks the time is coming when each nation, "quite as a natural process," will substitute virile goodwill for the spirit of warfare. She concludes:

*NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE. By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company.

"We are much too timid and apologetic in regard to this newer humanitarianism, and do not yet realize what it may do for us in the way of courage and endurance. We continue to defend war on the ground that it stirs the noble blood and the higher imagination of the nation, and thus frees it from moral stagnation and the bonds of commercialism. We do not see that this is to borrow our virtues from a former age and to fail to utilize our own. We find ourselves in this plight because our modern moral-

ity has lacked fiber, because our humanitarianism has been much too soft and literary and has given itself over to unreal and high-sounding phrases. It appears that our only hope for a genuine adjustment of our morality and courage to our present social and industrial developments, lies in a patient effort to work it out by daily experience. We must be willing to surrender ourselves to those ideals of the humble, which all religious teachers unite in declaring to be the foundations of a sincere moral life."

THE ONLY SURE BASIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF



WE HEAR so much, in these latter days about the growth of skepticism and unbelief that it cannot but be well, once in a while, to consider the obverse side of the religious problem, and to ask: Why are there so many believers? For, after all, when we look about the world to-day, we find the great majority of men and women in an attitude of religious faith, supporting the churches and defending the creeds. It is likely that most of us have been confronted, at one time or another, with the questions: Why does the average mind, in spite of its doubts and questionings, cling to a belief in the divine? and: What are the causes, the true bases, on which the general belief rests? In all the domain of religious psychology no questions are more fundamental than these, and none have more immediate bearing on the theoretical and practical problems of religious life.

Prof. James Bissett Pratt, of Williams College, whose new and valuable work* on religious psychology has suggested this train of thought, divides the religious development of mankind into three main periods. There is first of all a stage of "primitive credulity," such as that which characterizes children and child-races. A set of beliefs is handed down from father to son and accepted without question. There is secondly a stage of intellectual belief resulting from growing mentality. This stage represents the conscious effort of man to formulate his beliefs in terms of reason, and to defend religion from its enemies. And last of all comes the emotional belief in religion, which rests neither upon child-like faith nor upon reason, but upon intuition and upon matured feeling. It is this intuitional faith that, in Professor Pratt's opinion, affords the real basis for religion to-day; and upon it, he predicts, will rest the religion of the future.

That religious authority no longer commands the allegiance of man in the degree that it once did is fairly obvious. That the growth of scientific knowledge and the turning of the white light of reason on religious dogma has undermined much of what used to be regarded as fundamental doctrine will also be admitted. But the human craving for the divine which prompted St. Augustine's exclamation, "Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee!" is as urgent to-day as it ever was.

With a view to ascertaining the exact state of religious feeling in a typical Eastern community, Professor Pratt recently prepared a circular of printed questions bearing on the psychology of belief, to which he requested written answers. Of eighty-three persons who complied with his request only three confessed themselves unbelievers. The great majority made it clear that their religion is based upon *need*, or upon more or less vague and intuitive experiences. One man, for instance, wrote that he believed, not because he had experienced God's presence, "but rather because I need it, so that it *must* be true." Another believed "chiefly because God is the only hope of the universe. Take away this belief and our existence is hopeless." A third said: "I believe in God especially for moral reasons. Things seem to me senseless and dead if He does not exist, and if I cannot believe He helps me on the way." A fourth made the explicit statement: "Because I want to believe in Him. . . . I pray because I like to. . . . I believe in immortality because I like to." On this type of mind Professor Pratt comments:

"Doubtless a great many people belong to this class without knowing it. They think it is the authority of the Bible or some argument on which their faith is based, whereas it really is the picture of the fear and despair that would follow the loss of faith that makes them cling to it. An analysis of the arguments used in many sermons whose aim is to defend orthodox doctrines would point to the same conclusion;

*THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Williams College. The Macmillan Company.

the question discussed seems often to be, not What is true? but What is pleasant to believe? The pragmatic appeal is constantly made; the old doctrine brings happiness, therefore let us cling to it. One respondent writes that, after several years of skepticism and argument, and of keeping his nerves 'on a constant and useless strain,' he had to come back 'to the plain, solid ideas which were drilled into us in childhood. Then comes a peace of mind regarding our religious status. We have seen the practical application. We have seen men die as Christians and others as infidels. We are awakened from our dreams of youth.'"

Fifty-six of the respondents believed that they had been in direct communion with God. One felt the presence of the Divine in "the deeps of nature and of human nature, . . . on the sea, on the seashore, or out at night, under the stars." A second wrote: "On certain rare days, and under circumstances that I cannot analyze, but of which essentials are to be at peace with others and with myself, and being in the presence of some aspect of nature, there falls upon me all of a sudden an extraordinary feeling of sympathy with nature. I have felt it by looking out of the window in the evening, by hearing the wind in the trees, when lying on the grass, by admiring a sunset, contemplating mountain scenery." A third spoke of experiencing physical well-being as the direct result of the inpouring of the Divine spirit. "When I experience the presence of God," he said, "I feel, physically, aggressive but self-poised, exhilarated but not impulsive, my chest swells, my breathing is deep and satisfying, and I seem to see the way to action opened up and the strength to do it." A fourth said: "God is as real to me as the sense of happiness or the sense of love. As I sit by my friend, even abstracting the expression of his face, I often, by the communion of his soul and mine, know that he is my friend. So is God real to me. I feel that I have experienced His presence just as in church you sometimes feel the benediction." A woman made the statement: "God as my Father is *very real*. Have I experienced His presence? Yes, and more than once. The most vivid and never-to-be-forgotten was the strength, peace and quietness that came as we watched the out-going of our first little boy."

Of this kind of testimony Professor Pratt says:

"It puts one's faith upon a plane superior to all argument. He who has once known it can never altogether forget it; he feels that he has had at least one glimpse into a new dimension of being. It is not to be described, but only to be experienced; a language which all the initiate—and only they—may speak or understand. This, at least, is the almost universal assertion

of those who claim to have known this thing. With Browning's Abt Vogler they say:

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians
know.

One of my respondents writes: 'I find others have experience which makes them understand mine without explanation. A certain instinctive comprehension exists, tho in matters of taste, education and temperament we may be quite far apart. There seems to be a common language of the soul learned through a life not possible to utter in words.'

All of which leads to the conclusion that belief in our day must stand or fall with "the Religion of Feeling." "Personal inner experience, the unreasoned (tho by no means unreasonable) religious attitude toward the universe," observes Professor Pratt, "is the only source from which religion in these days of naturalism and agnosticism, of indifference and hostility, can draw its life. Here alone is something independent of literary criticism, of scientific discovery, of philosophic thought." He adds:

"The time is coming and is, I believe, not far distant, when this inner experience, this spiritual insight, will be recognized as the only sure basis of religious belief.

"What will be the content of such a religion? Its beliefs, as pointed out above, must be formulated and made articulate by thought. It must forever express itself in forms and symbols. These forms and symbols will always vary with different peoples and different times, and they will arise and succeed one another and pass away in the future as they have in the past. The concept of God will continue to vary with the individual. But beneath all these changing and contradictory manifestations will flow the one life of the inner religious experience. This inner experience, I say, is really one; all the mystics speak one language and profess one faith. For while some commune with Brahman, some with their own larger and purer selves, some with the 'Tao,' some with Jesus or with Mary, some with the *stille Wüste* or the *ungeschaffener Abgrund* or the Oversoul, all testify to the conviction—or, as they phrase it, to the immediate experience—that their little lives lead out into a larger Life not altogether identical with theirs but essentially of the same nature. Beyond this in their descriptions of it they vary, many of them insisting that it is for us unknowable. But they all agree with Plotinus that, tho 'God escapes our knowledge, He does not escape us.' This evidence which all the mystics bear to a vast reservoir of life beyond us, which is like ours and with which our life may make connections, is the one dogma of the Religion of Feeling. And as the many dogmas of the Religion of Thought follow the many dogmas of the Religion of Primitive Credulity into the museums and the history books—the ghost world of departed faiths—this one dogma, if religion is really to last, will be seen in its true light as the one doctrine of the real Religion of Humanity, because it is founded on the very life of the race."

ARE WE THREATENED BY A FEMININE CHRISTIANITY?

NOT long ago President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, attributed a certain decline in religion in our day to "the fact that the church has been for ages cultivating the female side of religion." With much the same thought in mind Captain Mahan recently said to the members of a graduating class at West Point: "The masculine, military side of religion, as portrayed in the Bible, is too often overlooked, because women are more religious than men." That the danger-signal raised by these two eminent publicists can be ignored by church leaders only at their peril is the deepest conviction of Dr. Carl Delos Case, a Brooklyn clergyman. In a new work, entitled "The Masculine in Religion,"* Dr. Case urges the view that modern Christianity is seriously menaced by feminine influences, and that the great need of our times is a counter-balancing masculine note in religious life and thought.

In marshaling the evidences that go to show the growing power of "a feminine Christianity," Dr. Case speaks, first of all, of the absence of men from the churches. He writes on this point:

"There are about 20,000,000 Protestant church-members to-day in the United States. About 13,000,000 of these are women. Seventy-five per cent. of the boys leave Sunday-school during the adolescent age. Mr. C. C. Michener, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, reports that, in the country, one in two young men go to church regularly, one in three occasionally, and one in fourteen not at all; in the city, one in four regularly, one in two occasionally, and one in seven not at all. This is one of the most encouraging reports given to the public. In a recent year the minutes of a prominent denomination in Massachusetts gave the totals of male membership in 198 churches. These churches had 33,885 members, or an average of 170 to each church. The total male membership was 10,543, or an average of a little over fifty-three to each church. This makes it plain that of these churches only about one-third were men. These figures were gathered largely from the rural districts, where there are generally more male members in proportion to the entire membership. In regard to the Catholics, the reports are much the same. *The Catholic Telegraph* once said that at the same communion rail there are everywhere ten young women for one young man."

The ruling traits of woman, according to

Dr. Case's analysis, are emotion, suggestibility, altruism, self-sacrifice, and love of the beautiful, and these traits, he argues, good as they may be in their proper place, have impressed themselves upon modern Christianity to an extent that is nothing less than disastrous. In regard to the place of emotion in woman's religion, he says:

"That woman is more emotional is manifest in the importance attached to emotional elements in religion. The investigations of writers like Starbuck have repeatedly shown that men become Christians oftener for rational, women for emotional, reasons; and it is on the emotional element that the strongest emphasis has been placed in the popular religious appeals. Examine a modern prayer-meeting, and it will be seen that the test of the value of the meeting is in the extent and quality of the feeling produced. The joy, peace, and happiness are a proof that God is present, as he is not supposed to be with the cold, hard-headed business man who is computing his accounts. Not in the action of the will or the intellect is God primarily manifest, but in the emotions. Revivals have been most successful when most feeling has been manifest. There is danger of repudiating emotion in religion; it has its place. But it must not usurp the place of the will and intellect; and that it has is an example of the over-feminization of the religious life."

Then, again, woman is more suggestible than man, and this characteristic, says Dr. Case, has become a standard of religious experience generally. "Woman is more affected by external influences than man, gives way to example and precept, and is more subject to hallucination and striking experiences. Women are converted oftener in the revival meeting; men oftener alone." It has been charged that worldliness is responsible for the decay of the old-time revival, but Dr. Case thinks "it is rather true that man has asserted his nature, has become less suggestible, and where his conversion was awaited on the revival type, he has remained outside of the fold of the church."

Taking up, next, the question of woman's altruism and self-sacrifice, Dr. Case writes:

"The altruistic sentiment of woman is the ideal of society, though not always the practice. But altruism may be too sentimental. The curse of all charity is indiscriminate giving. It may be love, but it is not wisdom for the mother to yield her better judgment to the whims of a son. There is too much of the sentimental altruism in religious teaching to-day, and the ruggedness of the law has been smoothed away to the freedom of license. There is altruism that is allied to chivalry, and this is masculine. The word 'chivalry' is ety-

*THE MASCLINE IN RELIGION. By Carl Delos Case, Ph.D., Pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

mologically the same as the word cavalry, and in the Italian and Spanish the same word does service for both ideas. Chivalry is martial, and is the display of soldierly aggressiveness in behalf of the weak. 'The only chivalry worth having,' sweetly writes Louisa M. Alcott, 'is the readiness to pay deference to the old, protect the feeble, and serve womankind, regardless of age, rank, or color;' but that altruism which discards punishment, banishes hell, winks at lax habits of morality, makes church discipline a farce, public justice a fiasco, and social purity an abnormality, may not be woman's desire, but it is the result of a feminine altruism.

"Woman is dependent, and the modern religious life is far too much a self-abnegation that makes the Christian lose his independence, cultivate only meekness, and subdue his natural assertiveness. Self-sacrifice carried to an extreme has begotten a race of would-be martyrs, and obedience to Christ is made synonymous with the loss of manhood. The passive virtues are exalted beyond proportion. Woman's natural religiousness is so far conceded that the religious life is made to include just those characteristics which she possesses, and man is so much by nature farther away that the path back to God is a longer one, and is only to be traversed by denying what God has made him. It is of the same piece of argument that the intellect is made the instrument of confusion and doubt, and the 'heart' (i. e., not the whole of man's self, but his emotions) the sole faculty of knowing God. The more intellect, therefore, the farther a man is from God, and the greater obstacles in the way of his return. It would be a pity, indeed, for us to say that since woman has the gift of trusting and loving and the sense of dependence, she is more easily guided into the true path, for thereby it would be necessary to say that God created man naturally incapable of exercising the religious faculty, if indeed he has one. The Bible does say, 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God,' but it does not say 'Except ye become as women, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.'"

Finally, Dr. Case charges women with over-esthetizing the church. Sermons must be "rhetorical and oratorical" to please them. They desire not so much logical thought as "beautiful description especially adapted to produce emotions."

"Women are more attracted by appearances, more fastidious, more subservient to social rules, which rules aim to cultivate good form. The other parts of the church service, especially the music, must be in strict accordance with the artistic sense. Ruggedness, masculinity, is not desirable. No wonder Professor Starbuck found that girls express a pleasure in religious observances more frequently than the boys by a ratio of seventeen to seven, while, on the contrary, boys express a distinct dislike for them more often than the girls by a ratio of twenty-one to nine. Men like a feminine woman as the counterpart of themselves; but they do not like a feminine service which is supposed to be an expression of their own masculine nature. They are not women, and cannot act like women."

After formulating his indictment, Dr Case

strikes a positive and constructive note. What we need, he avers, is a revival of "muscular Christianity," and a new realization of the truth that it is just as important and natural for a man to be religious as for a woman. The demand to-day is for "a masculine religion and a masculine church service." Further:

"The church is or should be the home of love; but it is something more. It is a factory to turn out products for a modern civilization; it is a laboratory in which an expert examination is made of soul life; it is an arsenal where are found all sorts of armor for warfare; it is a foundry where is forged the armor for defense, it is a fort from which the soldiers sally forth to victory. Why should the church life be known only by its moments of rest? Why should the soft playing of 'Home, Sweet Home' be thought more appropriate for the Christian soldier than 'Rally Round the Flag'? Let some rugged thought be presented, some military discipline be used, some martial music be played. The good lover is the good hater, and hate means opposition. There are needed in the church both a Christian thought and a Christian activity expressive of its virility."

Above all, says Dr. Case, in concluding, we need a new emphasis on the masculinity of Christ. Too often He has been represented as a feminine, spiritual, patient personality; too seldom as virile, commanding and strong. To quote again:

"Christ has splendid self-control. See him as he conquered out there in the wilderness physical demands for the sake of the interests of the Kingdom; as he restrained his eagerness and worked on in obscurity for thirty years; as he refused kingship, when he was *de jure* king; as he never spoke unadvisedly, although the human tongue is a most unruly member; as he spoke his convictions even when threatened by death.

"He had moral courage. He would not compromise with Nicodemus, or whitewash the lives of the Pharisees, or be fearful in driving out the money-changers by the threat of the lash. He was unmindful of his reputation, and never accommodated his teaching to suit the times or the audience. He was as ready to set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem as if he were going to an enthronement of earthly glory. He was a patriot; but a patriot who loved his country better than his own life, and was willing to die for his country even when he himself could not live in his earthly life to share in the final victory.

"This fine category of manly qualities does not signify that Christ lacked the gentler graces. Robert E. Speer quotes from Miss Mulock in 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' who speaks of tenderness as 'that rare thing—a quality different from kindness, affectionateness, or benevolence; a quality which can only exist in its perfection in strong, deep, undemonstrative natures, and therefore in its perfection seldomer found in women than in men.' Speer goes on to show that Jesus revealed that tenderness in his quick thought for others, in his love for little children, in his kindly attitude toward the Samaritans, in

his sympathy with widows, in his sympathy with the lonely, in his care for the poor, in his passion for healing the sick and the wretched, in his remembrance of his mother in his last agony.

"If, therefore, Jesus had the feminine graces, as he certainly did have, they were united with the strong, deep qualities of a manly nature. If he was the 'apotheosis of the feminine ideal,' he was also the apotheosis of the masculine ideal. He was a hero, and men admire the hero. No wonder

that Wendell Phillips made this reply to a group of men in Boston who told him that Jesus was amiable, but not strong: 'Not strong! Test the strength of Jesus by the strength of the men whom he has mastered; titans like Cromwell, for example, or Augustine, or Martin Luther!' Test Jesus Christ by the best standards of manhood practised by the noblest men, and taught by the wisest leaders of thought, and Jesus will be found the supremely manly man."

THE BIBLE'S FASCINATION AS LITERATURE



UMAN interest, as every journalist knows, is the first requisite for a good story or article; and human interest, according to Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, is the distinguishing quality of the Bible above all other books. Mr. Beveridge came to this conclusion some years ago while out with a camping party in the woods. The company was in a reading mood, but no reading matter was to be had for love or money. Finally one of the party bethought himself of his Bible, and suggested a reading from *that*. The proposal was not enthusiastically received, but the man with the Bible had his way. After the reading was over, one of the listeners exclaimed: "I never knew the Bible was so interesting. Let's have some more of that to-morrow." And to-morrow they did have some more. By chance an Indian guide belonging to the party was near, and he sat sat down and listened. The next day all the guides were there. At this point we quote directly from Senator Beveridge's narrative (*Saturday Evening Post*):

"The comments of the guides were curious, keen, full of human interest. It was no trouble for them to understand Isaiah. They had the same spirit that inspired David when he went up against Goliath. They knew, with their deep, elemental natures, the kind of woman Ruth was and Rebekah was. Moses slaying the Egyptian and leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, laying down the law in good, strict, man-fashion, was entirely intelligible to them. One wonders what the 'higher critics' and 'scholarly interpreters' of the Holy Scriptures would have thought had they seen these plain men, learned in the wisdom of the woods, understanding quite clearly the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the voluptuous Song of Solomon, or the war song of Moses, or, most of all, the Sermon on the Mount.

"Why, I never knew those things were in the Bible. How did you ever get on to them?" said He one day, when a perfectly charming story had been read.

"Why, this way," said the Other One. "Many years ago in a logging camp there happened to

be nothing to read, and I just *had* to read. I had read everything—that is to say, I had read everything but the Bible. And I did not want to read that. I had heard it read over and over again in the church and in my own home, and always with that monotonous non-intelligence, that utter lack of human understanding that makes all of the men and women of the Bible, as ordinarily interpreted to us, putty-like characters without any human attributes.

"But there was nothing else to read. So I was *forced* to read the Bible, and I instantly became fascinated with it. I discovered what every year since then has confirmed—that there is more 'good reading' in the Bible than in all the volumes of fiction, poetry and philosophy put together. So when I get tired of everything else and want something really 'good to read,' something that is charged full of energy and human emotion, of cunning thought and everything that arrests the attention and thrills or soothes or uplifts you, according to your mood, I find it in the Bible."

This story serves as the point of departure for a remarkable tribute to the Bible. "Surely," says Senator Beveridge, "this book has not held its sway over the human mind for two thousand years without having engaging qualities—something that appeals to our human interest. Surely the Old Testament, which is the story of the most masterful and persistent people who ever lived, cannot help being charged with thought, and emotion, and love, and hate, and plot and plan, with frailty and ideals, with cowardice and courage, with anarchy and law, with waywardness and obedience. . . . And surely, too, the New Testament, which is the account of the *Man* who dominates all Christendom to-day, the *Man* who is the most powerful influence in civilization two thousand years after He has passed from earth; surely such an account could not be without a fascination, compared with which our most thrilling novels and most passionate poems are vapid and tame." To quote further:

"And, when you add to these merely human elements of the Old and New Testaments the divine quality glorifying it all, you have by far

the best literature in the world; and not the best literature only, but by far the most interesting literature. You have not only the development of the only divine religion known to man, but you have easily the best reading to be found in all the libraries. It is of the Bible from this last point of view to which this paper is addressed. I am talking now to those who are asking each night about their firesides for 'something good to read;' and I am telling them to read the standard novels and more than the standard novels—the standard histories and biographies; and more than the standard histories and biographies—the standard poets; and more than both of these the *current magazines and all of them, for they are the living expression of the world's thought to-day*; but I am telling them that, more than all of these put together, they will find 'good reading,' considered from the viewpoint of 'good reading' and nothing else, between the covers of that volume which every home would be ashamed to be without, but which, curiously enough, is the last thing to be read."

Senator Beveridge goes on to register his conviction that "the Bible is by far the most admirable compendium of the best short stories to be found in the literature of the world." By common consensus of critical opinion the French are the best modern short-story tellers; "and yet," says Senator Beveridge, "the French short stories—perfect as they are when compared with other fiction—are crude and prolix compared with the short stories of the Bible." He cites the story of David and Goliath. "The world has not yet forgotten this immortal combat," he remarks; "and for 'good reading' in the realm of adventure nothing has been produced that comes anywhere near it." To quote again:

"A good way to test the tremendous pith and point of the Bible narrative is to read over a portion of it, get it thoroughly in mind; then close the Bible and try to write out the very things you have read yourself. You will find that you will use two or three times as many words, do the best you can.

"Of course, these stories of adventure are very numerous in the Bible—the volume is packed full of them.

"But suppose you want some other kind of story—intrigue, let us say, or diplomacy. You will find it in this same history of this same David. His craft in statesmanship equaled his courage in war. It is fascinating to see how he laid the foundation of that dynasty from which sprang our Savior. Of course, I am not going to attempt to repeat it here—that would be merely to repeat what you will find in infinitely more fascinating form in the Bible itself. All that I am doing is to tell you that if you want 'human interest' stories that yet involve statesmanship, diplomacy and war you will find them all crowded into the life of David. And through them all you will find fundamental, almost primal, human passions running at high tide.

"For example, David loved women—man-fashion and violently he loved them—and that

led him, man of God tho he was, into wrongdoing. And the hatred of the people of that time was equal to their love, and their grief was something terrible. When the men of that time and race hated, that meant a killing. We see it in the same race as late as the time of the play of 'The Merchant of Venice,' where that wonderful old character, Shylock, exclaims, Who hates the man he would not kill!

"While David is the master character throughout all this period, and, indeed, one of the master characters of all time and of all peoples, that period was full of characters. The fact is that the Bible is made up of big characters, men and women and children loving, plotting, warring, hating, intriguing, philosophizing, praying, forgiving, doing justice and working righteousness, yet falling to the lowest depths. But always there is 'something doing.'"

The Senator from Indiana sometimes wishes that he had been born a painter, instead of a statesman, and he says that if he had he would have painted at least two pictures if he had never painted any others. The first would have been a picture of Isaac, "the first gentleman in literature," as he took his bride, Rebekah, by the hand, and "brought her to his mother's, Sarah's, tent." The other would have been a picture of Joseph, "the dreamer," as he drew near to his brethren at Dothan, "lithe and strong and fine, wandering slowly, his great dark eyes filled with visions of another time and of another land, of great enterprises and splendid duties and mighty deeds—dreaming, always dreaming, and with the dreamer's halo about him." To quote, in conclusion:

"These tales are, of course, familiar to everyone. The pastels of *The Dreamer* and *The First Gentleman in Literature* are as well known as they are unappreciated. But their perfection as works of art and their absorbing quality as narratives have been forgotten just because they are old.

"I think that we Americans are falling into the same trouble that the men of Athens had fallen into at the time of Paul's immortal oration on Mars Hill. The men of Athens were continually looking for 'something new'—as we are told, 'the Athenians and the strangers there spent their time in nothing but telling or hearing some new thing.'"

"But the Bible is full of the most extraordinary experiences that few people know anything about. They are tucked away here and there throughout this astonishing volume. As I have said before, they are of every kind, too. Incidents of love of the most passionate and yet the tenderest and the most self-sacrificing kind; incidents of anger that set our blood on fire even in the reading of them; incidents of the blacker passions rioting unrestrained, wanton and desperate; incidents of craft and cunning more subtle than those told by Conan Doyle in his *Sherlock Holmes*, or by that master of all modern writers of plot and intrigue, Edgar Allan Poe."

NEW LITERARY PORTRAYALS OF JESUS



AMERICA has recently witnessed an unusual number of Biblical plays. None, however, has actually presented the figure of Jesus. In Germany there have been published within recent months a remarkable series of imaginative works, poetic, dramatic and fictional, dealing with Jesus as the central figure. The *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, gives a survey of this literature, from the pen of Fritz Philippi.

Nobody, he says, believes that the ideal drama of the life of Jesus has yet been written, and it would require a prophet or a prophet's son to predict the hour when a master's hand will accomplish this great task. The large number of efforts that are being made in this direction only emphasizes the fascination which the subject possesses for literary men. It is remarkable, moreover, what phenomenal differences appear in the conception of the subject as treated by the writers who have ventured upon this dangerous ground.

Of new German portrayals of Christ the most noteworthy is probably that of a Roman Catholic writer, Arno von Walden, whose "Christus" has created a sensation in religious circles. Von Walden gives an independent Catholic picture of Jesus, not a mere subordinate to the Virgin Mary. In beautiful verse and with a mystical spirit he glorifies Jesus as the King of Heaven, and this glorification of Jesus' royalty is carried so far that His redemptive work is almost obscured. One of the most striking parts of the work is entitled "Christus am Lethe." Here Jesus is depicted, in His disappointment, as wanting to turn His back on mankind and to return to the region of the dead, but as being recalled to His work of mercy for the welfare of sinners by the piteous appeals of the shadows of the dead.

An altogether different conception underlies the poetic drama of Hermann Baars, entitled "Jesus." If it be the aim of drama to depict the development of a personality under the influence of a struggle, then this "Jesus" is scarcely a drama. The central thought is rather the gradual development in Jesus' mind of the Messianic idea, to which He clings even in the face of the strongest temptation. This temptation is personified in Judas, who tries to hold Jesus to an ambition of merely earthly rule. The play is largely the story of the struggle between the antagonistic principles repre-

sented by these two, and might be called "Jesus and Judas." Indeed, Judas rather gains, and Jesus loses, in the development of the plot, and as the acme of the drama, Jesus is persuaded by Judas publicly to declare Himself the Chosen One, and thus excites the rage of the mob that ends His life. Baars' Jesus could hardly be described as the Jesus of the gospels, nor is his drama the realization of Christian ideals.

Entirely different again is the "Jesus" of Feddersen, which presents the Savior in an entirely modern way, acting and speaking for Himself. He is even pictured as joking with children, and in Gethsemane He begins with the words, "Now I will experience the higher meaning of the Lord's Supper." To the rich young man He says: "God or Mammon! Away with Mammon! Give me your soul!"

A fourth conception of Jesus is embodied in Max Semper's play entitled "Der Ewige" (The Eternal). It is an attempted solution of the problem from the standpoint of the philosophy of religion. All the actors who appear are representatives and types of different schools of religious thought, and in solemn dignity they advocate the teachings of these schools—the priest, the savant, the ascetic, and the Master Himself. The underlying purpose is to determine which is the best religion, and the success of each school is measured by the power of its representative to sway and control the people. The priest advocates his cultus, the learned Pharisee comes with the law, the Greek savant with his Platonic philosophy. The discussion is brought to an issue in a dialectic form, and a common conclusion is attained by Jesus in offering to redeem the people by a "sacrifice."

A fifth work by Hermann Kroepelin is called "Jesus: An Epos." The title claims too much, as it is not an "epic," but rather a dramatic poem. The interesting point in Kroepelin's book is its distinct and characteristic individualization of Jesus, who is represented as being first inspired to His mission by John the Baptist, and then as being overwhelmed by the dire distress of the people and outraged by the wickedness of the rulers. Disappointed in His expectations of a Messiah as helper, He finally concludes to undertake the work of deliverance Himself, and thus brings about His own death. In spirit and in tone this is one of the best in this group of works.

Finally, the "Christus" of Paul Friederich is an attempt at an epic description of Jesus. We have here real poetic thought, clad not in heavy theological armor, but in beautiful language, and carried through five cantos. It is a visionary elaboration of the story of the

Temptation. Satan tries to make Jesus disgusted with His mission, by telling Him what the Messiah must suffer at the hands of mankind. The whole work is distinguished by strong imaginative power and vivid portraiture.

A PROPOSED UNION OF CHRISTENDOM UNDER PAPAL AUSPICES



THE Rev. Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, whose withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church attracted so much attention ten years ago, has shown an increasing sympathy with Roman Catholicism. During the summer of 1905 he visited the Vatican and had an extended conference with the Pope. About the same time he published a friendly article on "Reforms in the Roman Catholic Church." And now he writes, in *The North American Review*, proposing nothing less than a reunion of all the Christian churches under a reformed Papal administration.

Present tendencies in the religious world, he argues, point toward the realization of this ideal. "Catholics and Protestants all over the world," he says, "are looking with hope and eagerness for great and widespread reforms, such as may remove the evils that brought about the division of the Church and destroy the barriers which perpetuate the separation; and, in a spirit of love and concord rally the entire Christian world about Christ our Lord and a successor of St. Peter, who will be as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly a representative of the Lord and Master as Shepherd of the flock of Christ, the executive head of a reunited Christianity."

The Papacy, he says further, "is one of the greatest institutions that has every existed in the world; it is much the greatest now existing, and it looks forward with calm assurance to a still greater future." Moreover:

"Its dominion extends throughout the world over the only ecumenical church. All other churches are national or provincial in their organization. It reaches back in unbroken succession through more than eighteen centuries to St. Peter, appointed by the Saviour of the world to be the Primate of the Apostles. It commands the great central body of Christianity, which has ever remained the same organism since Apostolic times. All other Christian organizations, however separate they may be from the parent

stock, have their share in the Papacy as a part of the Christian heritage and are regarded by the Papacy as subject to its jurisdiction. The authority of the Papacy is recognized as supreme in all ecclesiastical affairs, by the most compact and best-organized body of mankind, and as infallible in determination of doctrines of faith and morals when it speaks *ex cathedra*."

The historical development of the Papacy, we are reminded, constitutes "one of the most stupendous series of events in history." Until the time of the Reformation it may be said to have represented the cause of the Christian people against emperors, kings and princelets. Toward the close of the Middle Ages it allowed itself to be entangled in civil affairs, and so stretched its prerogatives as to become a peril to the states of Europe. Then came Protestantism. "The Protestant Reformation," says Dr. Briggs, "was essentially a protest, and so it might always have remained, a protest against Papal usurpations, with a willingness to recognize all valid, historical and Biblical rights of the Pope." But the logic of events compelled the Protestants to go further and organize national churches. "So far as there was a historical necessity for this course," comments Dr. Briggs, "it was valid. But when, later, Protestants went so far as to deny all the historic rights of the Papacy, Protestantism put itself into a false position which must ultimately be abandoned." In the meantime the Papacy was obliged to reform itself, and "there has been a slow, cautious, but steady advance in reform ever since." How far these reforms have made Christian reunion possible, Dr. Briggs goes on to discuss:

"The unity of the Church is in Christ, the head of the entire body of Christians. Such a Christianity embraces the world of the living and the dead, those in various stages of preparation, as well as those already Christian. Christianity in the world is organized in one Church, under the Apostolic ministry, culminating in the Universal Bishop, the successor of St. Peter. The three constituents necessary to complete

unity are the Pope, the ministry and the people, a threefold cord which should not be broken. The unity of the Church is not in the person of the Pope, but in his office, as the Universal Bishop, and as such the head of all the bishops, as these are of the ministers and people. In Christian history, the unity of the ministry has been expressed in Ecumenical Councils, that of the people in their lawful civil governments. Any failure to recognize and give due weight to each and all of these constituents of unity impairs the unity of the Church, but does not destroy it, so long as even one of the lines remains unbroken."

Dr. Briggs proceeds to specify the reforms which he thinks are needed in Papal administration. He proposes that "the jurisdiction of the Pope should be defined and limited by a constitution as the executive office has been in all governments." The Pope, as he points out, is at present more absolute in his government than the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. Constitutional definitions and restriction are needed not only to "restrain the Popes and their councilors, the Cardinals, within their legitimate limits of jurisdiction," but also to "defend the rights of the Papacy from the intrusion of civil governments." The exact nature of these constitutional provisions is made clear in a concluding paragraph:

"There are no serious barriers in the way of such a transformation of the Papacy as may remove the chief objections of those Churches which do not at present recognize its supreme jurisdiction. The great principle of unity of Greek and Oriental Churches may become operative in Ecumenical Councils truly representing the entire Christian world. Such Councils may by their decisions so supplement, enlarge and improve the past decisions of the Roman Catholic Church and Popes that the objections to them may be removed and the entire world may accept the results. The infallible and irrefutable determinations of Councils and Popes are few, and these may be so explained, limited or enlarged, and the essential so discriminated from the unessential, that even these discriminations may no longer be stumbling-blocks to the world. The great principle of Protestant Christianity, the consent of the Christian people, may become operative in the introduction of representatives of the people into the presbyterial and synodical system of the Church. The bureaucracy of the Cardinalate and the Congregations at Rome may be reduced to the efficient system in use in all modern representative governments. The absolutism of the Pope may be destroyed by a constitution defining carefully the limitation and extent of his powers. The government of the Pope may be fortified and at the same time limited by a Council meeting every three or five years, representing the entire Christian world. The legislative function of the Papacy may be eliminated from the executive, as in the best modern states. The judicial function of the Papacy may be separated by the organism of a

supreme court of Christendom. There is nothing in any infallible decision of Councils and Popes that in any way prevents some such transformation of the Papacy as is here conceived of. This ideal may be in its detail an illusion—doubtless most will think it such—but whether the outlines of this ideal and its details be mistaken in whole or in part, it is certain, as Jesus Christ our Savior reigns over His Church and the world, that some day, in some way, the Papacy will be reformed so as to correspond with His ideal, and will be so transformed as to make it the executive head of a universal Church."

Dr. Briggs's article has aroused considerable interest in the religious world, and has led to some discussion. "Coming as it does," says the *New York Freeman's Journal* (Rom. Cath.), "from a Protestant minister conspicuous for his scholarship and ability, it is extraordinary." The same paper says further:

"His admission of the divine authority of the Papacy must be only speculative or academic, for if he really admitted the authority of the Pope to be divine, all discussion, so far as he is personally concerned, is at an end. Obedience to that authority becomes an imperative obligation that cannot be shirked, or left, as an ideal in the air, or as the duty of some one else."

The *Freeman's Journal* takes issue with a statement by Dr. Briggs that the Papacy is endangered when it concerns itself with questions of politics, sociology and philosophy. In concrete society, we are reminded, "politics and morals are inextricably associated, and neither can be dealt with without reference to the other." The *Freeman's Journal* concludes:

"There are many other points of great interest in this remarkable essay of Dr. Briggs that deserve profound reflection. Though we cannot agree with him in much that he says, we cannot but admire him for the noble objective he has in view, namely, Christian unity."

Several of the newspapers offer suggestive comment on Dr. Briggs's article. The *New York Evening Post* finds it "characteristic of the hour and the man that theological differences of opinion are practically ignored as a barrier to the coming together of Protestant, Roman and Greek Christians;" and the *New York Times* says:

"To the lay mind it may indeed seem that, while there may be nothing in any of the acknowledged infallible decisions to prevent this transformation, there is in the human nature of Cardinals and of Popes a sort of obstacle which it will take nothing less than a miracle to overcome. For it is to be remarked that the transformation outlined by Dr. Briggs hardly leaves much to the Papacy of the substance of power that has been attractive in the past. But it is upon what the lay mind would regard as a miracle that Dr. Briggs necessarily relies."

Music and the Drama

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.—BY CHARLES KLEIN



CHARLES KLEIN'S play, "The Lion and the Mouse," from which, by special arrangement with H. B. Harris, we reprint three crucial scenes, is said to have achieved so far the most successful record ever made by a play written in America. Its two years' run in New York City stands unparalleled in the history of the American theater, and four companies have at the same time this season been presenting the play to the country at large. It has been ably novelized by Arthur Hornblow, and in book form, too, sells by the tens of thousands. This phenomenal success is due in part, at least, to the fact that in the character of John Burkett Ryder Mr. Klein has daringly and brilliantly dramatized, in thinly veiled form, the person of John D. Rockefeller. Our Old World dramatists have put kings and emperors upon the stage. Mr. Klein substitutes for these a monarch of finance.

The first act introduces us to Judge Rossmore and his family in dire straits. The worthy Judge had crossed the path of the "system" and more than once, by his impeccable integrity, thwarted the plans of John Burkett Ryder and his associates. At last, however, the revenge of the moneyed powers has overtaken him. With devilish ingenuity they have inveigled him into financial transactions of which he understood little, and, without his knowledge, have made over to him more stock than he was entitled to, so as to expose him to the suspicion of having accepted a bribe. Then, in the critical moment, certain letters, especially one which he had written to Ryder and from which his innocence would have been clearly established, are withheld from his friend and legal adviser, ex-Judge Stott. His fortune is shattered, he faces impeachment, and, the Senate committee being but a tool in Ryder's hands, almost certain conviction. When his daughter Shirley returns from a pleasure trip to Europe, in the course of which she had accidentally met and learned to love Ryder's son, Jefferson, she finds her family's social status totally changed and disgrace hanging like a sword over her father's head. Shirley is not only a brave but a clever woman. She had, under the name of Sarah Green, pub-

lished a book of stories, and but recently completed a novel, "The Octopus," for which the fascinating if unsympathetic figure of Ryder had been the model. Jefferson, the son, has not read the novel and knows nothing of Shirley's literary work. When he hears that her father is in difficulties he at once asks her for her hand. She had given him some encouragement, but rejects his offer under the circumstances. The announcement of Jefferson's engagement to Kate Roberts, daughter of Senator Roberts, which had been published simultaneously with young Ryder's return—without his knowledge and against his will, but in accordance with his father's commands,—and the unenviable part which the older Ryder had borne in bringing about Judge Rossmore's downfall, supply her with a plausible excuse. She will have justice for her father, and before that end has been attained she will hear nothing of love. Throughout this act as well as throughout the play Shirley reveals a strong, self-reliant soul.

The second act takes us to Ryder's private office. It appears that Kate Roberts, Jefferson's prospective fiancée, has been carrying on an intrigue with the Honorable Fitzroy Bagley, a penniless but blue-blooded Englishman, formerly third chamberlain to the Queen of England's second son, now in Ryder's service. In fact she cares no more for Jefferson than the latter cares for her. The scene that follows reveals Ryder's calm mastery over both his household and the United States Senate. In the latter Senator Roberts is his chief tool. Generals, governors, politicians, plead vainly for a word with the great potentate of finance. Mrs. Ryder is absolutely dominated by him. Jefferson, however, in a spirited scene, forces an interview, in the course of which he annuls the marital arrangement made by Ryder and declares his love for Judge Rossmore's daughter. Vainly old Ryder jeers and rages. Jefferson avows that he will leave the house and build a life for himself far from his father's millions. He goes out, and Miss Sarah Green is announced. Her book, "The Octopus," had meanwhile appeared, and by some intimate touches had roused the interest of John Ryder,

who could not but see his own image mirrored in its pages. Of course he never dreams of the author's identity with Shirley, the daughter of Judge Rossmore. He had sought an interview with the author, and she had refused to see him in his house except upon an invitation from Mrs. Ryder. When Shirley is ushered in as Sarah Green she naturally remarks that she had expected to see Mrs. Ryder. A dramatic interview follows:

SHIRLEY: I rather expected to see Mrs. Ryder.

RYDER: Yes, she wrote, but I—I—wanted to see you—(*picks up a book*) about this—

SHIRLEY: Oh, have you read it?

RYDER: I have—I am sure your time is valuable, so I'll come straight to the point. I want to ask you where you got the character of the central figure, the Octopus, as you call him, John Broderick?

SHIRLEY: From imagination, of course.

RYDER: You've sketched a pretty big man here. (*Opens book at marked places.*)

SHIRLEY: He has big possibilities, but I think he makes very small use of them.

RYDER: On page 22 you call him the greatest exemplar of individual human will in existence to-day. And you mark indomitable will and energy as the keystone of his marvelous success.

SHIRLEY: Yes.

RYDER: On page 26 you say that "The machinery of his money-making mind typifies the laws of perpetual unrest. It must go on—go on—relentlessly, resistlessly, making money, making money and continuing to make money. It cannot stop until the machinery crumbles." Do you mean to say I couldn't stop to-morrow, if I wanted to?

SHIRLEY: You?

RYDER: Well, it's a natural question. Every man sees himself in the hero of a novel, as every woman does in the heroine. We're all heroes and heroines in our own eyes, I'm afraid. (*He shuts the book.*) But what's your private opinion of this man from whom you drew the character? What do you think of him as a type? How would you classify him?

SHIRLEY: As the greatest criminal the world has ever produced.

RYDER: Criminal? (*Astonished.*)

SHIRLEY: He is avarice, egotism and ambition incarnate; he loves money because he loves power, and he loves power more than mankind or womankind.

RYDER: Um—rather strong.

SHIRLEY: Of course, no such man ever really existed?

RYDER: Of course not. (*He is thoughtful.*)

SHIRLEY: But you didn't ask me to call merely to find out what I thought of my work. That sounds like an interview in a Sunday paper.

RYDER (*laughs*): No, I want you to undertake a little work for me. (*Opens box.*) I want you to put my autobiography together from this material. (*He takes out several voluminous foolscap documents, letters, etc., which he places on the table.*) I want to know where you got the details of this man's life? (*He sits down and takes up the book.*)

SHIRLEY: For the most part from imagination

—newspapers—magazines. You know the American millionaire is a very overworked topic, and naturally I've read—

RYDER: Well, I refer to what you haven't read, what you couldn't have read. This is what I mean: "As evidence of his petty vanity, when a youth, he had a beautiful Indian girl tattooed just above his forearm." Now who told you that I had my arm tattooed when I was a boy?

SHIRLEY: Have you? Why, what a coincidence—

RYDER (*with sarcasm*): Yes? Well let me read you another coincidence. (*Reads from book*): "The same eternal long black cigar always between his lips."

SHIRLEY: General Grant smoked. All men who think deeply along material lines seem to smoke.

RYDER: Well, we'll let that go. How about this: "John Broderick loved, when a young man, a girl who I've in Vermont; but circumstances separated them." I loved a girl when I was a lad and she lived in Vermont, and circumstances separated us; that isn't coincidence, for presently you make John Broderick marry a young woman who had money. I married a girl with money and—

SHIRLEY: Lots of men marry for money—

RYDER (*sharply*): I said with money, not for money. But this, this is what I can't understand, for no one could have told you this but myself. (*Reads*): "With all his physical bravery, and his personal courage, John Broderick was intensely afraid of death. It was in his mind constantly." Who told you that I—I've never mentioned it to a living soul.

SHIRLEY: Most men who amass money are afraid of death, because death is about the only thing that can separate them from their money.

RYDER (*Laughs*): Why, you're a real character.

SHIRLEY (*laughs with him*): It's logical.

RYDER: You're a curious girl. Upon my word, you interest me. I want you to make as good a book of this chaos as you did out of your own imagination. (*Takes more manuscripts out of box.*)

SHIRLEY: So you think your life is a good example to follow? (*Looking carelessly over papers.*)

RYDER: Isn't it?

SHIRLEY: Suppose we all wanted to follow it, suppose we all wanted to be the richest, the most powerful personage in the world.

RYDER: Well?

SHIRLEY: I think it would postpone the era of the Brotherhood of man indefinitely. Don't you?

RYDER: I never looked at it from that point of view. You're a strange girl. You can't be more than twenty or so—

SHIRLEY: I'm twenty-four or so.

RYDER: Where did you get these details? Come, take me into your confidence?

SHIRLEY (*pointing to book*): I have taken you into my confidence, and it cost you \$1.50. (*Then pointing to papers.*) I'm not so sure about this.

RYDER: You don't think my life would make good reading?

SHIRLEY: It might. (*Looking over papers.*) But I don't consider that mere genius in money-making is sufficient provocation for rushing into print. You see unless you came to a bad end, it would have no moral.

RYDER: Upon my word, I don't know why I'm

so anxious to have you do this work. I suppose it's because you don't want to. You remind me of my son. Ah, he's a problem.

SHIRLEY: Wild?

RYDER: No, I wish he were.

SHIRLEY: Fallen in love with the wrong woman, I suppose.

RYDER: Something of the sort. How did you guess?

SHIRLEY: Oh, I don't know. So many boys do that. Besides I can hardly imagine that any woman would be the right woman unless you selected her yourself.

RYDER: Do you know that you say the strangest things?

SHIRLEY: Truth is strange, isn't it? I don't suppose you hear it very often.

RYDER: Not in that form.

SHIRLEY (*glancing over the letters*): All these from Washington consulting you on politics, and finance; they won't interest the world.

RYDER: Your artistic sense will tell you what to use.

SHIRLEY: Does your son still love this girl?

RYDER: No.

SHIRLEY: Yes, he does.

RYDER: How do you know?

SHIRLEY: From the way you say he doesn't.

RYDER (*admiringly*): You're right again, the idiot does love her.

SHIRLEY (*aside*): Bless his heart. (*Aloud.*) Well, I hope they'll both outwit you.

RYDER (*Laughs more interested in her than ever.*) Do you know I don't think I ever met anyone in my life quite like you?

SHIRLEY: What's your objection to the girl?

RYDER: Every objection. I don't want her in my family. And I object to her father.

SHIRLEY: Anything against her character? (*Busies herself with papers to hide her interest.*)

RYDER: Yes—no—not that I know of. But because a woman has a good character that doesn't necessarily mean that she should make a desirable match, does it?

SHIRLEY: It's a point in her favor, isn't it?

RYDER: Yes—but—

SHIRLEY: You are a great student of men, aren't you, Mr. Ryder?

RYDER: Yes—I—

SHIRLEY: Why don't you study women? That would enable you to understand a great many things that I don't think are quite clear to you now.

RYDER: I will. I'm studying you. But I don't seem to be making much headway. A woman like you, whose mind isn't eaten up with the amusement habit, has great possibilities, great possibilities. Do you know you're the first woman I ever took into my confidence? I mean at sight. I'm acting on sentiment, something I rarely do. I don't know why. I like you, upon my soul I do, and I'm going to introduce you to my wife—my son—(*takes telephone receiver from hook*) and you're going to be a great friend of theirs. You are going to like them. You—

SHIRLEY: What a commander-in-chief you would have made! How natural it is for you to command. I suppose you always tell people what they are to do and how they are to do it. You are a natural-born general. You know, I've often thought that a Napoleon and Caesar and Alexander must have been domestic leaders as well as imperial rulers. I am sure of it now.

RYDER: (*Nonplussed.*) Well—of—all— (*Gets up one step from chair and bows.*) Will you please do me the honor to meet my family?

SHIRLEY (*smiling sweetly*): Thank you, Mr. Ryder, I will. (*Looks at papers to control her delight.*)

RYDER (*at telephone*): Hello, hello, is that you Bagley? (*A pause.*) Get rid of General Dodge. I can't see him to-day. I'll see him to-morrow at the same time. Eh? (*SHIRLEY, who has been poring over the papers, starts, nearly drops and utters a slight cry.*) What's the matter?

SHIRLEY: Nothing—nothing. (*Glances aside at Ryder and tries to abstract a letter from papers. He casually catches her eye and she pretends to be indifferent.*)

RYDER (*to SHIRLEY*): Well, well, consider the matter settled. When will you come?

SHIRLEY (*in a peculiar hoarse voice, showing she is under a strain*): You want me to come here? (*Is frightened; looks at letter, then at RYDER. He catches her eye, leans on desk, then looks toward letter she is reading.*)

RYDER: Yes, I don't want those papers to get out of the house. Hello, what's that? Excuse me. (*Sees what she is reading and realizes that it is an important paper; takes it away from her.*) How on earth did they get there? Curious, they're from the very man we were speaking of. (*Takes keys out of pocket and opens drawer.*)

SHIRLEY: You mean Judge Rossmore?

RYDER (*suspiciously*): How did you know it was Judge Rossmore? I didn't know his name had been mentioned.

SHIRLEY: I saw his signature.

RYDER: (*Locks letters in drawer.*)

SHIRLEY: He's the father of the girl you dislike, isn't he?

RYDER: Yes—he's the—the— (*Ends sentence with a gesture of impatient anger.*)

SHIRLEY: How you hate him!

RYDER: Not at all. I disagree with his politics and his methods. And I know very little about him except that he is about to be removed from office.

SHIRLEY: Oh, about to be! (*Rises and drops paper.*) Then it is decided even before he is tried? (*Starts to pick up paper.*)

RYDER: No, no, allow me. (*Picks up paper and goes back to box for papers.*)

SHIRLEY: If I remember correctly, one of the newspapers seems to think he is innocent of the charge of which he is accused.

RYDER (*thoughtfully*): Perhaps.

SHIRLEY: In fact, most of them are on his side.

RYDER: Yes.

SHIRLEY: Whose side are you on? Really and truly.

RYDER: Whose side am I on? I—Oh, I don't know that I am on any side. I don't know that I give it much thought. I—

SHIRLEY: Do you think this man deserves to be punished?

RYDER: Why do you ask? (*He rises.*)

SHIRLEY: I don't know, it interests me. (*Trying to be calm.*) That's all. It's a romance. Your son loves the daughter of this man. He's in disgrace; many seem to think unjustly— (*With some emotion.*) And I have heard from some source or other—you know I know a great many newspaper men; in fact I have done newspaper work myself—I have heard that life has no

longer any interest for him, that he is not only disgraced but beggared; that he is pining away, slowly dying of a broken heart. (*Sits. All through this scene she tries to be light and non-chalant.*) Ah, why not come to his rescue—you who are so rich and powerful?

RYDER: My dear girl, you don't understand. His removal is a necessity.

SHIRLEY: You think this man is innocent?

RYDER: Even if I knew it, I couldn't move—

SHIRLEY: Not if you knew? Do you mean to say if you had the absolute proof you couldn't help him?

RYDER: I could not betray the men who have been my friends. It's *noblesse oblige* in politics as well as society.

SHIRLEY: Oh, it is politics! That's what the paper said, and you believe him innocent—(*Laughs.*) Oh I think you're having a little joke at my expense, just to see how far you can lead me. I dare say Judge Rossmore deserves all he gets. Oh yes, he deserves it—(*Ryder watches her curiously.*)

SHIRLEY: Please forgive me—I—(*Laughing to conceal her emotion.*) It's the artistic imaginative temperament in full working order: A story of hopeless love between two people with the father of the girl hounded by politicians and financiers. It was too much for me! ha! ha! I forgot where I was. (*She watches him furtively; she is intensely nervous, wiping perspiration from her face. At this moment SENATOR ROBERTS followed by KATE ROBERTS enters the room.*)

ROBERTS: I assumed the privilege of an old friend and passed by the guard. Kate gave Bagley a countersign and got through with me.

RYDER (*rising*): Glad to see you, Senator. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Miss Green, allow me to introduce Senator Roberts and Miss Roberts. Senator, this is the young woman who—(*Points to the book.*) She is the one who did it—

KATE (*interested*): Oh, really! (*Crosses to table.*)

ROBERTS: God bless my soul, you don't say so? So young and yet so—so—so—indeed this is an unexpected pleasure. Did you know that your book has been quoted in our Senate chamber by one of the Populist members, as the mirror in which the commercial octopus could gaze upon himself?

SHIRLEY: Really, I—

RYDER (*Bell.*): I'll order some tea. You'd like a cup of tea, wouldn't you Miss Green, and so would you, Kate?

KATE: Tea, in the sanctum sanctorum? What will Mr. Bagley think? Father, do you hear?

ROBERTS: Yes, but I prefer soda and whiskey.

KATE: Miss Green, if you only knew what exceptional honors are being heaped upon us. (*Enter JORKINS, a man servant.*)

RYDER: Tea, Jorkins, here. (*JEFFERSON appears at the door.*)

JORKINS: Here, sir?

RYDER: Yes, here. (*Exit JORKINS.*)

JEFFERSON: Excuse my interrupting you, father, but I leave early to-morrow, and before I go—

RYDER: We'll talk about that to-night. I want you, to meet Miss Green. Miss Green, this is my son Jefferson. (*Looks at paper on desk.*)

JEFFERSON (*starts*): Miss Green—

RYDER: Yes, Miss Sarah Green, the writer.

SHIRLEY: I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Ryder. (*Holds out her hand; he is dumb-founded; stares at her face and does not see her outstretched hand.*)

RYDER (*rather amazed*): Why don't you shake hands with her? She won't bite you. (*SHIRLEY and JEFFERSON shake hands.*)

RYDER: Kate—Miss Green, I want you to know this little girl very well; she's going to be my son Jefferson's wife. (*The girls smile at each other.*) And I want you to look after Jefferson. (*Enter BAGLEY, followed by servant with tea tray.*)

RYDER (*to SHIRLEY*): I want you to talk to him the same as you did to me.

JEFFERSON: Shirley—

SHIRLEY: Miss Green!

JEFFERSON: Miss Green, may I get you some tea?

SHIRLEY: Thank you, yes.

RYDER: Senator, the young man has a will of his own, but he will come to our way of thinking. He'll come around.

JEFFERSON: Sugar?

SHIRLEY: One lump, please. (*JEFFERSON brings down tea.*) And later on I want you to get the key of that left-hand-corner drawer—

JEFFERSON: Father's private desk?

SHIRLEY: Hush!

JEFFERSON (*to RYDER*): Father, I've changed my mind. I'm not going away.

CURTAIN.

The third act brings Senator Roberts again from Washington. He has received notice from his wife that his daughter Kate is planning to elope with Bagley the next morning. Ryder takes the situation at once in hand and dismisses his blue-blooded secretary Bagley like a schoolboy. From this conversation with Roberts it is evident that Judge Rossmore's fate is sealed. Sentiment is for him, but the decision will be given on party lines, and Roberts returns to Washington only to make victory doubly sure. After he is gone, Jefferson beards the financial lion in his den and reproaches him for having repeated the announcement of his marriage to Kate Roberts, and even set a date for the occasion. He insists that his love belongs to Shirley. Ryder threatens that, in such emergency, after being through with her father in Washington, he would send his sleuths upon the heels of the girl, and within a short time make her a notorious woman. Here Jefferson goes out, and Shirley, who has heard nothing of the conversation, enters, still as Sarah Green. She is greatly wrought up over the news from Washington. Ryder asks her for advice in regard to his son, for, in the short time she has been in Ryder's house the plucky girl had won the hearts of every member of the Ryder family. "I am against a blind wall," he says, "I can't see my way. I'm ashamed of myself, ashamed. Did you ever

hear the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cord which binds my son to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse. Set me free from this disgraceful entanglement." He finally proposes to her in his son's name. Kate, he says, is not in love with Jefferson, nor he with her. But a brilliant woman like Sarah Green would surely be able to make him forget Judge Rossmore's daughter. At this juncture ex-Judge Stott, Judge Rossmore's attorney, is announced. Shirley earnestly pleads with Ryder to receive him. She knows her father's life—and more—is at stake. She adds that it would be diplomatic, as the refusal of such a request could only harden Jefferson's heart toward his father. Ryder finally accedes, but turns a deaf ear to the Judge's appeal. The latter thereupon confronts him with the letter which Shirley had purloined from the desk and threatens to publish it. Ryder is unmoved by the threat. He is sure of the Senate and knows that it is too late for the letter to be offered as evidence, and he is used to being reviled in newspapers. After he has sent the Judge away, pale with anger, he calls for Jefferson.

JEFFERSON: You sent for me, father?

RYDER: What of the letters in this drawer?

JEFFERSON: What letters?

RYDER: The letters that were in the left-hand-corner drawer.

JEFFERSON: Why—I—I—

RYDER: You took them?

JEFFERSON: Yes.

RYDER: And sent them to Judge Stott.

JEFFERSON: Yes. (SHIRLEY starts.)

RYDER: As I thought. You deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this woman's father. You hear him Miss Green. Jefferson, I think it's time you and I had a final accounting. (SHIRLEY starts up.) Please don't go, Miss Green. As the writer of my autobiography you are sufficiently well acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being present at the epilog. Besides, I want an excuse for keeping my temper. For your mother's sake, boy, I have overlooked your little eccentricities of character. We have arrived at the parting of the ways. You have gone too far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is your willingness to sell your father for the sake of a woman.

JEFFERSON: My father wouldn't hesitate to sell me if his business and political interests warranted the sacrifice.

SHIRLEY: Ah, please don't say these things, Mr. Jefferson. I don't think he quite understands you, Mr. Ryder, and, if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death and that favorable news from the Senate Chamber to-morrow is perhaps the only thing that can save him?

RYDER: Judge Stott's story has quite aroused your sympathy.

SHIRLEY: Yes, I—I confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away, whose strength is being sapped daily, hourly, by the thought of his disgrace, the injustice that is being done him. I do feel for the wife of this suffering man.

RYDER: Now we have a complete picture; the dying father, the sorrowing wife, and the daughter. What is she supposed to be doing?

SHIRLEY (with meaning): She is fighting for her father's life, and you—(to JEFFERSON)—should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use trying to combat your father's will.

JEFFERSON: She is quite right, father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you, for God's sake, to help us.

RYDER (sees his son's attitude and changes for a moment. After a pause): His removal is a political necessity. If this man goes back on the bench, every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official, will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital has erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests.

SHIRLEY: And so he must die!

RYDER: He is an old man; he is one, we are many.

JEFFERSON: He is innocent of the charges brought against him.

SHIRLEY: Mr. Ryder is not considering that point. All he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor man in the public pillory, to set him up as a warning to others of his class, not to act in accordance with the principles of truth and justice, not to dare obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money-gods of this world.

RYDER: Survival of the fittest, my dear.

SHIRLEY: Oh, use your great influence with this governing body for good!

RYDER: By George, Jefferson, I give you credit for having secured an excellent advocate.

SHIRLEY: Suppose—suppose this daughter promises that she will never never see your son again; that she will go away to some foreign country?

JEFFERSON: No, why should she? If my father isn't man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a woman's happiness, his son's happiness, let him rot in his own self-justification.

RYDER (crosses to JEFFERSON): Jefferson, my boy, you see how this girl pleads your case for you. She loves you. Believe me, she does. She's worth a thousand of the other women. Make her your wife and I will do anything you ask.

JEFFERSON: Make her my wife? (Trying to control himself. He cannot believe his ears.) Make—her—my—wife!

RYDER: Come, what do you say?

JEFFERSON: Yes—yes—(Unable to speak for fear that he will betray himself.) I can't ask her now, father—some time later.

RYDER: No, to-night. At once. Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf. He—he—you can save him from himself. My son wishes you—he—asks you to become his wife. Is it not so, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON: Yes—yes—my wife. (Laughs hysterically.)

SHIRLEY: On, no—no—Mr. Ryder, I cannot. I—I can't.

RYDER (*appealingly*): Why not? Ah, don't decide hastily.

SHIRLEY: I cannot marry your son with these lies on my lips. I cannot go on with this deception. I told you you did not know who I am, who my people are. My story about them, my name, everything about me, is false. Every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a deception. I wouldn't tell you now, but you trusted me and are willing to entrust your son's future in my keeping, and I can't keep back the truth from you. Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. 'Twas I who took those letters and sent them to Judge Stott. I am Shirley Rossmore.

RYDER: You?

SHIRLEY: Yes, yes, I am. Now listen to me, Mr. Ryder. Don't turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of my father and I promise you I will never see your son again, never, never.

JEFFERSON: Shirley!

SHIRLEY: Jeff, forgive me,—my father's life!

JEFFERSON: You are sacrificing our happiness.

SHIRLEY: No happiness can be built on lies. We have deceived your father, but he will forgive that, won't you, and you will go to Washington? You will save my father's honor, his life? You will—you will—

RYDER: No—no—I will not. You have wormed yourself into my confidence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fooled me, to the very limit. Oh, it's easy to see how you have beguiled my son into the folly of loving you. And you have the brazen effrontery to come here and ask me to plead for your father. No, no, let the law take its course. And now, Miss Rossmore, you will please leave my house to-morrow morning.

SHIRLEY: I will leave your house to-night. Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy as you are!

RYDER: Leave the room!

JEFFERSON: Father!

RYDER: You have tricked him, as you have tricked me.

SHIRLEY: It is your own vanity that has tricked you. You lay traps for yourself and walk into them; you compel everyone around you to lie to you, to cajole, to praise, to deceive you. At least you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family, your friends, your dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nature by telling you the truth, and in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth now.

RYDER (*controls himself with difficulty*): Please go!

JEFFERSON: Yes, let us go, Shirley. (*Goes toward SHIRLEY.*)

SHIRLEY: No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I'm going alone.

JEFFERSON: No, you are not. I intend to make you my wife.

SHIRLEY: Do you think I could marry a man whose father is as deep a discredit to the human race as your father is? No, I couldn't, Jeff. I couldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant. He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son. You think if you lived in the older days—(*RYDER is dumbfounded*)—you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander, but you

wouldn't. You'd be a Nero, a Nero! Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family? Never! I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States Senator at the Capitol. I'll go to the White House! I'll tell the President what you are! Marry your son, indeed! Marry your son! No, thank you, Mr. Ryder!

CURTAIN.

That night no one in the Ryder family had much sleep. Shirley is forced to stay under Ryder's roof owing to the inclemency of the weather. The next morning Jefferson vainly lays his heart once more at her feet. He even offers to go with her to Washington and openly oppose his father. She refuses. Old Ryder meanwhile calls Roberts back from Washington and makes a new deal with him by which the scales of Judge Rossmore's fate are turned. Roberts and his fellows will have to eat their words, but the compensation will be Ryder's support in a scheme relating to the Erie Canal. He then asks to see Miss Rossmore. The latter refuses to see him, but he attempts to force upon her a check for her services, which she had scornfully returned to him. He will not be balked a second time. He holds out the check to her:

RYDER: It is yours; please take it.

SHIRLEY: No. I can't tell you how low I should fall in my own estimation if I took your money. (*Contemptuously.*) Your money! Why it's all there is to you—it's your God. Shall I make your God my God? No,—Mr. Ryder.

RYDER: And so I contaminate even good money?

SHIRLEY: Money itself is neither good nor bad. It's the spirit that gives it—the spirit that receives it. Money creates happiness, but it also creates misery. It destroys individuals as it does nations. It has destroyed you, for it has warped your very soul.

RYDER: No—I—

SHIRLEY: I repeat it—money, the power it has given you, has dried up the wellsprings of your heart.

MAID SERVANT (*entering*): Cab's at the door, Miss. (*Maid goes out.*)

RYDER: You won't need it. I—I came here to tell you that I— (*As if ashamed of himself*)—Ah, you've made it very hard for me to speak. (*Slowly.*) I've seen Senator Roberts and I'm going to Washington.

SHIRLEY: My father—

RYDER: It's all right about your father. He'll not be impeached. The matter will be adjusted. You've beaten me. I acknowledge it. But you're the first living soul who has beaten John Ryder.

SHIRLEY: You mean that you are going to help my father?

RYDER: Not for his sake, not for his sake.

SHIRLEY: Ah, the principle of the thing.

RYDER: Never mind the principle—it's for you.

SHIRLEY (*shakes her head*): And I had no faith—no faith.

RYDER (*pauses, as if ashamed*): I'm going to Washington on behalf of your father because—I—I want you to marry my son. Yes, I want you in my family—close to me; I want your respect, my girl. I want your love. I want to earn it. I know I can't buy it. There's a weak link in every man's chain, and that's mine—I always want what I can't get. I can't get your love unless I earn it. Oh don't tell me I can, because I know I can't. (*Sees that she is pensive and does not speak.*) Why, you look almost disappointed: you've gained your point. You've beaten me. Your father is going to be restored to you. You're going to marry the man you love. Is that the right time? (*Looks at watch.*) I leave in fifteen minutes for Washington. Will you trust me to go alone, or will you go with me?

SHIRLEY: I trust you, but I'll go with you. It's

very good of you to allow me to win you over.

RYDER: You won me over last night when you put up that fight for your father. We're not going alone. (*Goes to door.*) Jeff—Jeff—

SHIRLEY: He'll be the happiest man in the world. Father—father—I want to laugh and I feel like crying. (*JEFFERSON enters.*)

JEFFERSON: He has told you?

SHIRLEY: Yes. (*ROBERTS enters.*)

ROBERTS: Bad news, Ryder. (*Everybody turns and looks at him.*) Kate has gone off with Bagley. (*Ominously.*) Jeff, my boy—

RYDER: Oh, he'll get over it, won't you? (*Roberts goes out.*) Mind, we leave for Washington in ten minutes.

SHIRLEY: We'll be there.

JEFFERSON: Together?

SHIRLEY: Together.

CURTAIN.

THE MOST VERSATILE ACTOR IN THE WORLD

THE great Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, who is now for the first time visiting the United States, is said to be the most versatile actor in the world. His repertoire ranges from the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles and "Hamlet" to the modern French farce, and embraces, all in all, no less than one hundred rôles. He is equally famous for his tragic denunciations and his vivacious humorous monologs.

Novelli, like so many great actors, was "born on the road." As did Ellen Terry, he made his first appearance at the age of eight. When he had reached his twenty-third year his name began to be familiar in the larger cities, mainly owing to his abnormally long olfactory organ. At thirty-four, in 1886, he had begun to rank among the prominent actors of his native land, and his tours extended from South America to Egypt and from Russia to Spain. In 1898 he finally achieved the height of his ambition and took Paris by storm.

The New York Times, from which these data are chiefly taken, gives an interesting account of the hard struggle Novelli had in order to win serious recognition. For he was not satisfied with amusing the public, but wanted the higher and more classic standing of a tragedian. The first time he appeared in a tragic rôle the audience hissed, not because he played badly, but because they were used to see him in comic guise. Novelli retired in tears to his dressing-room. A weaker man would have yielded; theatrical history is full of similar records. Not so Novelli. He persisted in his endeavors to enforce his recog-

nition as a tragic actor from a reluctant public. Little by little the battle was won, and Novelli became, in a sense, the Novelli of today, tragedian and comedian in one.

The Theatre Magazine prints a fascinating study by Benjamin de Casseres of Signor Novelli's greatest creations in the field of tragedy—Shylock and King Lear. His conception of Shylock, the writer affirms, is absolutely original. Booth made of Shylock a melancholy wandering Jew. Mansfield makes of him a demon of hatred. "Novelli only among all the actors who have tried this difficult rôle has brought to the surface in stark nakedness the subtlety of the Jew of Venice, subtlety that is more than the subtlety of an individual robbed of his ducats and his daughter, in that it mirrors the cunning, the subterranean hate, the watch-and-ward of a degraded, wronged people." To quote further:

"These studies are atomic; Novelli's gestures are the minutiae of a soul. The face is now a mask for calculated stupidity, now a dumb show of volcanic emotions; the eyes robbed of their lights by a thought that sits heavy upon his inquiet soul, then suddenly transversed by mockery, triumph, unspeakable irony—the great round pupils becoming two grimacing devils from hell; his postures slavish, kingly, obsequious, as flexible as his desires, crooked to the angle of his needs, a gymnast of expectations, an insinuating worm, a twisted, broken father chased by the dirty urchins of Venice—thus has Novelli followed Hamlet's injunction of 'suiting the action to the word,' giving to us, through the wonder of his art, a creature whose vengeful wickedness, undeserved sufferings and demoniacal spitefulness leave their tracks in the memory from act to act and long after the final curtain."



By courtesy of *The Theatre Magazine*

THE PADEREWSKI OF THE STAGE

Ermete Novelli, the great Italian actor, who is now playing for the first time in America. The muscles of his face, it is said, are as obedient to his will as is the keyboard of a piano to the touch of a musical virtuoso.

Novelli's King Lear, de Casseres goes on to say, is a fit companion to his Shylock.

"In his very first gestures in the first act he strikes the keynote of the tragedy. In his querulous shake of the head, his munching of a toothless mouth, his gimlet-like glance of suspicion at his courtiers when he mounts the throne, he shows already the beginnings, the foundations, of that malady, which helped along by circumstances was to do its deadly work in that brain. No detail, however minute, has escaped Novelli. From that first entrance he unwinds the inexorable chain of Lear's destiny, depicting with a startling knowledge of the psychopathic, the crumbling of the crapulous, irritable, proud old tyrant."

The two rôles here described represent only a small portion of Novelli's tragic repertoire. His acting in all cases is intensely realistic. He crushes our mind with the intensity of his vivid portrayals and overwhelms us with the sincerity of his art. He carries us at will with him until we, like "marionettes in the hands of a master, are seduced out of our own personalities and act with him in those fictions of passions which his art bodies before our eyes." In moments of intensity Novelli's marvelous facial powers are displayed. His face becomes the mirror of his soul. The muscles covered with skin are as absolutely under his control as are the keys of a piano under the fingers of a great pianist. Novelli, the writer concludes, is a Paderewski of the histrionic art.

HOW BELASCO CREATES DRAMATIC STARS

CAN a great actor be made? David Belasco seems to have solved the problem. Again and again he has taken comparatively obscure actors and set them as stars in the theatrical firmament. In the comparatively short time that he has been a producing manager he has developed the genius of Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, and this season has added to his list Miss Frances E. Starr, whose delineation of the title-rôle in "The Rose of the Rancho" has been one of the most notable events of the season. With unerring judgment Belasco developed the talents of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who came to him years ago pleading and unknown. He took Mr. Warfield out of musical comedy and rescued Miss Bates from the artistic desert of the traveling companies. Mr. Warfield has since then played "The Music Master" upward of six hundred times in New York, and recently eclipsed Edwin Booth's record for the largest receipts ever taken in at the Academy of

Music. Miss Bates has appeared over four hundred times in "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Belasco Theater, and thereby recorded the longest engagement ever played by a female star in New York. No less remarkable was the transformation of Miss Starr from an obscure actress into a theatrical luminary of the first magnitude.

In a chat with Harriet Quimby, printed in *Leslie's Weekly*, Miss Starr has explained in a measure the secret of Belasco's magic. "Mr. Belasco," she says, "has a faculty of bringing out all that is good in one. He has patience and understanding to a wonderful degree, but the compelling force which is felt by all who come under his direction is love. He loves his work, he loves the people who work for him, and from the stage hands up his people love and respect him." Sympathy is the sesame that opens the gates of the soul. Mr. Belasco himself once remarked on the subject: "A manager must study the person and must find out just how much to leave to that

person's interpretation. That is the real secret." He went on to say:

"An actor, an actress, may have a certain nature. Something may be dormant in that nature, and necessarily, by reason of that ignorance, he passes over the things that he has not experienced.

"The sentiment and the more violent emotions would appeal to him or to her and could be acted properly; but the subtler emotions, the beautiful, tender thoughts, they may never have had an opportunity to experience, and consequently cannot interpret them as they should be interpreted. It is, then, in these points that they can be assisted and coached.

"We are all like instruments, full of emotions. It only needs some one who knows how to strike the right string, and the melody will be forthcoming."

Mr. Franklin Frederick, writing in *The Bohemian*, observes that tho Belasco achieves great results with actors, as in the case of Warfield, he is still more successful with women. Belasco, he adds, is essentially *feministe* like Sardou, Hervieu, Pinero and Sudermann, who write for women better than for men. He can take an actress whom others have passed over with indifference, and, provided she is plastic and conformable to suggestions, make her show powers that fairly astound one. A writer in *The Theatre Magazine* goes even further. "Mr. Belasco," she says, "has the eyes of a woman of genius."

David Belasco in accordance with his feminine temperament is intensely interested in each detail of his work, first in writing a play and then in most effectively staging it. "Few playwrights," remarks Marie B. Schrader, "have the gift of revision to the same degree. He re-wrote the third act of 'The Girl of the Golden West' thirteen times, and one day he showed the writer a large leather dress-suit case full of loose manuscript which was only a fraction of the paper wasted in writing that particular act before it had reached a satisfactory stage to meet the approval of his own critical judgment."

Belasco has probably given the American stage more notable plays written by himself or in collaboration, than have been given by any other American dramatist, with the single exception of Clyde Fitch. Some of them are: "La Belle Russe," "May Blossom," "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Lord Chumley," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Adrea," "The Rose of the Rancho," and "The Girl of the Golden West."

Even more important than the mere writing is the staging of one of Belasco's dramas.



"HIS COMPELLING FORCE IS SYMPATHY"

This, says Frances E. Starr, is the secret of David Belasco's magic as a maker of reputations.

Here he brings all his resources and those of his actors into play. Boucicault once said that a play is not written but constructed. "Belasco," affirms Mr. Frederick in the article quoted above, "literally builds a play during rehearsal, and his method of rehearsing a new production is a school of instruction to veteran actors, while it is worth more to the ambitious novice than a whole course at an academy of dramatic art."

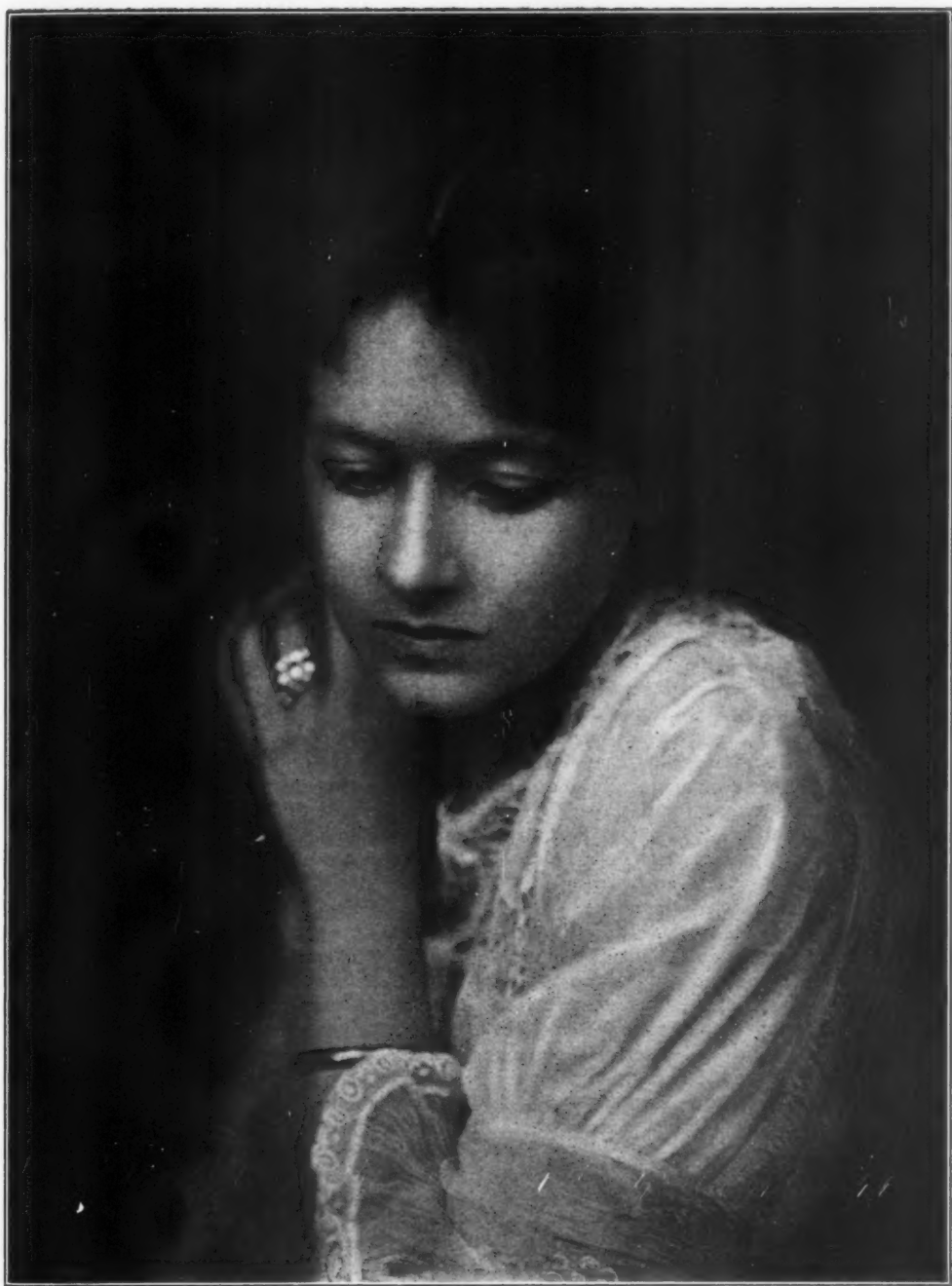
A great deal of "business"—to use the jargon of the stage—is developed at rehearsal. Mr. Frederick says:

"The dialog is cut, whole pages being ruthlessly blue-penciled, because so much talk at this point impedes the action and spoils the intended effect. Or, possibly, the words so carefully set down in the repose and solitude of the study have a new sense to the ear in actual use. Or, again, this particular actor may not be able to bring out the value of the lines, and new expressions must be substituted which are better suited to his personality. Scenes are rehearsed this way and that, experimentally, to determine which is the better. You see a scene carefully gone over and over again one day, and the next you might not be able to identify it, though the words perhaps are



HE ASPIRES TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE

David Warfield, one of Belasco's brightest stars, is on the way to realize his ambition. He has recently eclipsed Edwin Booth's record for the largest receipts ever taken in at the Academy of Music, New York.



THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

Frances E. Starr, the newest luminary in Belasco's theatrical firmament. From an obscure actress she became, almost in a night, a metropolitan star.

the same you heard spoken yesterday. By a few bold changes the little scene has been transmuted into an incident fairly thrilling with spirit and animation.

"It is only a reading rehearsal, and the actors are not confused by cuts and changes so long as they have not 'committed' their lines, that is, memorized them. And a fortunate thing it is, for even to his own literary handiwork Belasco remorselessly applies the maxim that plays are not written but constructed. He has no scruples to destroy what he has most carefully prepared if he believes it necessary.

"As the rehearsals progress, one piece of scenery after another is brought upon the stage and set up, and particular scenes are played again and again. By constant repetition of the telling incidents certain moments of dramatic tension are developed and emphasized, or made to stand out with the strongest possible distinction."

Mr. Belasco, it seems, may in truth be described as the sun from which the dramatic stars in his system borrow their light. He started in life as a call-boy in a theater and stands to-day in the very front rank of ar-


tistic Americans. But in his youth he had a vision, a dream that has been the lodestar of his destiny. He is a dreamer whose dream has come true. "The boy dreams and dreams," he once remarked. "Sometimes the dream comes true." He wistfully added:

"I used to help other boys out West with foolish little plays in barns, and we took in bottles or pieces of iron or nails for entrance fees, and then we sold them and took the money and went and sat in the top gallery and witnessed real plays.

"But always was the dream of some day really acting myself, and then when I really did act in those strolling companies in the West where we took our wardrobes in champagne baskets and played in barns or lofts and traveled about from place to place in wagons, there was another dream that some time I might own my own theater.

"One cannot begin to dream too soon if one expects to transform the dream into reality, and I believe that most men who have accomplished anything have had the dream in their early boyhood."

THE WANING GLORY OF GERHART HAUPTMANN

AUPTMANN is a fallen idol. The star of his genius is on the decline. Modern Germany repudiates him. The same men who have hailed him as the Goethe of his day are now directing the shafts of their sarcasm not only against his later productions, but even against those earlier plays which have earned for him the title of Germany's greatest living dramatic poet. He has produced a play each year since the success of the "Sunken Bell," and each year the reception of his work has diminished in fervor. The latest, "The Four Maids of Bischofsberg," from all accounts a delightfully innocuous comedy, has caused a regular *scandal de théâtre*.

Germany was wont to receive with delight Hauptmann the realist and, later, Hauptmann the mystic. It will not, however, tolerate the Hauptmann of comedy—Hauptmann, the merely human. One disillusioned critic remarks that the dialog of the poet's latest play is flat and insignificant. "Yet," he adds, "Hauptmann's dialogs have always been insignificant." His characters, we are told, are neither brilliant nor profound. But the Silesian dialect conceals the nudity of their thought in some instances, while in others the obscurity of the language seems to indicate hidden depths. Even in last year's play, "Pippa Dances," reproduced in part in CURRENT LITERATURE,

critics have sought to discover meanings of which the author probably never dreamed. The same would have happened if Gerhart Hauptmann had worked out the theme of "The Maids of Bischofsberg" in an incomprehensible fairy-play. "In the present instance, however," the writer concludes, "he has committed the unpardonable blunder of being intelligible."

Other critics are even severer in their condemnation. In Berlin only one unfortunate dramatic critic had the courage to express his unswerving belief in the genius of Gerhart Hauptmann, and to describe even this latest play in terms of mild approbation. It is from this critic's account in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* that we shall borrow a description of the plot.

Agatha, one of the "four maids," is engaged to a pedantic pedagogue, Professor Nast. Her love, however, belongs to Dr. Grünwald, who has gone to America to make his fortune. She has had no news from him since then and, more or less coerced by her father, meanwhile receives the attentions of the petty pedagogue. Circumstances are forcing her into his arms, and the day for her marriage is already set, when two events conjoin to restore her freedom. Professor Nast is an eager but not very astute student of antiquity. A young man whom he has wounded by his arrogance

determines to play a humiliating trick on him. He deludes the professor into the belief that certain antiquities are hidden in an old well. Professor Nast at once sets out with great ostentation to excavate the mysterious treasure, and lo! on lifting the moss-covered chest, finds a few cans of preserves, sausages and delicate viands. The blow to his vanity is too great to be borne, and he departs from the town chafing with rage. Simultaneously with his departure Dr. Grünwald reappears, and from afar the chime of wedding bells may be heard.

This plot, it must be confessed, is at once threadbare and uninspiring. "But," remarks the *Lokalanzeiger* critic, "the love-play is merely a skeleton for a fascinating dramatic idyl and a character study at once pleasing and original." The objects of this study are the heroine and her three sisters. They are called popularly "the four maids of B'schofsberg," and are visualized in the play with remarkable skill. While they have certain traits in common, each possesses an unconventional individuality charmingly and distinctively her own. "The home and garden of these four lovable maids," exclaims our critic, "are like a promised land of art, and the subtle breath of poetry permeating the whole accords with the poetic finale of the play—the music and the dance."

The audience that had gathered in the Lessing theater, the scene of Hauptmann's greatest triumphs in the past, was less charitably inclined than this critic. After the first act even the Hauptmannites dared not take up the cudgels for their hero, altho, according to one critic, their fraternity would be willing to swallow even the alphabet if Hauptmann should happen to dramatize it. They applauded weakly after the second act. After the third their subdued enthusiasm rose a little, and the author appeared to make his bow. Here the opposition began to set in. Then came an intermission, in the course of which the opposing factions held council. During the fourth act the audience was very restless. After the curtain had fallen a violent "first-night battle" was enacted. It started with shouts of applause from the Hauptmann guard in the galleries. The orchestra jeered and hooted. Soon all artistic Berlin was engaged in the battle. Among those present were the dramatists Max Halbe, Georg Hirschfeld, Oscar Blumenthal, Heyermans, Paul Lindau, the leaders of the "secessionists," also many men prominent in society and government circles. The excitement rose higher and higher.



THE SADDEST MAN IN GERMANY

The author of "The Sunken Bell," after the crushing fiasco of his latest play, is said to have retreated to his castle in Silesia, where no human soul save one or two chosen intimates may disturb his melancholy reverie.

After the last act the Hauptmannites rallied to a new onslaught by calling for the author. Hisses, the sound of whistles and epithets decidedly unconventional, answered this renewed provocation. Pandemonium ensued. And suddenly amid the turmoil the curtain rose again, and Hauptmann appeared, bowing, self-conscious, pale, calm, ironical. Like Cardinal Wolsey, he may have reflected in that moment on the fickleness of fortune. It was a tragic and memorable occasion. It closed one of the most important chapters in the literary history of modern Germany.

The critics, of course, seek a philosophic explanation for Hauptmann's failure and his waning fame. They say that Hauptmann has exhausted himself by overproduction. His plays, they affirm, especially those of his latter years, bear the traces of hasty workmanship. They are literary abortions, not the results of a slow, inward growth.

Paul Goldmann, in the Vienna *Freie Presse*, takes a stand even more radical. Hauptmann's talent, he says, is only mediocre, or it could not have died without a spark. Even in the failures of great men we find some flashes of genius. Herr Goldmann is unable to discover

such flashes in Hauptmann's later work. He also comments upon the unfinished character of the poet's literary output. The poet, he thinks, labors under the delusion of having completed a drama when he had merely sketched embryonically and imperfectly a dramatic possibility. Nor is his self-deception surprising. His very limitations were interpreted as perfections by the critics. They

agreed that his plays were dramatically ineffective, but then, they said, he was not a craftsman of the drama, but a poet. His morbid conception of life was given out to be a grand and bold expression of eternal verities. Lack of action was labeled skill in character portraiture, boredom atmosphere, and obscurity depth. The reaction has now set in and modern Germany rejects the sad-eyed Silesian.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH-SPEAKING ACTOR OF OUR TIME



SOME time ago Mr. Alan Dale proved to his own satisfaction that Mr. Richard Mansfield is our "worst actor." Mr. Mansfield, he said, has arrived at a stage where people are too lazy to criticize him and accept him at his own valuation. Nevertheless, in Mr. Alan Dale's opinion, he is a bad actor, being a "victim to mannerisms of speech, walk, gesture and intonation." Even at that time a number of critics came to the rescue of Mansfield's genius. Now, in the March number of *Appleton's*, a new champion arises for the brilliant, if erratic, actor in the person of John Corbin, dramatic critic of *The Sun*. Mr. Corbin, speaking with eloquence and authority, places Richard Mansfield at the very head of his profession in the English-speaking world.

At the death of Sir Henry Irving, he recalls, the question was mooted, both here and abroad, upon whom had Irving's mantle fallen—the mantle of the "master magician of the English-speaking stage, who caught the lightning gleams of crime, aspirations or despair, and fixed them in Rembrandtesque pictures never to be forgotten." Mr. Corbin then enumerates those who were most prominently mentioned in this connection, notably Forbes Robertson and Sir Henry's distinguished son, Henry B. Irving. "I do not remember," he observes, "that much was said of a certain actor of our own, a troublesome, volcanic fellow, the fires of whose genius have so often broken loose before the curtain as behind it, and the flame of whose sardonic wit blights and sears while it illumines." To quote further:

"That England should ignore Richard Mansfield was inevitable; it had not seen his maturest and greatest work. The art of the actor, being writ in vanishing light and formless air, is a sealed

record to the outlander. That we should be tardy in his praise is human; even more than the prophet, the volcano is without honor in its own country. We were impressed, moreover—somewhat provincially, perhaps—with the fame of Sir Henry's son whose acquaintance we had yet to make. Forbes Robertson we did know, and recognized in him an actor who had achieved greatness only in a single part, to be sure, but that the most difficult and greatest of all, Hamlet. Since then we have seen and somewhat deprecated Mr. Irving's appearance in the characters limned in the fire of Sir Henry's imagination; and since then Mr. Mansfield has put a crown to his former achievements by lending his versatility and his power to that wonderfully varied and striking character, the Peer Gynt of Ibsen.

"Those who will may aspire to the mantle of Sir Henry. Mr. Mansfield has come into his own as the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage, and it is time to say so."

Mr. Corbin insists that, in making the above statement, he is not unaware of Mansfield's defects—the constant outcroppings of his ego and the traces of German accent in his speech. At the most, Mr. Corbin holds, his mannerisms are no more noxious than Irving's, and in his most recent creations they have been gratefully absent. Mr. Mansfield has triumphed over himself in his sixth decade—the time when most artists are becoming fixed and old. His physical abilities are even to-day little short of superlative. There is real buoyancy in his Karl Heinz of "Alt Heidelberg," his Don Karlos, and his youthful Peer Gynt. He is every inch a man in the truculence of his Richard and even in the recrudescence of the passions of the shattered Ivan. In comparison both Sir Henry Irving and Forbes Robertson seem bloodless and colorless, in Mr. Corbin's opinion.

Even more important technically than agility is the cast of countenance. The gnome-like irregularity of Coquelin's face, and the prominence of the features of Irving and

Forbes Robertson have limited the scope of their histrionic activity. Mansfield's face portrays at will "the fresh charms of youth, the strong passions of maturity, or the seared decrepitude of senility. At will it is radiantly gracious, grotesquely humorous, or scarred by tragical passion and despair."

Mr. Corbin then comes to speak of the supreme gift of the actor—his voice. Mr. Mansfield himself has compared the human voice to a palette, containing all shades of color, from green to violet. Mr. Corbin takes up the color comparison. He says:

"Duse's voice is characteristically silver, with a touch, too, perhaps, of subtle metallic resonance. Bernhardt's voice is always described as gold. Mansfield's voice has also the richer coloring. Even its colloquial shadings have the freshness and authenticity of sunlight. Its anger burns crimson, its rage flares into scarlet; and, when the shadows of defeat, despair, and death pass into it, its clear gold is transmuted as it fades into the purple of sunset."

While Mr. Mansfield has at times marred the artistic unity of plays in which he appeared in order to hold even more prominently the center of the stage, yet the fact remains that he has always been inspired, if not ruled, by solid and noble ambition. He forced the public to accept his Shylock and his Richard, and before the present vogue of Bernard Shaw, appeared in "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple."

The crowning rôle of his career so far has been his impersonation of Ibsen's Faust, that Peter Pan grown-up—Peer Gynt. Bernard Shaw has spoken of this play as the greatest modern comedy and added that the rôle of the hero requires "the *greatest* tragic, comic and character actor of the world." Peer Gynt is presented by Ibsen in four stages of his career. The task of tracing the development of a character from adolescence to the grave which Mr. Mansfield—somewhat relatively, perhaps—has imposed upon Shakespeare's Richard III., is here, we are told, clearly requisite, and it is traced through the most picturesque variety of incident. Mr. Corbin says on this point:

"Peer begins as a peasant lad of the time when peasants wore costume. He mingles riotously in a rustic wedding feast, carries off the bride to the mountains, deserts her to elope with the troll king's daughter, the two riding double across the stage on the pig which is her palfrey. Outlawed for his sins by peasants and trolls alike, he flees to America and becomes a slave-trading merchant, in waistcoat and spats, who cruises in a yacht on the Mediterranean, and serves his guests with champagne and cigars. Stranded in Africa he becomes a prophet of the desert in gown and

turban, and makes love to a dancing girl. Returning home in advanced years, he suffers shipwreck, and in a dingy frock coat of the modern world appears again to die among his own folk, themselves garbed in modernity."

The nature of Peer, remarks Mr. Corbin, is twofold. "He is the incarnation of irresponsible self-will and grotesque, indomitable fantasy. It is, moreover, curiously and intimately in harmony with one of the most salient phases in the actor's own character." Mr. Corbin adds:

"Vain braggart and faithless lover always, Peer is always keenly interesting, irresistibly lovable, and not without pathos. In the boisterous recklessness of youth he is redeemed by the very fervor of his ambition, the daring leaps of his imagination. In maturity his refuge is in philosophy. In age he is face to face with eternity—or the annihilation of the Button Molder. It is the soul history of Dante, as of all who live fully, only it is seen in the prismatic lights of Ibsen's genius for sardonic comedy and philosophic satire."

In Mansfield's rendering, he concludes, the comedy blows through the audience like a breeze. In other words he has proved his histrionic supremacy by his masterful and poignant interpretation of Ibsen's hero. Mr. Mansfield has announced that on reaching "Pier Fifty," in Mark Twain's picturesque phrase, he will retire from the stage. "Perhaps," remarks Mr. Corbin, "he should have said that he is to make his first retirement." It so happens that the year Mr. Mansfield has set himself coincides with the year of the opening of the New Theater in New York, devoted to the drama as high art and independent of mere commercial considerations. Mr. Mansfield is in sympathy with the aims of such a theater, and was among the first to advocate it. Many great parts await him still. There are depths of feeling that his genius has not yet probed. We should like to see his Benedick, his Malvolio, his Petruchio, and the pathos of King Lear offers a most alluring problem "to this actor who has never yet deeply stirred the wells of the tenderest impulse, while for the scenes of imperious madness and tempestuous denunciation he has a physical and vocal equipment unsurpassed in any time." The question is only whether he would consent to subdue himself to the necessary discipline of a great and multifarious institution. Mr. Corbin thinks he would. Those, he says, who have known him best in the decade just past have reason to think he would. "Certainly," he concludes, "such an institution would be as incomplete without him as he would be without it."

Science and Discovery

COMPLEXION AS THE BASIS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY

RECENTLY discovered facts are held by many scientists to prove that light, and especially the short rays of light—radium, X-rays and so forth,—are invariably death-dealing when concentrated with sufficient intensity for a more or less prolonged period. Consequently, man is pigmented in direct proportion to the amount of light that will be normally concentrated upon him throughout the zone in which he dwells. The negro, through the protection afforded by his skin, dwells in the shade notwithstanding the heats of the tropical sun so characteristic of his African environment. The Eskimo has likewise his armor of pigment to protect him from the glare of the snow. In these particulars we get a glimpse into the newly formulated law that the complexions of Europeans, for instance, vary as one goes from northwest to southeast. This variation is in direct proportion to the mean annual sunshine. Moreover, in the light of a complexion theory of human history, it is evident that blond races emigrating to sunny lands undergo some profound modification. As a matter of fact, those races disappear through the death of the blondest. This circumstance is held fully to explain the decline and fall of Greek, Egyptian and other great civilizations of the past. Those intruders into the domain of darker peoples, those Greeks, Egyptians and what not, died out under the influence of light concentrated upon inadequately pigmented human beings. Hence the modern Greeks are not degenerates. They are descended from Pelasgians or from other extraneous stocks. The Greek of the age of Pericles is extinct. He has left no descendants. In this country we Americans are likewise becoming extinct. In the course of a few years, relatively, the last of us will have disappeared by the simple process of leaving no posterity at all to continue the strain. The blondest of us are going most rapidly the way of the ancient Greeks. But the new brunets now pouring into the country are bound to survive because they are properly pigmented.

It is to that able military sanitarian and life-long student of the effects of tropical light on white men, Major Charles E. Wood-

ruff, M.D., of the United States Army, that modern science is indebted for these luminous generalizations from the action of ether waves on protoplasm and from allied phenomena. Dr. Woodruff has contributed much to overthrow the view that the Aryans originated in Asia. A complexion theory of universal history would indicate that they originated in northern Europe. Of such far-reaching effects are the results of a scientific study of pigmentation. It should be noted that the layer of pigment cells just beneath the outer skin is present in all normal men, the differences in color being merely differences in the amount of the pigment. Hence, as Dr. Woodruff points out in his work on this subject,* every race has some protection from the light, varying with the intensity of the pigment. There are no unpigmented races. Lack of all pigment—albinism—is a serious defect of development due to degeneration. In a word, the skin pigmentation of man was evolved, according to Doctor Woodruff, for the purpose of excluding the dangerous actinic or short rays of light which destroy living protoplasm.

It is necessary at the outset to clear up some fundamental but very generally current misconception regarding light. Thus it is popularly believed that living plant cells are dependent upon light. Recent evidence that living plant cells are so injured by light as to be compelled to function in the dark comes as a great shock to contemporary ideas; but the circumstance is in line with the truth that light is fatal to nearly all forms of death-producing and disease-producing organisms—bacteria. Now, every plant possesses some means of escaping or of neutralizing the fatal effect of too much light on the naked protoplasm. The vast majority of land animals, again, live in absolute darkness, in the soil, in cracks of rocks, crevices, trees, caves, burrows and under boulders, some never coming to the surface at all. Some animals spend the days hiding from the light and come out only at night. These are followed by carnivorous enemies, and there is a night carnival of

*THE EFFECTS OF TROPICAL LIGHT ON WHITE MEN. BY Major Charles E. Woodruff, U. S. A., A.M., M.D. The Rebman Company.

feasting which ends at dawn. The dread of light by all tropical animals is very remarkable.

If any animal venture abroad in the daytime we find that it is provided with opaque pigment or covering of some sort of which the opacity is directly in proportion to the amount of light to be excluded. Indeed, a day animal exists solely because its opaque armor keeps out the deadly arrows of light and the ultra-violet rays. The negro is in reality a nocturnal animal like the other black animals of the tropics. In other words, the pigmentation of animals is a process of evolution, following the law universal throughout the living world, namely, that environment modifies the organism and that if the newly acquired character—in this case adequate pigmentation—is an advantage the organism crowds out others less fitted to survive.

Man's protoplasm being the same as that of other animals and of plants, it follows that he is under the influence of the same laws as to light that all other living things are subject to; that is, he can do without it in spite of our fanatical faith in its necessity. Dr. Arlidge, an English physician, has shown that miners who spend so much time in the dark, are healthy and live to a good old age generally. We must explain in other ways the anemia and poor condition of prisoners who are confined in dark dungeons. Insufficient food, exercise and oxygen are amply sufficient to account for it. It is one of the curiosities of medicine that the employees engaged in the Paris sewers, in spite of the foul gases they breathe and the germs they encounter, are as healthy as the people who work in the streets. The darkness, in fact, has benefited them. Residence in dark houses is practically harmless. There can scarcely be hardier races than those now living in Scotland. Yet their dwellings have always been small and dark. The early cave-dwellers of Europe carried on the human species for millenniums in perfect health. The Eskimo is practically a cave-dweller now, and so is the Russian peasant, and so are the people of Siberia and millions of city dwellers also. Not only do yellow Chinamen thrive best when huddled together in cellars, but swarthy European races also. In St. Petersburg 250,000 people flourish as parasites in the cellars of the wealthy. The contagious diseases which flourish among these people are mostly due to overcrowding, and are always found where people are crowded to



THE DISCOVERER OF A NEW BASIS FOR
UNIVERSAL HISTORY

Major Charles E. Woodruff, Surgeon U. S. Army, who is a high authority on the effects of tropical light on white men, thinks the brunet type of human being is more fitted to survive than the blond type, so far as this country is concerned. Behind this theory is a series of facts indicating that history has been conditioned by complexion to an astonishing extent.

the same extent into lighted rooms above ground.

At the present time the homes of the poorer Irish peasantry are described as little better than caves in the hillsides, differing in minor degree only from the ancient homes of the cave man. Nevertheless, if he is not starved, the Irish peasant, in spite of his lack of light—the cloudiness of Ireland is very great—is a type of high physical vigor, and is the instrument by which the blonder British rule so many portions of the globe. Our own American progenitors on this continent, from New England to the far West, were practically cave-dwellers in their hardy stage. The people within the Mediterranean zone live in dark, cave-like houses, especially designed to keep out the light. It is in accordance with natural laws that their babies must be carefully hidden away in these dark cells, just like the young grubs of bees and wasps and other living forms. We moderns of the intelligent classes alone violate the mother's sound instinct to hide away in the dark with her baby. We Americans ruthlessly thrust our babies out into the light. Who can esti-

mate the profound physical deterioration consequent upon the parading of generation after generation of American babies into the light of day! We Americans, too, are the only modern people who have gone daft with the delusion that streams of light should be permitted to flood nurseries, schoolrooms and workshops.

Light, in short, is a tonic to be taken in doses. Too much of the stimulant is fatal. Primitive man realized this as do the modern ants. The first men were undoubtedly brunet, tho not as brunet as are the existing anthropoid apes. The brunetness of man is still occasionally retained as a vestigial character even until some months after birth. It is the commonest occurrence to find that babies when born have black hair which subsequently becomes flaxen. We can safely deny that the first men were black, for that would imply a tropical and light climate which, from other reasons, could not have been the place of man's evolution. That process required a cold, severe environment which killed off all except the most intelligent in every generation, as a rule, and thus caused an evolution of the large human brain. Hence the first men inhabited cold, light countries, such as could have existed in central Europe and central Asia. For blondness to develop, in view of what recent scientific discoveries have shown regarding ultra-violet and other rays, a dark country is needed. There is a factor of the environment in mountainous and infertile regions which operates to increase the proportions of blond traits among men. This factor is the lessened light in the cold mountain forests. The blond type further requires for its evolution a dark, cold, severe climate, such as was furnished by the forests which sprang up in the north after the recession of the prehistoric ice. From the original home the blond has spread like waves all over Europe, submerging all brunet types wherever he went. But the blond groups which moved southward became darkened by survival of the fittest as the only means of adjustment of the factor of pigmentation to the factor of increased light. The factor of pigmentation is related to mental aptitude, according to Havelock Ellis. The blond is the aristocrat, the ruler; but he disappears. Ellis, says Major Woodruff, might have gone further by pointing out the fact that the submissiveness to authority of the dark races is one reason for the evolution of that type of Christianity found in the Roman and Greek churches.

These are repugnant to the free and contentious blond Aryan. Consequently the Baltic type of man is a Protestant. It has long been known that the districts of central Europe are Catholic or Protestant, according as they are inhabited by one or the other of the pigmented types. Hence we see why there is now, as there always has been, a great defection from the Catholic Church in the north. Freeman, in speaking of the resistance of Constantinople to the advance of Mohammedanism, and Gibbon, in speaking of the check which Charles Martel gave to the Moors at Poitiers, are both inclined to speculate on the probability that Mohammedanism might have spread all over Europe and the Koran been taught at Oxford. They need not have worried, because these southern brunet religions could never have been adopted by the blond. The upper classes, who are mostly blond, were apparently responsible for the reformation. The brunet medieval peasant probably cared as little about the matter as he does to-day. The rule is not that all blonds are Protestants and all brunets Catholics, but the tendency is that way, or rather the preponderance is in that direction. The climate of the United States, being suitable to the brunet types of Europe, is highly favorable to the growth of Roman Catholicism. In one respect we are reversing the experience of ancient Greece, where the blonds were the invaders. To-day the pigmentation factor is on the side of the brunet, winning the United States to the spiritual supremacy of the Roman pontiffs. Nor are there lacking facts in support of the view that the struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism has always been conditioned by the complexion factor.

The climate of ancient Greece was about seven hundred years in destroying its blonds. The decadence of the Greeks was well advanced, from the point of view of pigmentation, in the golden age of Pericles. It is possible for such blond neurotics to possess great literary, artistic and musical capacity, as at the present day in the United States and England, and the decadence of the Greeks was the cause of their fine art. The masterpieces of Greek sculpture faithfully copy the stigmata of degeneration entailed by inadequate pigmentation. A famous head of Juno shows arrested development of the lower jaw unerringly reproduced. The big, savage blond, again, built up the might of ancient Rome until the light told upon his pigmentation, complexions changed and the mistress of the world was humbled in the dust.

THE REAL NATURE OF WOMAN'S INFERIORITY TO MAN



HAT the intellect of woman is of a low grade and essentially unimprovable is an assertion that has been very generally attributed to Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago. But this eminent American thinker shows in the entire line of reasoning upon which he bases his new work that the failure of modern woman to participate more fully in intellectual and occupational activities is due to artificial social and environmental conditions. These conditions are thought by Professor Thomas to be superficial in their character. He points out that the differences in mental expression between men and women are no greater than should be expected in view of the existing differences in their interests and opportunities. The real nature of woman's inferiority to man is best appreciated from the fact that she is excluded from his world of practical and scientific activity, or, to be more correct, she does not fully participate in it. Perhaps the accident is due to those organic differences in the sexes which render the form of woman rounder and less variable than that of man. It is highly significant that art has been able to produce a more nearly ideal figure of woman than of man.

The bones of woman weigh less with reference to body weight than the bones of man. These two facts indicate less variation and more constitutional passivity in woman. The trunk of woman is slightly longer than that of man. Her abdomen is relatively more prominent and is so represented in art. In these respects woman resembles the child and the lower races—the less developed forms. High authorities state that the typical adult male form is characterized by a relatively shorter trunk, relatively longer arms, legs, hands and feet, and, in comparison with the long upper arms and thighs, by still longer forearms and lower legs, and, in comparison with the whole upper extremity, by a still longer lower extremity. The typical female form approaches the infantile condition in having a relatively longer trunk, shorter arms, legs, hands and feet; relatively to short upper arms still shorter forearms and relatively to short thighs still shorter lower legs, and relatively to the whole short upper extremity a still shorter lower extremity—a very striking evidence, observes Professor Thomas, of the ineptitude of woman for the

expenditure of physiological energy through motor action.*

The strength of woman, on the other hand, her capacity for motion, and her mechanical aptitude are far inferior to that of man. Statistics are overwhelming on this point. But men are more "unstable" than women, this instability expressing itself in the two extremes of genius and idiocy. Genius in general is associated with an excessive development in brain growth, stopping dangerously near the line of over-development and insanity. Little-headedness is a step in the opposite direction, in which idiocy results from arrested development of the brain. Both these variations occur more frequently in men than in women. Statistics of insanity show that in idiots there is almost always a majority of males, in the insane a majority of females. But the majority of male idiots is so much greater than the majority of female insane that when idiots and insane are classed together there remains a majority of males. Insanity is, however, more frequently induced by external conditions and less dependent on imperfect or arrested cerebral development. In insanity the chances of recovery of the female are greater than those of the male, and mortality is higher among insane men than among insane women. The male sex is more liable than is the female to gross lesions of the nervous system—a fact attributed to the greater variability of the male. Celibacy undoubtedly impresses the character of women more deeply than that of man.

A very noticeable expression of the anabolism (assimilative process) of woman is her tendency to put on fat. The distinctive beauty of the female form is due to the storing of adipose tissue, and the form of even very slender women is gracefully rounded in comparison with that of man. The lung capacity of woman is less than that of man. She consumes less oxygen and produces less carbonic acid than a man of equal weight, altho the number of respirations is slightly higher than in man. On this account women suffer deprivation of air more easily than do men. They are not so easily suffocated and are reported to endure charcoal fumes better and live in high altitudes where men can not endure the deprivation of oxygen. The number of deaths from chloroform is reckoned as

*SEX AND SOCIETY. By William I. Thomas. University of Chicago Press.



A DISTINGUISHED GENERALIZER ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMAN

Professor William I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, after many years' careful study reaches the conclusion that the real nature of woman's inferiority to man can be traced to factors potent in the period when the human female was the only tamer of animals—including man.

from two to four times as great in males as in females. Children also bear chloroform well. Women, like children, require more sleep normally than men, yet it is said by competent physicians that they can better bear the loss of sleep. Loss of sleep is a strain which, almost invariably, women are able to meet because of their anabolic surplus. The fact that women undertake changes more reluctantly than men, but adjust themselves to changed fortunes more readily is due to the same difference. Man has, in fact, become bodily a more specialized animal than woman and feels more keenly any disturbance of normal conditions, while he has not the same physiological surplus as woman with which to meet the disturbance. Woman is more capable of enduring terrible wounds of body than man. She offers in general a greater resistance to disease. She commits suicide much less. In a word, she is physically fitted for endurance. Man is peculiarly adapted to movement. To quote:

"One of the most important facts which stand out in a comparison of the physical traits of men and women is that man is a more specialized instrument for motion, quicker on his feet, with a longer reach and fitted for bursts of energy; while woman has a greater fund of stored energy and is consequently more fitted for endurance. The development of intelligence and motion has gone along side by side in all animal forms. Through motion chances and experiences are multiplied, the whole equilibrium characterizing the stationary form is upset and the organs of sense and the intelligence are developed to take note of and manipulate the outside world. Amid the recurrent dangers incident to a world peopled with moving and predacious forms, two attitudes may be assumed—that of fighting and that of fleeing or hiding. As between the two, concealment and evasion became more characteristic of the female, especially among mammals, where the young are particularly helpless and need protection for a long period. She remained, therefore, more stationary and at the same time acquired more cunning than the male.

"In mankind especially the fact that woman had to rely on cunning and the protection of man rather than on swift motion, while man had a freer range of motion and adopted a fighting technique, was the starting point of a differentiation in the habits and interests which had a profound effect on the consciousness of each. Man's most immediate, most fascinating and most remunerative occupation was the pursuit of animal life. The pursuit of this stimulated him to the invention of devices for killing and capture; and this aptitude for invention was later extended to the invention of tools and of mechanical devices in general and finally developed into a settled habit of scientific interest. The scientific imagination which characterizes man in contrast with woman is not a distinctive male trait, but represents a constructive habit of attention associated with freer movement and the

pursuit of evasive animal forms. The problem of control was more difficult, and the means of securing it became more indirect, mediated, reflective and inventive—that is, more intelligent.

"Woman's activities, on the other hand, were largely limited to plant life, to her children, and to manufacture, and the stimulation to mental life and invention in connection with these was not so powerful as in the case of man. Her inventions were largely processes of manufacture connected with her handling of the by-products of the chase. So simple a matter, therefore, as relatively unrestricted motion on the part of man and relatively restricted motion on the part of woman determined the occupations of each, and these occupations in turn created the characteristic mental life of each. In man this was constructive, answering to his varied experience and the need of controlling a moving environment; and in woman it was conservative, answering to her more stationary condition.

"In early times man's superior physical force, the wider range of his experience, his mechanical inventions in connection with hunting and fighting, and his combination under leadership with his comrades to carry out their common enterprises, resulted in a contempt for the weakness of woman and an almost complete separation in interest between himself and the women of the group. . . .

"Men and women still form two distinct classes and are not in free communication with each other. Not only are women unable and unwilling to be communicated with directly, unconventionally and truly on many subjects, but men are unwilling to talk to them. I do not have in mind situations involving questions of propriety or delicacy alone; but a certain habit of restraint, originating doubtless in matters relating to sex, extends to all intercourse with women, with the result that they are not really admitted to the intellectual world of men; and there is not only a reluctance on the part of men to admit them but a reluctance—or rather a real inability—on their part to enter."

To what extent woman may in time emancipate herself from conditions now responsible for her inferiority to man, Professor Thomas does not say. He deems it quite possible that woman, as our industrial evolution proceeds, may become what she was to prehistoric man, that is, the central point of the social system. It must never be forgotten, according to Professor Thomas, that woman is the biological type intended by nature to be dominant. Nature, having meant woman to be supreme—in comparison with man—changed her mind at the last moment. The real nature of woman's inferiority to man is, in a sense, accidental. There is absolutely nothing in the feminine organism consistent with the theory that woman was intended to be man's inferior intellectually, morally, or indeed physically. The history of prehistoric man indicates that the big, strong woman of to-day corresponds more closely with original woman as Nature planned her. It may be that the big type of womanhood is destined to dominance in the future.

DUPLICATION OF PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH



HERE is to be installed in Berlin this spring and in some other important city at a considerable distance off a newly invented apparatus demonstrating on an actual working scale that photographs can be reproduced



DUPLICATE PICTURE TRANSMITTED MANY MILES FROM THE ORIGINAL

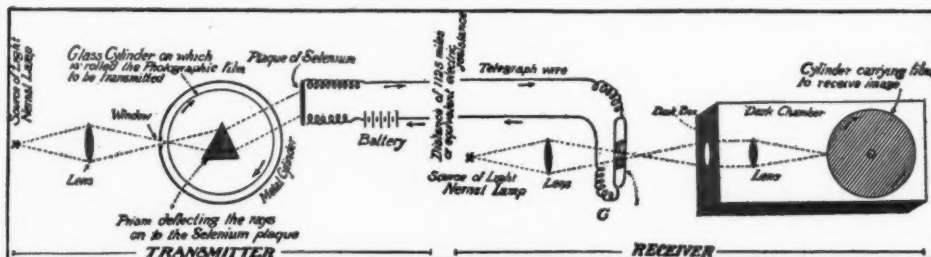
This is a representation of the German Crown Prince. It was transmitted electrically by Professor Korn's new process. The duplicate was "wired" to Hamburg from Berlin.

telegraphically. The feat is of the electrical mechanical kind. It is, made possible by a property of the metal selenium which can "translate" variations of light into corresponding variations of an electric current. The success of the device is due to the ingenuity of Professor Korn of Munich.

Just as the diaphragm of a telephone causes the mechanical vibrations of sound to be reproduced in corresponding electric vibrations, so the action of variable light upon a plate of selenium, through which a current of electricity is passing, will cause that current to vary in exact accordance with the gradation of the light modified by a photographic film. The apparatus will be best understood, however, from the diagram. It is borrowed, like this exposition, from *The Scientific American*.

As with the telegraph and telephone, there is at one end a transmitter, at the other end a receiver. In its simplest form the transmitter consists of an outer metallic cylinder and an inner cylinder of glass on which is fixed the photographic film to be transmitted. The inner cylinder is made to revolve, and as it does so it passes an aperture in the metal cylinder through which comes a focussed beam from a so-called Nernst lamp. This beam passes through the photographic film and thence to a prism from which it is deflected to a plaque of selenium in the electric circuit. The variations of the revolving image are thus made to play upon the selenium, and are reproduced in the electric wave passing through the selenium.

The receiver consists primarily of a camera in which is another revolving cylinder carrying a sensitive film which is to receive the image. Through an aperture in the end of the camera comes another beam from a Nernst lamp which has previously been focussed upon a Geissler tube. The tube (G in the diagram) is in the electric circuit. The variations in the current are thus translated or rather retranslated into variations of light which, playing upon the sensitive film, set up the second image.



Courtesy of *The Scientific American*

A MECHANISM THAT TRANSMITS PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH

It is soon to be installed in Berlin. It is confidently predicted that photographs can be duplicated a thousand miles off in all directions by an operator with an original before him.

A PHYSIOLOGIST'S PROTEST AGAINST TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALCOHOL



ALCOHOL, up to a certain point, is an old acquaintance of the bodily cells even of those persons who from their birth have lived an abstinent life. For the living organism to come into contact with alcohol it is not at all necessary that the latter be made artificially and then ingested. The cells of plants, of animals and also of man already know alcohol, since it is formed in almost every organism when it is not artificially furnished to it. Such is the preliminary fact upon which that eminent German physiologist, Dr. J. Starke, bases his vindication of alcoholic drinks as beverages. Dr. Starke is an able German physician who has long specialized in dietetics.

Alcohol nourishes. Dr. Starke is convinced of that after years of patient investigation. The alcohol ingested—which affects digestion favorably, he says, so far as it affects it at all—is easily and rapidly absorbed from the stomach and incorporated with the juices of the body and in the latter, except for a little loss, it serves as nutrient material.

Alcohol exerts likewise a specific action on the nervous system. So Dr. Starke says, at any rate. Up to the time that the ingested alcohol performs its part as nutrient material, there is a period during which it circulates in the blood as yet undecomposed alcohol and may act specifically on the organs. The duration and intensity of this specific action of alcohol depend on the amount ingested and on the needs of the system for nourishment. The smaller the former and the greater the latter—greater with increased muscular activity and with diminished ingestion of other nutriment—the less are the duration and intensity of the specific effects of alcohol. On the whole, these specific effects of alcohol are exerted on the nervous system,

either on the terminal apparatuses of the nerves or on the central nervous system. The nerve trunks are not essentially affected, neither are the blood vessels directly. With the latter, as with the heart, the effect is either on the vasomotor nerves or on those of the heart; or else, in the case of the heart, this muscle, like any other, makes use of the alcohol as a nutrient material in the performance of its work. On the whole, insists Dr. Starke, alcohol is a nutrient and a nerve, exerting at the same time a nutritive and a specific action.

Alcohol stimulates the terminal apparatus of the nerves and of the bodily organs. It is the same with the nerves of sensation—for example, those of taste and smell—and those of the secretory nerves in the glands. Thus it happens that we smell of alcohol and taste it and that it is excreted by glands (in the salivary and gastric secretion, etc.). It stimulates many of the glandular nerves through the medium of the central nervous system, but probably many of them also directly. A further epitome of Dr. Starke's remaining conclusions runs:*

"Alcohol, taken in moderation, does not act as a poison to the central nervous system, for there is lacking every characteristic symptom of such an action.

"The action consists in functional changes, which lie within the range of quite normal play, and not in disturbances.

"This continues to be the case even when alcohol is taken regularly for years in succession.

"No disturbances occur if the use of alcohol is suddenly discontinued after it has been kept up for years.

"The action of the regular moderate use of alcohol upon the central nervous system consists in a certain inner mental stimulation, in stimulation of our peculiar, personal, intimate ego with all its qualities (temperament, feelings, talents

*ALCOHOL: THE SANCTION FOR ITS USE. By Dr. J. Starke. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Courtesy of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Spruce Beer Lager Beer Malt Extracts Claret Champagne "Patent Medicines" Whisky

THESE OUTLINES REPRESENT AN ORDINARY GOBLET. THE DARK SHADING SHOWS THE AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL CONTAINED IN EACH KIND OF BEVERAGE

and intellectual aptitudes). The result depends solely on the qualities of the ego stimulated.

"This stimulation is necessarily connected with a certain physiological consequence, some reduction of the reflex excitability, and according to the degree of stimulation and the character of the individual there is also a lessening of the susceptibility to external mental impressions or to certain aspects of the external world, therefore only to certain external impressions.

"The reason of the reduction of these impressibilities lies not in any sort of analysis, but in the fact that the central nervous apparatuses are forced to act in a certain direction by the stimulation of the ego, and in the fact that, in consequence thereof, and in consonance with a fundamental physiological law, those organs are no longer susceptible to impressions coming from without.

"With all this the consciousness is quite clear and there is no narcosis. At the same time the respiratory center is stimulated as well as the general vasomotor nerve center, and the latter indeed in the special sense that the cutaneous vessels are dilated and the internal vessels contracted.

"Practically expressed: We feel ourselves internally stimulated; this stimulation holds our nervous irritability—very unpleasant when aroused—within due bounds. It therefore provides for that alternation of perception, feeling, and thought, which is not only agreeable but sometimes directly necessary to the individual concerned. In this condition we breathe freely and deep, the skin is pleasantly warm, our internal organs are grateful for the freedom from too much blood, digestion is unimpeded and the heart beats full and strong."

Alcohol, moreover, is not one of the poisons. It is rather a substance which, taken in moderation, nourishes and exerts special effects on the nervous system, effects that are not even disturbances and therefore not phenomena of poisoning.

All this and all that follows are, of course, the conclusions of Dr. Starke himself. It is quite unnecessary to assure the well informed reader that they are vehemently disputed by all advocates of temperance. Those advocates would be especially amazed by Dr. Starke's assertion that moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages has not the effect of alluring man to ever increasing consumption. Where the latter seems to be the case, he says, there is something pertaining to the man himself, something within him or in his circumstances that rules the unfortunate and leads him to use alcohol as a means to an end. The alcohol of alcoholic drinks does not in itself possess the property of leading a person to drink constantly more and more. Moreover, it is very easy to keep the consumption of alcohol within due bounds. A man learns well enough as a rule the quantity of alcohol that he can take without harm.

The causes of excessive drinking are, first, mental abnormalities, and, second, the association of misfortune with weakness of character in the person affected:

"Both these primary causes lead the person to seek for stupefaction oftener than is good for him, and in direct consequence of the tormenting feelings with which they are accompanied. The yearning for stupefaction is the secondary cause which leads to the use of alcohol as a generally accessible means to the end. He who drinks alcohol for the sake of stupefaction (to be sharply distinguished from him who drinks it for the sake of stimulation) is impelled on physiological grounds to take constantly increasing doses, he is of natural necessity on the road to sottishness, that is, to the continuous immoderate use of alcohol.

"In fairness, then, we must deduct from a given number of drinkers those who were in themselves mentally abnormal before, also those whose character is so weak as to be unable to stand up against the misfortunes and obstacles of their surroundings. There remain those who become toppers by the voluntary use of alcoholic drinks. And from this remainder we should except those who use alcoholic drinks containing fusel oil, thus leaving a second residuum of those actually made toppers by alcohol.

"It is to assuage the persistent feeling of misery, then, that many a mentally defective or unfortunate person drinks, and for that purpose it is not 'alcohol' that he uses, but 'alcoholic drinks.' As a rule he is not content with drinks of which alcohol is the sole active principle, but after a while he generally craves those that contain fusel oil in addition to alcohol, like many distilled spirits. The distribution of drunkenness in Germany shows that wherever common spirit is the customary drink it plays a greater part than where, for example, beer takes its place. And in foreign countries districts and social strata known for drunkenness are those characterized by the notorious use of spirits containing fusel oil, yea, even in better circles whoever drinks alcohol for the sake of stupefaction takes such spirits in course of time. Naturally he does not own up to it, for he knows the dram drinker's bad name; but he does it. Hence there arises the question of whether drunkenness is not in great measure to be attributed to the fusel oil rather than to the alcohol.

"That is possible, for we now know by scientific investigations (which, unfortunately, are still too seldom resorted to) that in general and in particular the action of fusel oil is quite extraordinarily more intense than that of alcohol. We know that fusel oil acts from ten to a thousand times as intensely, according to the organ examined. I have made my own chemical experiments, and I must say that only he who has not dealt with them can underrate the significance of these constituents. It does not invalidate this position to say that fusel oil is present in only a small amount. In addition to the question of quantity there is that of the degree of activity, and that is very great in some of the fusel constituents."

To summarize briefly what Dr. Starke professes to have found out regarding the taking up of a "medium" amount of alcohol: That

amount of alcohol which, if it influences digestion at all, affects it favorably, is absorbed easily by the body and used as a nutrient with the exception of a small loss. It performs the same function as is accomplished by the carbohydrates. That is, it produces heat, as they do, and is a source of strength for the labor of the muscles. Dr. Starke arrives at his conclusions by following step by step the route taken by alcohol when a human being drinks it. The alcohol is taken into the mouth, it is swallowed and it reaches the stomach, from which it is taken up by the juices, which carry it through the body.

Alcohol therefore passes through the so-called organs of digestion, wherefore the first question is: Does it influence digestion and the digestive organs and in what way? Dr. Starke answers the first part of the question in the affirmative and says that the influence is beneficial if the amount of alcohol be moderate. Alcohol favors the secretion of saliva and the gastric juice. This secretion, larger than usual, consists of a good, normal, well-digested juice.

But alcohol does not influence intestinal digestion or the absorption of food from the intestines by the juices of the body. They act as if no alcohol had been taken. The alcohol swallowed is absorbed by the juices in the stomach (this is not the case with water, which the stomach hardly absorbs). There is therefore hardly any alcohol left in the nutrient material which reaches the intestines. Where there is no alcohol it can have no influence. Therefore alcohol can have no influence on digestion below the stomach. All this is established, says Dr. Starke, by experiment.

Absorbed from the stomach in the juices the substance is carried through the entire body. The largest proportion is turned to account in the organs of the body with the help of oxygen and used as a nutrient, a small part is excreted by other parts of the body, especially by the lungs. This fact is often used against alcohol because many allege that the body endeavors to throw off substances which it recognizes as harmful. Is this such a throwing off by the organism? Dr. Starke replies that it certainly is not:

"In reality there is no such 'effort to throw off' in the body. The body excretes not only poisons, but also innocent substances which have been introduced and also very often carefully accumulates pronounced poisons. The exclusion of a substance by the body is no proof of the poisonous properties of that substance. Otherwise cane, beet, or milk sugar would seem to be

much stronger poisons than alcohol, as they are excreted by the kidneys when injected hypodermically. The same is to be said of water and common salt. We can now investigate the question of why only a small part of the alcohol is excreted. I think the reasons are very plain.

"Quite a time passes before the alcohol circulating with the blood through the body is taken up by the organs. If, now, this volatile, easily vaporizable substance passes with the blood through organs which are in intimate connection with the external air, such as the surface of the alveoli of the lungs, it is only natural that some of it should be vaporized. In such a manner alcohol escapes with the exhaled air.

"It is further natural that alcohol under certain circumstances should be excreted by the kidneys. Much blood serum and other ingredients of the blood are excreted, and it is not to be wondered at if a part of the alcohol escapes with it. It is not much. The greatest amount is lost by the lungs. It is a small fraction of the alcohol ingested, never so much that it could be discerned by smell in the air exhaled from the lungs. The stuff we sometimes smell consists of other substances taken in with alcohol and deposited in the mouth and fauces (fusel oil in whisky, ether in wine). If pure alcohol is taken, and the mouth and fauces are well cleansed, there will be no so-called alcohol aroma of the breath.

"There is, therefore, absolutely no reason to believe in any defensive action of the body. The process is very simple. On account of the volatility of the alcohol taken and absorbed, carried by the blood to all parts of the body, a small part is lost. The lion's share remains in the body and is used by it as nourishment."

What, now, does the judicious and regular use of alcohol produce? A certain psychic excitation, says Dr. Starke, the excitation of our personal ego. The result depends entirely upon the quality of the excited ego. The strength of the excitation depends partly upon the excitability of the ego in question and partly upon the quantity of alcohol regularly used. The necessary physiological sequence of this excitation is a certain diminution of the reflex excitability and of the psychic excitability for external influences and for certain aspects of the outer world—that is, only for certain external influences depending upon the degree of the excitation and the quality of the ego. The reason for this diminution of the excitability is not to be found in a kind of paralysis, but in the fact that the central nervous apparatuses concerned must work in a certain sense on account of the ego excitation, and are therefore not accessible to other demands. There is an absolutely clear consciousness and no narcosis.

It has been observed for centuries that alcohol augments the self-consciousness, the sense of power and the courage. Nothing can stimulate these fine faculties so well as the excitation of our inner personality, its

becoming active. This must increase the self-consciousness. It is in great part identical with it. We are thus led directly to Dr. Starke's conclusion that abstinence from alcohol as a beverage entails a great loss upon the personality:

"He who leads the life of a shepherd in Arcadia may indeed be satisfied with goats' milk. And still the shepherds drank wine. But what about him who does not live in Arcadia? What about him who has to comply with the daily increasing demands of practical life? What would become of his psychic personality if he did not possess alcohol? What would become of the psychic personality of all the many men who during the daytime cannot act as they would wish, and must according to their ego? They would often pine away without alcohol.

Familiarly one says: "The alcohol stirs me up." The expression describes the effect exactly. Stirred by alcohol, the musician does not wish to practice exercises, but to compose or to interpret; the painter, not to divide his canvas into squares, but to realize his inspiration in form and color; the writer not to listen to essays critically, but to develop his ideas; the scientist not to cut up a piece of liver into a thousand microscopic parts, but to follow up his ideas about an object very interesting to him. In short, when we are in the proper frame of excitation we experience the creative impulse.

Alcohol, affirms Dr. Starke, produces just this frame of excitation:

"It is not that part of our psychic life which is merely imitative, receptive, or passive that will be especially excited, but the part which makes us creative, psychically active beings. Alcohol excites our creative faculty, of which our personal psychic ego really consists. We should emphasize: I am excited by alcohol. Therefore creative men, the discoverer, the artist, do not allow anything to be said against alcohol. We must not imagine that alcohol brings entirely new properties to the brain, to the soul. For example, a man not gifted with the talent for painting will not be able to create a masterpiece by the help of the best brandy. He who has not the natural gift of painting can do nothing. But if one is gifted, wine will not seldom assist the talent to show itself.

"It has been said, for example, that nobody becomes talented by means of alcohol. That is right and it is wrong, according to circumstances. Certainly a man who is not endowed by nature with an ingenious brain, who is not capable of psychic excitation, will not become ingenious through the agency of alcohol. But the man who is ingenious by nature will indeed show his ingenuity best after the use of a glass of wine, and in that way will become ingenious by the instrumentality of alcohol. The faculty of the brain to be ingenious is not identical with actually being ingenious. Neither is a person gifted with the faculty to paint, a painter. There is a great difference! The gift is a valueless asset until, for example, there has been developed from the disposition to be a great painter, the state of actually 'being a great painter.' This development may be repressed, impeded, or accelerated. This last happens in many as the result of alcohol, which produces an exaltation of the endowed soul, the endowed brain. Then will the man paint according to his capability."

THE MYSTERY OF RUST



WITHIN recent weeks there has been something very like a sensation owing to the alleged discovery of the cause of rusting in iron and steel. As one leading English railroad loses eighteen tons of metal daily from its rails alone through rust and as a leading American railroad estimates its daily loss through the rusting of rails at ninety tons the item is costly. The whole of a great metal railroad bridge is painted at great expense at regular intervals in vain efforts to eliminate rust altogether. In painting the great Forth Bridge there is an expenditure of over ten thousand dollars every year. In our own country special care is taken to clean all bridge parts before laying on a coat of paint. The increased use of iron and steel in modern structures, notes *Science Progress* (London), makes it indispensable that an accurate knowledge should be obtained of the conditions under which the

metal is converted into a material which resembles the earthy ores from which it was originally extracted.

The new discovery purports to be that the cause of rusting is the action of water containing traces of acid on iron in presence of atmospheric oxygen. To prevent rusting it is necessary primarily to exclude every trace of acid. This is generally impracticable. The alternative is to prevent contact of the iron with water and the atmosphere by means of some such protective coating as paint. Whether, in the case of steel, the internal structure can be so modified by a suitable and inexpensive treatment that the metal shall be nearly rustless is a problem that still remains open and urgently needs investigation. The problem in the case of steel has been attacked with the aid of certain elements, such as nickel. Certain varieties of steel containing nickel are said to be almost entirely resistant

to atmospheric corrosion. But the point is involved in dispute notwithstanding. Our authority summarizes thus:

"Primarily the rusting of iron is the result of acid attack, and the conditions for rusting to occur must be the same as those known to be determinative of chemical action in general: namely, the possibility of the existence of an electric circuit. The interaction of iron with water and oxygen appears to be impossible in the absence of an electrolyte, just as the union of hydrogen and oxygen has been shown by recent experiments to be also impossible in the absence of impurities. In the case of iron the presence of a trace of acid,

by rendering the water an electrolyte, fulfils the conditions requisite for action to occur. In the case of ordinary atmospheric corrosion the acid is usually carbonic acid.

"The misapprehension or misconception of this position has given rise to some discussion on the subject in the columns of *Nature*. Thus it has been suggested that whilst carbon dioxide, oxygen and water are essential for the rusting of pure iron, the last two alone may be sufficient to cause the rusting of impure forms of the metal. But rusting in such cases appears to be due to the production of acids owing to the oxidation of impurities in the iron, these acids playing the same part as carbonic acid in the rusting of pure iron."

BALDNESS TRACED TO THE ABSENCE OF UPPER CHEST BREATHING



ORDINARY baldness is considered the consequence of inadequate chest breathing, in a recent paper by Dr. Delos M. Parker, lecturer at the Detroit College of Medicine. The inadequate chest breathing allows a poisonous substance to develop in the lungs. This poisonous substance circulates in the blood. The roots of the hair are deprived of their due nourishment as an indirect result of their situation over the cranium; but this deprivation is directly entailed by the poison generated in the upper chest, the circulation of the consequent poison through the body and the starvation of the hair roots because the flow of their normally scanty nourishment is thus totally checked. Dr. Parker, whose paper appears in *The Medical Record*, has studied this hypothesis of his for years, treating baldness and experimenting on animals.

Inadequate upper chest breathing leaves residual air undisturbed in the air cavities of a portion of the lungs. The residual air in any portion of the lungs that is not made use of for breathing purposes must necessarily lie undisturbed in the lung cavities. Now it is easy enough for the function of respiration to be carried on with the use of the lower portions only of the lungs, but the function can not be carried on without the use of the lower portion of the lungs. The residual air left in the lungs by inadequate breathing is warm, and it is saturated with moisture. Whenever residual air or, what is the same thing, expired air, is kept chambered in the presence of warmth and moisture it invariably undergoes change and develops a soluble poison that is capable, when present in the normal blood, of exerting a disturbance so far as concerns hair growth.

It might be thought strange that a poisonous substance, circulating in the blood, should limit its destructive action to the hair on the top of the head. This is explained by Dr. Parker's statement that the roots of the hair on top of the head, lying over the hard, glistening and practically bloodless occipito-frontal aponeurosis, are deprived of the nourishment that the roots of the hair of other portions of the head and of the face derive from the soft, blood-saturated muscular tissue with which they are in close relationship. As a result, the hair roots of the top of the head are of comparatively low vitality, and yield readily to the action of the poison.

Observation extending over a period of many years and applied to thousands of persons affected with common baldness developed, in Dr. Parker's experience, not a single exception to the rule that persons affected with common baldness do not employ upper chest breathing, and those not afflicted with common baldness do employ upper chest respiration. Moreover, persons suffering from ordinary baldness find a remedy in the practice of upper chest breathing. After one week dandruff entirely disappears. The hair begins to lose its dryness and harshness. In six weeks new hair begins to make its appearance. It is very fine and first manifests itself at the edges of the bald spot. Craniums that had been bald for twenty years have developed hair after a due amount of upper chest breathing. Of course, the practice must be steady and uninterrupted or there will ensue a relapse. Experiments on dogs, hens and pigeons show that injections of material from expired air under the blood conditions that lead to ordinary baldness in man produce loss of fur or plumage.

Recent Poetry

NOTHING in John Davidson's new book of poems ("Holiday and Other Poems") is of more interest or shows more vigor of expression than his prose essay "On Poetry," in which he discusses the relative worth of rhyme and blank verse, and, incidentally, of Great Britain and the United States. Up to one year ago Mr. Davidson expected never again to write in rhyme. The present volume, which is entirely in rhymed verse, is the result of a new exposition on the subject which he came across at that time. He still considers that "the crown of the whole poetical aim of the world" is English blank verse, "the subtlest, most powerful and most various organ of utterance articulate faculty has produced." Rhyme he still considers to be, even at its best, a decadent mode. It is only an ornament; "it is as rouge on the cheek and belladonna on the eye;" and yet it is as necessary to the general verse-reader as brandy to the brandy-drinker. And the law of it is this: "the effect of a rhyme increases geometrically in the ratio of its recurrence." A certain form of re-echoing rhyme, in which he experiments in this volume, comes, he says, from America, being "the exquisite invention of the most original genius in words the world has known—Edgar Allan Poe." This form is that in which the same word is made to rhyme to itself with an entirely new sound by a change in the preceding phraseology. Poe's poems Mr. Davidson calls "the decadence of the literature of Europe, the seed of the literature of America." America itself, by the way, is "the decadence of Europe," in which chivalry reappears in the tyrannies of pretty women and the liberty of divorce, religion becomes a sentimental pietism *a la* Moody and Sankey, and the "splendid robbers," Clive, Hastings and Rhodes, degenerate into "the pickpockets of the trusts."

Mr. Davidson's experiments in rhymed verse are too obviously mere verbal jugglery. We find nothing we care to quote but the title poem, and we are not sure that we understand what that means, or what the significance of its strange title may be:

HOLIDAY

By JOHN DAVIDSON

Lithe and listen, gentlemen:
Other knight of sword or pen
Shall not, while the planets shine,
Spend a holiday like mine:—

Fate and I, we played at dice:
Thrice I won and lost the main;
Thrice I died the death, and thrice
By my will I lived again.

First, a woman broke my heart,
As a careless woman can,
Ere the aureoles depart
From the woman and the man.

Dead of love, I found a tomb
Anywhere: beneath, above,
Worms nor stars transpierced the gloom
Of the sepulcher of love.

Wine-cups were the charnel-lights;
Festal songs, the funeral dole;
Joyful ladies, gallant knights,
Comrades of my buried soul.

Tired to death of lying dead
In a common sepulcher,
On an Easter morn I sped
Upward where the world's astir.

Soon I gathered wealth and friends;
Donned the livery of the hour;
And atoning diverse ends
Bridged the gulf to place and power.

All the brilliances of Hell
Crushed by me, with honeyed breath
Fawned upon me till I fell,
By pretenders done to death.

Buried in an outland tract,
Long I rotted in the mould,
Tho the virgin woodland lacked
Nothing of the age of gold.

Roses spiced the dews and damps
Nightly falling of decay;
Dawn and sunset lit the lamps
Where entombed I deeply lay.

My Companions of the Grave
Were the flowers, the growing grass;
Larks intoned a morning stave;
Nightingales, a midnight mass.

But at me, effete and dead,
Did my spirit gibe and scoff:
Then the gravecloth from my head,
And my shroud—I shook them off!

Drawing strength and subtle craft
Out of ruin's husk and core,
Through the earth I ran a shaft
Upward to the light once more.

Soon I made me wealth and friends;
Donned the livery of the age;
And atoning many ends
Reigned as sovereign, priest, and mage.

But my pomp and towering state,
Puissance and supreme device
Crumbled on the cast of Fate—
Fate that plays with loaded dice.

I whose arms had harried Hell
Naked faced a heavenly host:
Carved with countless wounds I fell,
Sadly yielding up the ghost.

In a burning mountain thrown
(Titans such a tomb attain),
Many a grisly age had flown
Ere I rose and lived again.

Parched and charred I lay; my cries
Shook and rent the mountain-side;
Lusters, decades, centuries
Fled while daily there I died.

But my essence and intent
Ripened in the smelting fire:
Flame became my element;
Agony my soul's desire.

Twenty centuries of pain,
Mightier than Love or Art,
Woke the meaning in my brain
And the purpose of my heart.

Straightway then aloft I swam
Through the mountain's sulphurous sty:
Not eternal death could damn
Such a hardy soul as I.

From the mountain's burning crest
Like a god I come again,
And with an immortal zest
Challenge Fate to throw the main.

Notable for its depth of feeling and its eloquence of expression is the following fine poem in the *North American Review*, by Mrs. Sill, one of the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. Mrs. Sill's verse has for the most part dealt with the lighter things of life—moods and nuances and fancies; but every once in a while she sounds a deep full note that has the ring of true greatness in it:

THE HOOF-BEATS OF THE YEARS

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I feel on my bosom
The hoof-beats of the years—
They trample me down.
I raise bruised arms against them,
But in vain. They trample me down.

I hear everywhere the clamor of life,
The groanings of effort rolling the stones up-hill,
The clang of the hammer, the burst
Of steam, the grinding of wheels, the blast
Of truculent whistles, and booming of bells,
And strident chorus of languages everywhere
In the Babel of labor; and under it all
The tiny voices of those, the Giants of toil,
The Achievers, whose sound is so fine,
So ethereal fine, to our ears that we hear not
As they work in a seeming silence profound—
They, the Great Ones, the Kings of all labor,
Beside whose grandeur of work

Our own is as chaff in the wind—
Those artisans of universes, makers of stars and
suns,

The Cell-builders, God's own handmen.
For them is the harmony eternal!
They feel not the griding of years.

But I—I—the human standing at bay,
Who am not told God's secrets, who learn
And unlearn in sweat and in tears,
I it is who feel the hoof-beats of the years
Trampling out of my bosom
Its very heart—down to the dust.

Yet from this dust I arise,
I arise and go to God,
And ask again my eternal questions;
And though He answers me naught,
Though He leaves me to suffer—
Me, a part of Him—
To suffer alone and apart from Him,
He gives me somehow, somewhere, to know
That, tho the hoof-beats of the years
Beat out my heart from my bosom,
Down, down to the dust,
Yet they cannot kill my soul—
The flamelike, exuberant soul that He made
And sowed with the seed of His Soul—
Nor cut it off forever from Him.

The Longfellow centenary has inevitably produced a number of poems in honor of the occasion. Nearly all of them indicate a notion that Longfellow's reputation needs defending and the general effect is almost that of an apology. The stanzas by Mr. Aldrich, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, are entirely free from this note:

LONGFELLOW

1807-1907

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

A fine double sonnet on another poet appears in a Southern newspaper—New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. The name of the writer is entirely unknown to us, but there is a finish to her stanzas that indicates a not unpractised hand:

WORDSWORTH

By SARAH D. HOBART

God touched his eyes, and lo, the young child saw
The common earth with spirit interfused.
Along the genial valleys where he mused
He felt life rounded by a higher law.
The winter's rage, the springtime's fret and thaw,
The storm and torrent,—all the agents used
By Nature in her workings, unabused,
Were heavenly symbols, free from taint or flaw.
He knew the angels of the viewless air,
Strong at their toil along the rock-bound height:
Beside the lake and in the forest bare
He felt their presence in the starry night,
And trusted, fearless, to that fostering care
That speeds the hurrying cloud-field on its flight.

God touched his soul; anointed, set apart
From all the mad world's clamor and unrest,
He leaned secure on Mother Nature's breast
And felt the throbbing of her human heart.
With patient skill, with consecrated art,
He told of sins and sorrows unconfessed:
The prophecy of human wrongs redressed
He traced in flame above each soulless mart.
Poet and priest, he stands against the age
Of Mammon's greed and passion's overflow,
A marble god, whose sculptured grace recalls
The music of the groves and waterfalls,
Or like bold Skiddaw's self, that lifts its snow
Undaunted 'mid the tempests' wildest rage.

Something over a year ago an obscure American poet suddenly found himself in the limelight through the warm admiration expressed for his verses by President Roosevelt. It was really the President's son, we understand, who "discovered" Mr. Robinson, and whose declamation of some of his lines first awakened the President's interest. The following poem from *Scribner's* might well place the author of "The Strenuous Life":

MINIVER CHEEVY

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

The poem that follows seems to us to be phenomenal. It appears in *St. Nicholas* in a prize competition among the readers of that magazine, and was awarded the gold badge. Its author (whether boy or girl we do not know) is but fourteen years of age:

THE LAND OF ROMANCE

By E. VINCENT MILLAY

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, and he raised his head;
"I know not the road to Romance, child. 'T is a warm, bright way," he said,
"And I trod it once with one whom I loved,—with one who is long since dead.
But now—I forget,—Ah! The way would be long without that other one,"
And he lifted a thin and trembling hand, to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, but she did not stir,
And I heard no sound in the low-ceiled room save the spinning-wheel's busy whirr.
Then came a voice from the down-bent head, from the lips that I could not see,
"Oh! Why do you seek for Romance? And why do you trouble me?
Little care I for your fancies. They will bring you no good," she said,
"Take the wheel that stands in the corner, and get you to work, instead."

Then came one with steps so light that I had not heard their tread.
"I know where the road to Romance is. I will show it you," she said.
She slipped her tiny hand in mine, and smiled up into my face,
And lo! A ray of the setting sun shone full upon the place,
The little brook danced adown the hill and the grass sprang up anew,
And tiny flowers peeped forth as fresh as if newly washed with dew.

A little breeze came frolicking by, cooling the heated air,
And the road to Romance stretched on before,
beckoning, bright and fair.
And I knew that just beyond it, in the hush of the dying day,
The mossy walls and ivied towers of the land of Romance lay.
The breath of dying lilies haunted the twilight air,
And the sob of a dreaming violin filled the silence everywhere.

Our departed youth will probably be a theme for the poets to the end of time, and one that will always be sung in a minor key. Mrs. Wilcox (in *The Evening Journal*, New York) is the latest to essay it:

THE LOST GARDEN

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There was a fair, green garden sloping
From the southeast side of the mountain ledge,
And the earliest tint of the dawn came groping
Down through its paths, from the day's dim edge.
The bluest skies and the reddest roses
Arched and varied its velvet sod;
And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes
The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
With life's rare rapture and keen delight;
And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
For something over the mountain-height.
I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
That turned to crimson the peaks of snow,
And the winds from the west all breathed a story
Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing
The brightest blossoms that breathe of June;
I saw in the East how the sun was glowing,
And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune.
I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed with glee;
But still I looked out over the mountain
Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
That led to the path I longed to climb,
But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
For close at my side stood graybeard Time.
I paused, with feet that were fain to linger,
Hard by that garden's golden gate;
But Time spoke, pointing with one stern finger:
"Pass on," he said, "for the day grows late."

And now on the chill, gray cliffs I wander,
The heights recede which I thought to find;
And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder
When I think of the garden I left behind.
Should I stand at last on its summit's splendor,
I know full well it would not repay
For the fair, lost tints of the dawn so tender
That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding,
If ways there are to that land, in sooth;
For what man succeeds in ever finding
A path to the garden of his lost youth?

But I think sometimes, when the June stars glisten,
That a rose-scent drifts from far away;
And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen,
That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

The word irrigation does not suggest poetic rapture, but when you think of it the thing the word stands for is a noble theme for either the orator or the poet. A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* has discovered this and made good use of the discovery:

HYMN OF THE DESERT

BY MCCREADY SYKES

Long have I waited their coming, the Men of the far-lying Mist-Hills
Gathered about their fires and under the kindly rains.
Not to the blazing sweep of thy Desert, oh Lord, have they turned them;
Evermore back to the Mist-Hills, back to the rain-kissed plains.

Long through the ages I waited the children of men, but they came not:
Only God's silent centuries holding their watch sublime.
Gaunt and wrinkled and gray was the withering face of thy Desert:
All in thine own good time; O Lord, in thine own good time.

Lo! thou hast spoken the word, and thy children come bringing the waters
Loosed from their mountain keep in the thrall of each sentinel hill.
Lord, thou hast made me young and fair at thine own waters' healing,
Pleasing and fair to mankind in the flood of thy bountiful will.
Wherefore in joy now thy children come, flying exultant and eager;
Now is thine ancient Earth remade by thy powerful word.
Lord, unto thee be the glory! Thine is the bloom of the Desert.
Hasten, oh Men of the Mist-Hills! Welcome, ye Sons of the Lord!

In a little paper issued once in a while on Staten Island as the organ of a local improvement society, and called *The Westerleigh Bulletin*, appears a beautiful and simple little poem by Edwin Markham. Mr. Markham in his nature poems is not as well known as he should be.

JOY OF THE MORNING

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I hear you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood;
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word.
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
The world's mysterious stir;
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener!

Crowded up into one corner of a page of *The Broadway Magazine* and printed in an almost unreadable type, appeared recently a felicitous little poem accompanied by a full-page illustration of very mediocre quality. To our mind, a pictorial illustration for a poem is, *per se*, in the nature of an insult to the poet or the reader, or both. For a poem is itself a picture by an artist and to call in another kind of artist to reinforce it is to accuse the poet of futility or the reader of incapacity.

THE FACE OF MY FANCY

BY WITTER BYNNER

Give her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen tree,
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?—
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!—
And give her the face of my fancy, as free
As a lark in his heaven!—and give her to me!

The Hungarians have had a poet whose name, Petöfi, has traveled around the world; but Americans have had little chance to become familiar with his poetry. In a "History of Hungarian Literature," recently published by Appletons, the author, Frederick Reidl, gives us the following translation of one of Petöfi's winsome songs:

A PEASANT SONG

BY SANDOV PETÖFI

The cottage door stood open wide,
To light my pipe I stepped inside,
But, oh! behold, my pipe was lit,
There was indeed a glow in it.

But since my pipe was all aglow,
With other thoughts inside I go—
A gentle winning maiden fair
That I perchance saw sitting there.

Upon her wonted task intent
To stir the fire aflame, she bent;
But oh! dear heart, her eyes so bright
Were radiant with more brilliant light.

She looked at me as in I passed.
Some spell she must have o'er me cast.
My burning pipe went out, but oh!
My sleeping heart was all aglow.

In the population of the United States there are twenty-five million persons who were born aliens or whose parents were alien-born. And still they come from the four quarters of the globe and by way of all the seven seas. A writer in *Scribner's* finds this a sobering sight:

ELLIS ISLAND

BY C. A. PRICE

The Shapes press on,—mask after mask they wear,

Agape, we watch the never-ending line;
The crown of thought, the cap and bells are there,
And next the monk's hood see the morion shine.

Age on his staff and infancy's slow foot,
These we discern, if all else be disguise;
They fix on us an alien gaze and mute,
From the mysterious orbit of the eyes.

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,
And some we laugh and some we weep to see,
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whate'er we give,
Honor, dishonor, daily bread or bane;
Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—
But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;
The power is ours to mold them or to mar,
But Freedom's voice, far down the centuries,
Shall sound our choice from blazing star to star!

A pleasant little spring poem appears in the March number of *The Broadway Magazine*:

MARCH SECRETS

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper
in the air,
And a stir of sleepy grasses, and, altho the trees
are bare,
There's a light along their branches, and a thick-
ening of twigs,
And the pussy-willows don their dainty little
periwigs.

All the meadow-pools are twinkling with the
breezes and the sun,
While the wrinkles and the crinkles o'er their
laughing faces run.
Hark! a bull-frog singing gaily at the bottom
of his voice
Is inviting all creation to awaken and rejoice!

From the silence of the woodland comes the
tinkle of the brook,
And a rustle, as of waking, in each sunny, shel-
tered nook;
For the west wind has a message, and the gentle
rain a hint
Of earth-odors, and the presage of new melody
and tint.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's a whisper
in the air;
There's a mystery a-brewing, of which Lilac
seems aware,
And a busy little lady-sparrow hither flies and
yon,
While her mate upon the fence observes, "There's
something going on!"

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HE critics do not take George Barr McCutcheon very seriously, perhaps because he does not take himself seriously and his workmanship is often slovenly.

It may, however, be said for him that as a mere story teller he has few equals among contemporary American writers. His plots

JANE CABLE

may be old, but they appear in a new and charming dress; his literary tricks may be likewise outworn and melodramatic, but they grip the attention and hold it to the end. "This dramatic quality," remarks Paul Wiltach in the *New York Bookman*, "is Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's strongest quality. He seems to repudiate mere virtuosity of style, contenting himself with a vigorous rush of honest colloquialism." His reward is the swift success of the moment, his penalty the fact that the gate that separates journalistic fiction from literature seems to be forever closed in his face. "George Barr McCutcheon's stories," observes *The Milwaukee Sentinel*, "have all of the fragile beauty of the poppy. They are bright, but soulless, and have a freshness that is perishable. They blossom and die and are forgotten; but as the poppy, even with its frail and delicate loveliness, is its own excuse for being, so likewise the novels and stories that come from time to time from the prolific pen of the author of 'Granstark.'"

"Jane Cable,"* remarks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is unquestionably McCutcheon's best novel. "It is no romance of an impossible kingdom of Europe, there are neither princes nor princesses, armor, nor intrigues for position. It is a tale of the Chicago of to-day which the author knows so well. It is a better story than those which he has heretofore written, because it is tangible, and seems possible, if not actual."

The scene sweeps from Chicago to the Philippines, and from there to New York. The plot is outlined as follows:

"Jane, a sweet and natural girl, was an adopted daughter unknown to herself and to her father. An unscrupulous man discovered the secret, and used it against Mr. Cable for blackmail. The son of this man is the hero of the story. His father was a blackguard and, in the same proportion, he was upright, knowing nothing of the older man's underhand machinations and graft. Graydon was a graduate of an eastern college, and he wanted to do the right for the sake of the right.

"He loved Jane and Jane loved him. They were engaged to be married when one day the

father of the hero, seeking to humiliate Mrs. Cable, told the secret of Jane's heritage. There was no softening of details, and with brutal frankness he blurted out the whole story with a few additions and withdrawals of his own, before a reporter of a Chicago daily. The result was that Jane broke her engagement and left the city. Soon after Graydon left also.

"He enlisted in the army and saw active service in the Philippines. One day he was hurt, and brought into the hospital, where he heard whispers of the beautiful nurse. It was his fate to fall into the gentle ministering hands of Jane Cable, who was a nurse in the American hospital service. For a long time his life was despaired of, and it seemed as if the author intended making an artistic ending of his book by allowing him to die."

The author, however, being more human than artistic, brings his book to a happy conclusion. The young couple are joined in wedlock and live happily ever afterwards.

The *New York Evening Sun* remarks that, save for the romantic preposterousness of the plot, "Jane Cable" comes near being an attempt at a novel, and expresses the hope that now that McCutcheon has shown his ability to outline characters that are something more than romantic puppets, he will try his hand at a real novel. Another writer felicitously expresses the truth and the principles for which McCutcheon and his fiction stand. He says:

"He belongs to the school picturing types of men and women who do things quite differently from the mere normal, every-day human beings who walk this earth in real flesh and blood. Individually, we may differ very widely in our opinions of Mr. McCutcheon's books; but there is, certainly one thing very much to his credit, one thing which goes a long way toward explaining his steady and growing vogue with the public, and that is that he consistently makes his personages play up to their parts. There is never a moment when the Young Person who likes thrills is forced to admit with a sense of disillusion, 'why, these are not real heroes and heroines, but just ordinary, every-day people, after all!' This is really no small thing to do, because while the rewards awaiting those who can do it successfully are large and many have tried for them, Mr. McCutcheon stands upon an enviable height, with few to keep him company."

It is not often that American reviewers find fault with a writer of fiction for driving home a moral truth. Perhaps the moral in Mr. Graham Phillips' new book* is a little too obvious. Perhaps it fails to impress the critics, who, being more or less literary men, have

*JANE CABLE. By George Barr McCutcheon, Dodd, Mead & Company.

*THE SECOND GENERATION. By Graham Phillips. D. Appleton & Company.

in the majority of cases never been weighted down with "the curse of wealth." "Mr. Phillips' story," says the New York *Evening Post*, "is a tract rather than a piece of pure fiction, and the author is at small pains to conceal the machinery of his argument"—the argument being that inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse. To enforce this unhopeful contention the "demonstrator"—to use the terminology of the *Post* reviewer—"introduces us to a prosperous manufacturing city of the Middle West, wherein all who have inherited wealth have gone or are going to the dogs." To quote further:

"All the younger persons involved in the story are directly committed to this dread alternative save two. One of these is shot by an aristocrat, who has become a drunkard because he has *not* inherited money (which would have been a saving fact if he had not been an aristocrat); the other marries a girl of common blood who has grown up in the expectation of a great inheritance. This girl's nature is as pliable as that of Oliver in the forest of Arden. When she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she wastes her desires upon pretty gowns and the degrading exercise of social observances. In the end, after much vibration, she becomes for good and all what her inventor desires her to be. Her brother, whose case is rendered particularly desperate by an experience in the best set at Harvard, is similarly amenable to treatment. Harvard turns him out a fop and a cad, but Mr. Phillips, by depriving him of his looked-for inheritance, sets him to work with his hands, and succeeds in making a man of him. He is promptly jilted by a mercenary sweetheart, and after sufficiently insulting his father's memory, and throwing away a paltry legacy of \$5,000 in a vain attempt to break the father's will, he falls in love with a moderately poor and immoderately honest girl, and becomes one of nature's noblemen."

The author goes into details at great length. This, for some, constitutes the chief charm of his style. But reviewers are busy people, and the majority of them agree with the New York *Outlook* in the view that the book is "too long drawn-out and somewhat stolid."

The Book News Monthly commends Phillips for the hopeful view he takes of his theme as pictured forth in the transformation of the young dandy, Arthur, into a man when he finds himself left without the help of his father's fortune. In a way Mr. Phillips has here foreshadowed the views of our distinguished English visitor who advocates the "disinheritance of the unborn."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* remarks of the story that it is stronger than "The Plum Tree," "The Social Secretary" and "The Deluge" by the same author. It goes on to say:

"There are many fine minor characters in this story and much sound comment on American life. The author's pen is frequently dipped in bitterness, but his philosophy is wholesome and he believes in the regeneration that must come from

new ideals of wealth and its uses. He develops a scheme introduced by Arthur Ranger by which workingmen in the flour mills are given many of the privileges of wealth in the way of baths, club-rooms, restaurants, comfortable homes and ample leisure. It is an idyllic picture that reminds one of some of William Morris' romances of the golden future when socialism shall have solved all the world's ugly problems and removed the hard work, the misery and the selfishness that hang like a dead weight around the neck of the poor in this world."

The question has at times been raised whether readers insist on a "happy ending." Mrs. Mary

Wilkins Freeman has evidently
BY THE LIGHT taken the negative side of the
OF THE SOUL debate. In her latest novel,* she

presents a gloomy and depressingly pessimistic picture of a phase of New England life. Not that she has lost her skilful powers of character depiction and her subtle humor. "But," remarks Ella W. Peattis in *The Chicago Tribune*, "her human beings are mere fishes meshed in an entangling skein of fate, and the reader is asked to watch their piteous struggle to be happy." To quote further: "Fatalism is bad enough when it wears the purple garments of tragedy. When it dons the faded calcimine blue of New England degeneracy it ceases to awe and uplift. On the contrary, it seems to weigh down the soul and imagination till the reader feels more like a beached bunch of rotting seaweed than like a human being. There are," she continues, "noble examples and fantastic sacrifices, sacrifices which advance the world and those which frustrate and confuse, and render life chaotic. Maria Edgham, the heroine of Mrs. Freeman's book, chose the latter sort." The other women in the book are designated by the same reviewer as "mosquitoes that kill men by their sting." It is for those that Mary Edgham makes her numerous sacrifices. A more aggravating case of altruism misplaced has never been found in life or literature. Miss Peattis goes on to say:

"Whenever the doors of opportunity opened, she stepped aside to admit some one else, and the doors had a trick of swinging to, automatically, and shutting in her face. To enumerate briefly a few of her troubles, her good, stern, scolding, loving mother died just as Maria was leaving her girlhood behind her. Her father then married one of the human mosquitoes with the fatal sting, and he, too, died. Maria was sentimental and ardent and loved early, and by an extraordinary and hardly credible circumstance, was forced into a marriage with a boy, Wollaston Lee, whom she then fled from, filled with an impulsive detestation for him. For ten years the blight of that incomplete marriage hung over her, and for sheer timidity she would not have it annulled. Mean-

*BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

time she truly and deeply loved a youth of good birth, George Ramsey, but resigned him to another 'mosquito' because of her 'marriage.' Circumstances at length threw her in the way of her 'husband,' and, as they were beginning to discover possibilities of reconciliation, Maria found that her beautiful young half-sister had contracted a violent passion for the man. Consequently, she disappeared, caused herself to be reported as dead, and at the conclusion of the story was the comfort of a rich and intellectual hunchbacked lady in New York."

The reviewers agree almost unanimously in their condemnation of the gloomy aspects of the book. Claudius Clear, in the *British Weekly*, pronounces it "not immoral," but "sickly and unwholesome." "The whole book," he goes on to say, "is a study in sentiment. If we are to believe it, American children are infested with sentimentalism almost from the dawn of their being. At least," he adds, "the heroine of this book and her friends are inflicted in this way."

"When at school the heroine is in love with a schoolmate. If Miss Wilkins' description is true, the results of mixed education in America must be very bad. Love affairs go on continually between the pupils. The girls, in particular, appear to think of nothing else but love. When a handsome young professor appears in the college the young ladies in his class are instantly entranced with him. They make no secret of their affections, but avow them from the very beginning."

The Athenaeum likewise finds that Maria's fate is sadder than it should be and leaves the reader with a feeling of dissatisfaction. *The Independent*, varying one of Heine's witty bon-mots, speaks of Mrs. Freeman as "having a brilliant future behind her." It says:

"Mrs. Freeman is still a young woman. In quite early youth she invented a *genre* of her own and wrote two small volumes of short stories as unexcelled in their own field as are de Maupassant's in his very much larger and more important sphere. Mrs. Freeman seems to be one of those people born with a definite gift, entirely spontaneous and untrained, of telling with combined pathos and humor just what she has seen. Her short stories are a lasting delight and her novels an inevitable disappointment. The opening chapters of 'By the Light of the Soul' are descriptive, full of keen perception and interesting, but the development of the story is unconvincing, the morality twisted, and the Enoch Arden-like ending loses all the note of the inevitable which makes the beauty of the basic poem by the fact that the immoral and quite tragic situation is knowingly wrought by the heroine. Tears and laughter spring from the same wells and the true humorists have always possessed the gift of calling forth either from the hearts of their readers. Yet critics seem to deny Mrs. Freeman the gift of tears."

The only positive touch is added by the *New York Evening Post*, which discerns in the somewhat disappointing material a rich note of promise and an honest attempt to conquer new fields.

Mr. William J. Locke's romantic story* is a delightful feat. It is delightful because it is full of the breath of springtide and Bohemianism—in fact, a modern variation of a Rabelaisian theme,—and it is a feat because, despite

the unconventionality of his treatment, the author has succeeded in charming the hearts of the sternest reviewers.

Mr. Locke is not new to letters. In such leisure hours as his duties as Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects have left him he has produced no less than ten novels in ten years. The present story crowns the work of his lifetime.

It is so much better than any of the others, that Frederick Taber Cooper (in the *North American Review*) deems it hardly an exaggeration to say that Mr. Locke has just begun to write. In his earlier volumes, he remarks, Mr. Locke carefully held in reserve his most flagrant impossibilities for his dramatic climax. "In his latest story all unlikelihood of plot belongs to the vague, remote past, it is a sort of condition precedent upon which the whole structure of the narrative rests, but which is nowhere deliberately flaunted into your face." He goes on to say:

"The precise details of a ten-year-old estrangement do not greatly matter. All that we really need to know is that somewhere in the background of the life of Mr. Locke's delectable Vagabond there is a Dream Lady, *aux petits pieds si adorés*; that for her sake he cut himself off from fame and fortune and love, and voluntarily became a nameless wanderer, a human derelict. Of the early years of his roving we receive nothing but a vague impression of strange, bizarre shifts of fortune; fugitive, tantalizing glimpses of him, now in Warsaw, leading a trained bear through the streets; now in Prague, comfortably lodged with a professional burglar; and again in Verona, learning the trade of coffin-maker, and briskly driving home the nails, to the inspiring strains of 'Funiculi, Funiculá.' But it is not until much later, not until he adopts a wretched little London waif, whom he christens Asticot, that we begin to have a coherent chronicle of the wanderings of Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot."

Paragot's linen is not above suspicion, his hands and nails are often in need of the simplest ministrations of soap and water, and his craving for the consolation of absinthe has grown upon him until it is a nightly problem whether he will be able to find his way unaided to her. Yet, Mr. Cooper insists, by a sheer *tour de force*, you are made to overlook his lapses. We see him always through the adoring eyes of the two companions of his wanderings, Asticot, who chronicles his wanderings, and Blanquette de Veau, the big,

*THE BELOVED VAGABOND. By William J. Locke. John Lane Company.

ungainly, slow-witted peasant girl who gives him the dumb devotion of a dog. Experimentally Paragot returns to immaculate shirt-fronts and tea only to find himself utterly alienated from his former life. Even the love of his youth is no longer identical with the lady of his dreams. It is much later that we see him, in the words of the London *Saturday Review*, "married, reformed, sober, a prosperous farmer, waving a pipe over his geese and his garden." Like that greater wanderer Faust, he finds salvation in work and the love of a woman. This is his final philosophy:

"I have found it, my son. It is a woman, strong and steadfast, who looks into your eyes, who can help a man to accomplish his destiny. The destiny of man is to work, and to beget strong children. And his reward is to have the light in the wife's eyes and the welcome of a child's voice as he crosses the threshold of his house."

"The Beloved Vagabond" is fresh; it is not absolutely original, because it bears on every page traces of an attentive study of a multitude of famous exemplars. The London *Spectator* says on this point:

"We are constantly reminded, not only by its temper, but by direct reference, of Rabelais and Cervantes; indeed, the main purpose of the story is to show how far the spirit of medieval individualism can be reincarnated in a modern environ-

ment. The lustige Streiche of Till Eulenspiegel, the divagations of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages, and of Goldsmith with his flute doing the 'grand tour' on foot—all these and other records of vagabondage, legendary and actual, have influenced Mr. Locke in the conception of his hero, and the picaresque recital of his adventures in the cities and country districts of France, Italy and Hungary. We are reminded, agreeably and without any direct imitation, of Cyrano de Bergerac and Tartarin de Tarascon; of the 'New Arabian Nights' and of the romances of the late Mr. Henry Harland."

Yet, take it all in all, says a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, there can hardly be two opinions concerning the book. "Pleasant," he goes on to say, "pleasant is the word. Fantastic, improbable, impossible! Granted freely, that and more. There never could be such a being as Paragot, there never has been such a small boy as Asticot. But in 'The Beloved Vagabond' there is a delightful modern revival of the picaresque novel, an aimless tale of aimless wanderings, wherein the chance word of wisdom, the meal at a wayside inn, the sun's warmth of a cool day, and the grateful shade in summer weather, make up good and sufficient reasons for being. But if the tale be in a way fantastic, it also contains good measure of truth, the inner truth of life tricked out in the whimsical deeds and utterances of the wandering hero."

The King of Ys and Dahut the Red

This is a posthumous story by "Fiona Macleod," whose identity with the late William Sharp was not established until death revealed the secret a year and a half ago. Mr. Yeats has recently advanced the theory that Mr. Sharp furnished a case of dual personality such as physicians occasionally run across and write interesting books about. Accepting that mystical hint, we might again regard Fiona Macleod as a personality distinct from that of William Sharp, tho sharing with him the same physical tenement. It is an eerie sort of idea, but it harmonizes with the eerie tales and poems with which Fiona Macleod dazzled the world. The story herewith given, taken from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is an excellent specimen of the wildness and charm and mysticism that are connoted by the word Gaelic.



N the days when Gradlon was Conan of Arvor, or High-King of the Armorican races who peopled Brittany, there was no name greater than his. From the sand-dunes of the Jutes and Angles to where the dark-skinned Basque fishermen caught fish with nets, the name of Gradlon was a sound for silence. Arvor was become so great a land that Franks were called wolves there, and like wolves were hunted down. The wild cry that survives to this day in the forests of Dualt and Huelgoet, in the granite heart of Cornouailles, *A'hr bleiz! A'hr bleiz!* was heard often then; but no wolf ever so dreaded the cry as the haggard Frankish fugitives.

Gradlon, Conan of Arvor, was in the midway of life when for once he stanchd the thirst of his

sword. This was when he went over into the lands of the Kymry, the elder brothers of his Armorican race, and there fought with them against Saxon hordes, till the red tide ebbed. Thereafter he had gone far northward, till the Oeban Gaels hated the singing of Breton shafts, and till the mountain tribes of the Picts paid tribute.

Thence, at last, he returned. When he came to his own land, he brought with him two treasures which he held chief among all treasures he had won: a black stallion, and a woman white as cream, with eyes like blue lochs, and with long great masses of hair red as the bronze-red berry of the wild ash. The name of the horse was Morvark; the name of the woman, Malgven.

When men spoke of the Tameless One they meant Morvark: and after a time they seldom said Malgven, but "the Queen," because Gradlon made her the Terror of Arvor, or "the White Queen," because of her foam-white beauty, or the "Red Queen," because of her masses of ruddy hair, which, when unfastened, was as a stream of blood falling over a white cliff.

None knew whence Morvark came, nor whence Malgven. What passed from lip to lip was this: that the great black tameless stallion was foaled of no earthly mare, but of some strange and terrible sea-beast. It had come out of the North on a day of tempest. Amid the screaming of the gale in the haven where Gradlon and the men of Arvor were, a more wild, a more savage screaming had been heard. Gradlon went forth alone, and at dawn was seen riding on a huge black charger, which neighed with a cry like the cry of the sea-wind, and whose hoofs trampled the wet sands with a sound like the clashing of waves. The hair of Gradlon was streaming out on the wind like yellow seaweed on a rushing ebb; his laughter was like the hallala leaping of billows; his eyes were wild as falling stars.

It was when far in the Alban northlands that the Breton King and the Malgven were first seen together. She was not a conquest of the sword. The rumor by the fires had it that she was the queen of a great prince among the Gaels; that she was wife to the King of the Picts; that she was of the fair, perilous people of Lochlin, who were even then seizing for their own the Alban isles and western lands. But one saying was common with all: that she was a woman of dark powers. One and all dreaded her sorceries. Gradlon laughed at these when she was not by, but swore that there had never been since the first woman so great a sorceress over the heart of man.

For many months they were together in Alba, nor did once Malgven sigh for the place or the man she had left, nor did ever any herald come to Gradlon calling upon him to give up the woman. When she had learned the Armorican tongue she spoke to some of the Breton chiefs; but she had eyes for one man only. She loved Gradlon as he loved her. When they asked her concerning her people, she looked at them till they were troubled; then she answered, "I was born of the Wind and the Sea": and, troubled more, they asked no further.

It was when they were upon the sea, off the Cymric coasts, that the child of Malgven was born. For three days before that birthing, strange voices were heard rising from the depths. In the hollow of following waves the long-dead were seen. In the moonshine the flying foam was woven into white robes, wherefrom shining eyes,

calm and august, or filled with communicating terror, looked upon the trembling seamen.

On the third day white calms prevailed. At sundown the web of dusk was woven out of the sea, till it rose in purple darkness and hung from the Silver Apples, the Great Galley, the Hounds, the Star of the North, and the Evening Star. At the rising of the moon a sudden froth ran along the black lips of the sea. A Voice moaned beneath the traveling feet of the waves, and trembled against the stars. Men, staring into the moving gulfs beneath them, beheld vast irresolute hands, as of a Swimmer who carried Ocean upon his unfathomable brows, others, staring upward into the dust of the Milky Way, discerned eye-brows terrible as comets, and beneath them pale orbs as of forgotten moons, with long wind-uplifted hair blowing from old worlds idly swinging in the abyss, far back into the starless inlands of the Silent King.

And as that Breath arose, the knees of the seafarers were as reeds in shaken water. An old druid of the Gaels whispered *Mananann! O Mananann!*

Gradlon the king lay upon the fells of she-wolves, and bit his lips, and muttered that if a man spoke he would take his heart from him and throw it to the filmy beasts of the sea.

It was then that Malgven's labor was done; and a woman-child came forth, and at the first cry of the child the Voice that was a Breath ceased. And when there was no more any moaning of the unnumbered, cries and laughter came from the depths; and like a flash of wings meteors fled by; and beyond the unsteady masts were sudden green and blue flames, plumes worn by demons whose meeting pinions were made of shadow, and beyond these the dancing of the stars.

And by these portents Gradlon was troubled. But Malgven smiled and said: "Let the girl be called Dahut, Wonder, for truly her beauty shall be the wonder of all who come after us. She is but a little foam-white human child: but the sea is in her veins, and her eyes are two fallen stars. Her voice will be the mysterious voice of the sea; her eyes will be the mysterious light within the sea: therefore let her be called Dahut. She shall be the little torch at the end, for me, Malgven: she shall be the Star of Death for the multitude whom she will slay with love: she shall be the doom of thee and thine and thy people and the kingdom that is thine, O Gradlon, Conan of Arvor: therefore let her be called Dahut, Wonder; Dahut, the sweet evil singing of the sea; Dahut, Blind Love; Dahut, the Laughter; Dahut, Death. Yea, let her be called Dahut, O Gradlon, she to whom I have given more than other women give to those whom

they bear: for I am of those children of Danù of whom you have heard strange tales, of those Tuath-De-Danann whose lances made of moonshine can pierce granite walls, and whose wisdom is more old than the ancient forgotten cromlechs in your land and in mine, and whose pleasure it is to dwell where are the palaces of the Sidhe, that are wherever green hills grow dim and pale and blue as the smoke above woods."

Thus was it that the sea-born child of Gradlon of Arvor and Malgven the Dannite was called Dahut.

When the Armoricans returned to their own land, the brother of Gradlon, whom he had made Tanist or vice-regent, welcomed Gradlon; for their father, the old King of Cornonailles, still lived, though blind from the Gaulish arrow which had crossed his face slantwise in a great battle on the banks of the Loire. It was not till the seventh year thereafter that Gradlon again fared far. For three years he was among the Kymry, the Alban Gaels, the Picts, the Islesmen, the Gaels of Eiré, the Gaels of Enona. Then, when he was in that land which is now called Anglesey, a deep craving and weariness came upon him to see Malgven again, tho less than a year back had she gone from him, to rule in Arvor in his place; for Arz, his brother, had been slain in a Frankish foray.

Her beauty was so great that he wore the days in sorrow because of it. When he arose at dawn it flashed against his eyes out of the rising sun: when he looked at the sea, it moved from wave to wave and beckoned to him: when he stared at the cloud-shadowed hills, he saw it lying there a dream: when he fared forth at he rising of the moon it took him subtly, now with a birch branch that caught his hair as often it had tangled with Malgven's long curling locks, now with the brushing of tall fern that was a sound like the rustling of her white robe, now because of two stars shining low above dewy grass, which were as her shining eyes.

There was no woman in the world so beautiful, he knew: and yet both men and women prophesied that Dahut would be more beautiful still—Dahut the Red, as the girl was already called because of her ruddy bronze-hued hair, wonderful in mass and color as was that of her mother: more wonderful far, said Malgven, smiling proudly, who knew Dahut to be of the Tuath-De-Danaan, even as her mother was, and that she would be a torch to light many flames and mayhap fires vast and incalculable.

So one day Gradlon arose and said, "For Dahut," and broke his sword: and said, "For Arvor," and broke his spear: and said, "For Malgven," and bade every prisoner be set free, and the ships be filled with treasure and provision.

When he saw the black rocky coasts of Finis-

tère once more he swore a vow that he would never again leave his land, or Malgven. Everywhere, as he journeyed to Kempër, he heard the rumor of the Red Queen's greatness, of her terrible beauty, of Dahut the Beautiful, Dahut the Perilous, Dahut the Sorceress. And he laughed to think that the girl of ten summers was already so like the woman who bore her: and his heart yearned for both, as his ears longed to be void of the ceaseless moan of the sea. His first joy was when he rode through the forest of Huelgoet, and heard no sound but the croodling of wild doves and the soft, sleepy purring of the south wind lapping the green leaves.

When he reached the Great Town, as Kempër was then called, he saw black banners falling from the low walls of the Fort. He rode onward alone, and found Malgven lying on a high couch, with her golden diadem on her head, and her long hair clasped with golden rings, and her snow-white arms alongside her breastplate of curiously carven mail, which she wore above a white robe. Beside her sat the old blind King.

From that day Gradlon never smiled. For five years from that day he strove against the bitter hours, and in all unkingly ways, but without avail. He could not forget the beauty of Malgven. For one year he strove furiously in war. For a second year he hunted wild beasts, from forest to forest, from the domains of the north to the domains of the south and from the domains of the east to the domains of the west. For the third year he loved women by day, and cursed them through sleepless, remembering nights. For the fourth year he drank deep. For the fifth year the evil of his life was so great that men murmured against him, and many muttered: "Better the old blind King, Arz-Dall, or the young sorceress Dahut herself."

During all these years Gradlon had no sight of Dahut. Because that she was her mother's self, and because that her beauty was so like, yet greater than that of Malgven, the King had sent her to Razmôr, his great fort in the north, where are the wildest seas and the wildest shores of Amoric. And in all these years Gradlon had but one joy, and that was when he mounted his great black stallion Morvark, and rode for hours, and for leagues upon leagues, by the falling surf of the seas. For when he rode the great horse, the sea-beast as the Armoricans called it in their dread, he dreamed he heard voices he heard at no other time, and often, often, the long cry of Malgven that he had first listened to with shuddering awe among the Gaelic hills.

It was at the end of the fifth year that he came suddenly upon Dahut, when he was riding on Morvark by the wild coast of Razmôr. When his

gaze drank in her great beauty, he reined in his furious stallion, and his heart beat, for it was surely Malgven come again, in immortal Dannite youth. Then, remembering that Morvark would let no mortal mount him, save only Gradlon and Malgven that was gone, he flung himself to the ground and lay there as tho dead . . . whereat, with a loud neighing, terrible as the storm-blast, Morvark raced with streaming mane towards Dahut. And when he was come to her, the girl laughed and held out her arms, and the black stallion whinnied with red nostrils against her cream-white breasts, and his great eyes were like dark billows that have sunken rocks beneath them, and when he bent low his head and Dahut's ruddy hair streamed over her white shoulders, like blood falling over a white cliff, it was as tho beneath this sunlit white cliff brooded the terror and mystery of nocturnal seas. Then Dahut mounted Morvark, and rode back towards the King, her father. As she rode, the moan of ocean broke across the sands. Waves lifted themselves out of windless calms, and made a hollow noise as of traveling thunders. On the unfurrowed, flowing plains, billows, like vast cattle with shaggy manes, rose and coursed hither and thither, with long, low, deliberate roar upon roar. Among the rocks and caverns a myriad waves relinquished clinging hands, only to spring forward again and seize the dripping rocks and swirl far inland long watery fingers so swift and fluent, yet with salt grip terrible and sure.

Gradlon looked at Dahut, and at the snorting stallion Morvark, and at the suddenly awakened

and uplifted sea. "*Avel, avelon, holl avel!*" he cried: "Wind, wind, all is but wind; vain as the wind, void as the wind!"

For he had seen that the woman, whose beauty was so great that his heart beat for fear of its strangeness, was no other than Dahut his daughter: and by that passing loveliness and that terrible beauty, and by the bending to her of the Tameless Morvark, and by the portents of the Sea which loved her, he knew that this was the daughter of Malgven, who was of the ancient and deathless children of Danu.

When Gradlon rode back to Kempër with Dahut before him upon Morvark, all who saw them fell on their knees. So great was the beauty of Dahut, and so strange was already the public rumor of the Sorceress, of this Daughter of the Sea. Her skin was white as new milk, as the breasts of doves: her hair was long and thick and wonderful, and of the hue of rowan-berries in sunlight, of bronze in firelight, of newly spilled blood trickling down a white cliff: her eyes were changeful as the sea, and, as the sea, were filled with unfathomable desires, and with shifting light full of terror and beauty.

But because Dahut could not live far from the wild seas she loved, she bade Gradlon make a new great town, and to build it by Razmôr, where the square-walled castle was, on the wave-swept promontory.

And thus was the town of Ys built by Gradlon, Conan of Arvor, for the mystery and the delight and the wonder and the terror that was called Dahut the Red.

A Conversation—By Turgénieff

The author of this prose pastel, Ivan S. Turgénieff, seems to be one of the nineteenth century writers the world will not let die. Three years ago a "complete edition" of his works was brought out in this country by Scribners and now another edition has been launched by Macmillan's. From the latter edition, translated by Constance Garnett, we print the following. It is one of the "Poems in Prose" which were written by the author among the last things he produced.

"Neither the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn has yet been trodden by the foot of man!"



HE topmost peaks of the Alps. . . . A whole chain of rugged precipices. . . . The very heart of the mountains.

Over the mountain a pale-green, clear, dumb sky. Bitter cruel frost; hard sparkling snow; sticking out of the snow the sullen peaks of the ice-covered, wind-swept mountains.

Two massive forms, two giants on the sides of the horizon, the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

And the Jungfrau speaks to its neighbor: "What canst thou tell that is new? Thou canst see more. What is there down below?"

A few thousand years go by: one minute. And the Finsteraarhorn roars back in answer: "Thick clouds veil the earth. . . . Wait a little!"

Thousands more years go by: one minute.

"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I see; down there below, all is the same. There are blue waters, black forests, heaps of grey stones piled up. Among them are still fussing to and fro the insects; thou knowest, the bipeds that have never yet defiled thee or me."

"Men?"

"Yes, men."

Thousands of years go by: one minute.

"Well, and what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"There seem fewer insects to be seen," thunders the Finsteraarhorn. "It is clearer below; the waters have shrunk; the forests are thinner."

Again thousands of years go by: one minute.

"What dost thou see?" says the Jungfrau.

"Close about us it seems purer," answers the Finsteraarhorn; "but there in the distance the valleys are still spots and something is moving."

"And now?" says the Jungfrau, after more thousands of years: one minute.

"Now it is well," answers the Finsteraarhorn; "it is clean everywhere, quite white, wherever you look. . . . Everywhere is our snow, unbroken snow and ice. Everything is frozen. It is well now, it is quiet."

"Good," says the Jungfrau. "But thou and I have chatted enough, old fellow. It is time to slumber."

"It is time indeed!"

The huge mountains sleep; the green, clear sky sleeps over the region of eternal silence.

Humor of Life



MINISTER: "Do you take this man for better or worse, till death parts you?"

BRIDE: "I should prefer an indeterminate sentence, I think."
—*Leslie's Weekly*.

CUSTER'S TRANSLATION.

West Point's aim is to teach men to meet any situation with the best there is in them.

When General Custer was a cadet, he ventured into the French section room without having so much as looked at the day's lesson. The section had been engaged in the translation of Aesop's fables from French to English, but on this particular day the task consisted of a page of history written in French. Cadet Custer was given the book, and very bravely dashed into the translation of this sentence: "*Leopold duc d'Autriche, se mettit sur les plaines de Silesie.*" But the Duke of Austria did not seem to appeal to him, for without hesitation he read:

"The leopard, the duck, and the ostrich met upon the plains of Silesia."
—*Lippincott's*.

NO PLEASING HIM

MOTHER: "Tommy, what's your little brother crying about?"

TOMMY: "'Cause I'm eatin' my cake an' won't give him any."

MOTHER: "Is his own cake finished?"

TOMMY: "Yes'm; an' he cried while I was eatin' that, too."

—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

VAIN REGRETS

MRS. CASEY: "Ut was th' illigant funeral ye gave yer husband."

MRS. O'TOOLE: "True for ye, darlint, an' I'm that sorry th' poor man didn't live to see ut."

—*Smith's Magazine*.

A MAN OF FORESIGHT

In a New Jersey suburb the town officers had just put some fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire, and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject one of them said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."
—*Pacific Monthly*.

SO MUCH CHEAPER

CHOLLY SPEEDWAY: "I cannot live without your daughter, sir!"

OLD RIVERSIDE: "Probably not—in New York! But I think you might in some of the suburbs."

—*Smith's Magazine*.

UNSOPHISTICATED

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city, she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"
—*Pacific Monthly*.

EPITAPH.

Here lies poor Andrew Harvey Hoyle;

Ne'er shall we see him more. The stuff he drank for castor oil Was H₂SO₄!

—*Lippincott's*.



THE ROOSTER: "I know, my dear, that comparisons are odious, but I simply wanted you to see what other folks are doing."
—*Life*.



THE USEFUL DACHSHUNDS

"Henry, come right in here and stop practisin' croquet mit der dogs; you want to tire 'em all out."

—*Harper's Monthly*.



THE EXTREME PENALTY

SHE: "What do you think of his execution?"

HE: "I'm in favor of it."
—Punch.

GOOD TO THEIR WIVES

Statistics show that 3,000 wives are deserted in Chicago every year. This proves what we have always been led to believe, that the American is the most considerate husband in the world.

—Punch.

STUPID

An Englishman was in New York for the first time. He was at dinner with an American friend, and expressed a desire to see a typical American music-hall performance. The American led him down to a ten-cent theater on the Bowery. The first act on the bill was a Mexican knife-throwing specialty. A beautiful creature stood with her back against a wide board, and a gentleman with a black mustache threw gleaming knives at her clear across the stage. The first knife came within an inch of her ear, and quivered as it stuck in the soft wood. Then he landed one at the other side of her head and one just above her. The Englishman picked up his overcoat and started up the aisle. The American followed him and asked: "What's the matter? Don't you like the show?"

"It's very stupid," replied the Englishman. "He missed her three times."—George Ade, in *Success*.

A LONG ROOT

An Irishman, with one jaw very much swollen from a tooth that he wished to have pulled, entered the office of a Washington dentist.

When the suffering Celt was put into the chair and saw the gleaming forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth.

Being a man of resource, the dentist quietly instructed his assistant to push a pin into the patient's leg, so that when the Irishman opened his mouth to yell the dentist could get at the refractory molar.

When all was over, the dentist smilingly asked: "It didn't hurt as much as you expected, did it?"

"Well, no," reluctantly admitted the patient. "But," he added, as he ran his hand over the place into which the assistant had inserted the pin, "little did I think them roots wint that far down!"—*Success Magazine*.

THE COURTEOUS CORPORAL

A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

DEAR MASTER: I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss, where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good-day, Sir, my Lord, how are you?

Your loving corporal,

J. ADDIE.

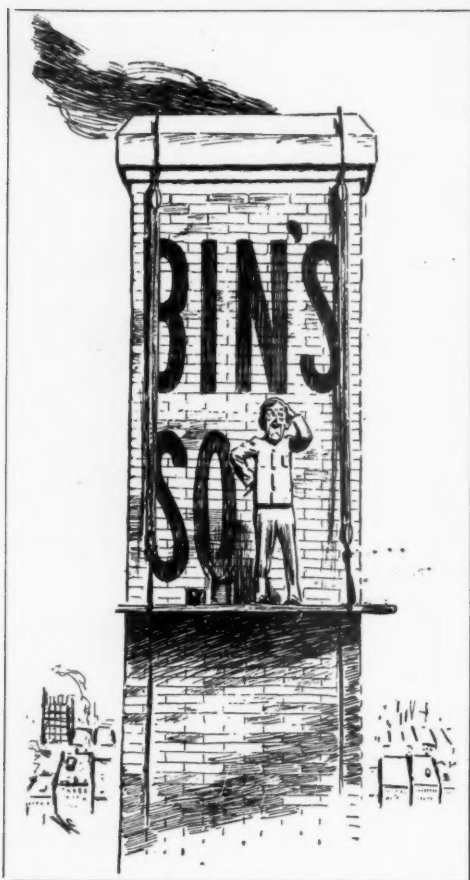
—Country Gentleman.

SUPPOSE SHE HAD BEEN OUT?

"What day was I born on, mother?"

"Thursday, child."

"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home.'"—*Harper's Weekly*.



"DARNIT! IS IT S-O-P-E OR S-O-A-P?"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

FAITH IN HIS MOTHER

FATTY: "I'll bet my father can lick your father."

RATTY: "Dat all may be, but I'll bet my mother kin lick yer hull fambly."—*Smith's Magazine.*

HE SHOULD HAVE CUT IT

"That old duffer was unexpectedly asked to speak at our class dinner, and he got up and talked for forty minutes."

"Do you think he had his speech all cut and dried?"

"Well—it may have been dried."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

PROBABLY

TEACHER (to Little Boy): "Freddie Brooks, are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?"

FREDDIE BROOKS: "Please, teacher, no ma'am; I was trying to smile, and my face slipped."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

HE HADN'T CAUGHT UP

Several years ago, when the University of Chicago held its decennial celebration, John D. Rockefeller was its guest for several days. A bewildering succession of functions followed one another in such quick succession that each affair was from one to four hours late.

At the great banquet on the closing day, Mr. Rockefeller in his after-dinner speech told the following story:

"I have felt for the past twenty-four hours like the Boston business man who lived in the suburbs and came in to his office every day. One winter afternoon he took the train for his home, but a terrific snow-storm was raging, and about half way to his suburb the train was snowed in. All night the passengers were imprisoned, but early in the morning they managed to reach a nearby telegraph station, and the Boston man sent the following dispatch to his office:

"Will not be in the office to-day. Have not got home yesterday yet."

IN 2007.

They were seated in front of the open fire. The flickering flames made their faces glow and hid the strands of gray in their hair. She was doing most of the talking, but he proved himself a good listener.

"The man I marry," she was saying, "must have high qualifications. He must be healthy, honest, successful. He must have a good education and a high sense of family duty. He must be modest and gentlemanly. He must be even-tempered and a hater of profanity. He must have a true Christian humility, and must not talk back. He must"—she paused and looked at her companion, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed. He twisted and wrung his handkerchief and moved uneasily in his chair.

Suddenly he looked shyly up at her, his face suffused with happiness, and said, with a becoming lisp, "Oh, Maüd, this is so sudden."—*Pacific Monthly.*

MARK TWAIN OBEYED THE SCRIPTURE

In the Iowa town where Mark Twain used to reside, the following story of him is occasionally handed about:

One morning when he was busily at work an acquaintance dropped in upon him, with the request that he take a walk, the acquaintance having an errand on a pleasant country road.

"How far is it?" temporized Mark Twain.

"Oh, about a mile," replied the friend.

Instantly the humorist gathered his papers together, laid them aside, and prepared to leave his desk.

"Of course I will go," he announced; "the Bible says I must."

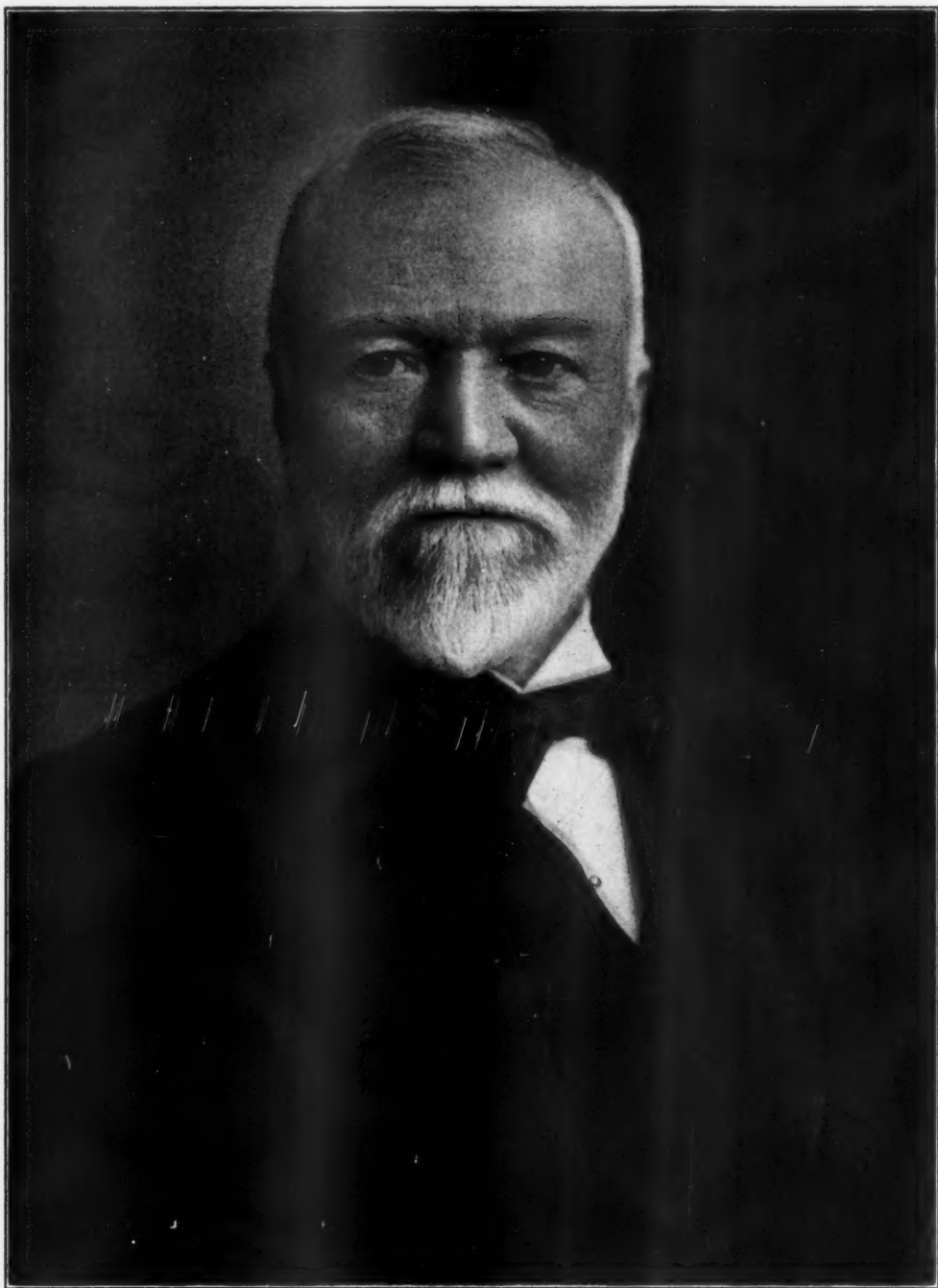
"Why, what in the world has the Bible got to do with it?" asked the puzzled friend.

"It distinctly commands," answered Mr. Clemens, "if a man ask thee to go wit' him a mile, go with him, Twain'!"—*Lippincott's.*

HIS NEW MEDICINE

"How is your papa, Bessie?" asked a neighbor of a little girl whose father was ill.

"Oh, he's improvin' awfully!" the child answered. "The doctor is givin' him epidemic infusions every day!"—*Lippincott's.*



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THE MAN OF THE MONTH

The month of April has been Andrew Carnegie's month. As toastmaster at the simplified spelling banquet, as host at the industrial peace meeting held in his home in New York, as founder of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, the re-dedication of which has brought distinguished visitors to America from all lands at his expense, as donor of the new Engineering Societies Building opened a few days ago in New York, and as president of the first National Peace Conference of America, he has loomed large in the world of events and diffused widely the joy of living that radiates from his canny countenance.